



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

953

B259

UC-NRLF



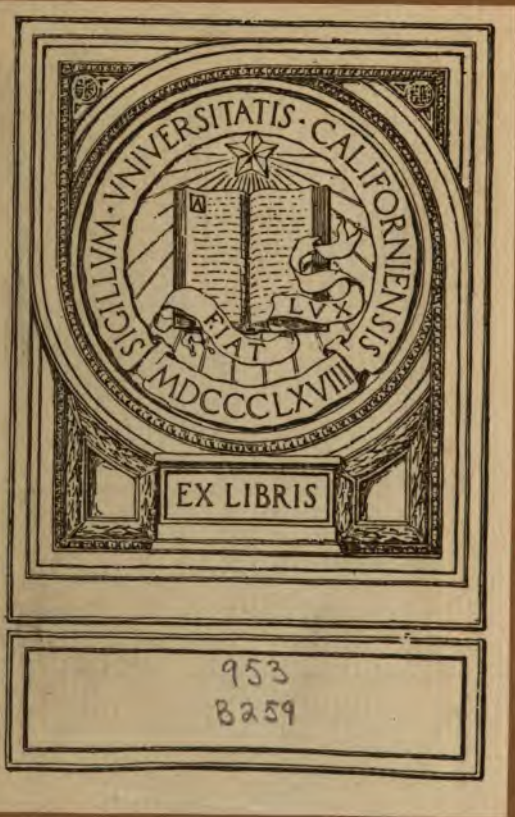
\$B 158 981

**PLAYS**  
**FOR**  
**YOUNG PEOPLE**  
Private Theatricals

SUITABLE  
FOR



NEW YORK  
**DICK & FITZGERALD**  
PUBLISHERS.









# PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE,

With Songs and Choruses,

SUITABLE FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

BY

J. BARMBY, B.D.,

LATE FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

---

THE MUSIC ADAPTED, ARRANGED, AND PARTLY COMPOSED BY

T. ROGERS, M.A.,

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, PREBENDARY OF DURHAM.

---

NEW YORK:

DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS,

No. 18 ANN STREET.

TO MY  
ALUMNI

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY  
HAPPY HOURS COMPANY.

## P R E F A C E .



THESE little Plays were written, with no view to publication, for the entertainment of the writer's own children and their friends at Christmas. Their success in a limited sphere of publicity has suggested the thought that they may possibly, in some degree, meet a general need.

Juvenile Theatricals are now in vogue; but one often hears the question asked, "Where can we get plays for the purpose, neither stupidly moral, nor in other respects unsuitable for youngsters?"

At any rate, these have not the peculiar dulness incident to a distinct moral purpose in each, though it is hoped that they are such as even Mrs. Grundy will not object to.

They are now published in the order in which they were written and acted, and thus show signs of the advancing age of the actors originally concerned.

All, except the fourth and the last, are representations of well-known fairy tales, of which all of us have at some time felt the charm. With respect to the fourth, founded on the Poet Laureate's "Princess," the writer desires to make all due apologies for having turned to comparatively vile use

the ideas of so charming a poem, and here and there, though seldom, introduced its language.

The musical editor desires also to express becoming penitence, if he has occasionally made disrespectful use of the works of great composers.

The editors have to thank the Rev. John Swire, Minor Canon of Windsor, for the music of two songs in "The Princess," marked with his initials, which he has kindly permitted them to publish.

With regard to the music generally, it is to be observed that a great part of it is not essential for the performance of the plays, and may be omitted by actors who are not musical.

### NOTE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION,

The Plays in this volume, as originally published, were so arranged that it was necessary to lower the curtain at end of each scene, in order to set the stage for the next scene. To obviate this, a very objectionable feature, they have been altered and rearranged, and, in a few instances, new scenes added, so that the curtain is required to be lowered at the end of the act only.

A description of the costumes, a list of the properties, and all of the stage business has also been added.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, - , - - -	7
CINDERELLA, - - - - -	45
ROSEBUD ; OR, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, - - -	71
THE PRINCESS, - - - - -	97
RUMPLESTILTSKIN, - - - - -	125
SKINFLINT, A CHARADE, - - - - -	163





# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

—:O:—

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A MERCHANT.

CHIMPANZO, (*A Prince Transformed into a Beast.*)

GOBLIN PAGE, (*Attendant on the Beast.*)

MERCHANT'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

MERCHANT'S SECOND DAUGHTER.

BEAUTY, (*Merchant's Third Daughter—The Dredge.*)

THE FAIRY AUNT OF CHIMPANZO.

LITTLE FAIRY, (*Attendant on BEAUTY.*)

## COSTUMES.

*Merchant.*—Brown square-cut coat, long satin vest, breeches, top boots, brown George wig, cravat, riding-cloak, hat, &c. Second dress: Handsome gold laced suit, court wig.

*Prince Chimpanzo.*—A Prince transformed into a Beast. A bear's dress and head—very much deformed. The Beast's dress much be a strip one, covering a very handsome satin suit.

*Goblin Page.*—Scarlet tights, scarlet dress with scollop'd wings (whaleboned) to open from the wrists to the ankles, red and green foil on a red face, red cap and red feather.

*Eldst Daughter.*—Dress of the period, powdered hair, a wrinkled make-up, with black patches on chin and cheek. Second dress: Gold brocade, and velvet under-skirt, a huge bustle, purple bonnet with lace and flowers on it.

*Second Daughter.*—Dress of the period, not so glaring as the first daughter's. Second dress: Gaudy figured satin, crimson satin bonnet, golden sunflowers round the edge; high ostrich feather plumes in same.

*Beauty.*—Plain and poor dress, short skirt, slippers. Second dress: Neat and pretty cotton. Third dress: Rich satin elegantly trimmed; court wig.

*Fairy Aunt.*—Fairy dress, laced and spangled; satin slippers, silk tights, handsome diamond star ornament on forehead. Wand.

*Little Fairy.*—Fairy dress, complete.

## PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Fireplace set T.E.R. Looking-glass on the mantel. Easy chair before the fire. Window curtains. Mirrors hanging on the walls. Sofa, L. Large round table with cover and books on it. Book for the SECOND DAUGHTER. Feather duster for BEAUTY.

SCENE II.—Fairy wand. Riding-whip for MERCHANT. One rosebud to pluck from bush on L.C.

SCENE III.—Furniture same as Scene I. Needlework for BEAUTY.

SCENE IV.—Nil.

SCENE V.—Table with scarlet and gold cover. Dessert on it. Fruits, flowers, &c. Gold and silver tankards and goblets. Decanters of wine, glasses, &c. A huge golden key. Rose for the BEAST. Fairy wand.

SCENE VI.—Rose.

SCENE VII.—Nil.

---

## SCENES.

SCENE I.—A Centre Door Chamber at back. Interior backing. Fireplace set T.E.R. Window, T.E.L.

SCENE II.—A Front Garden, rich with gold and silver fruits, &c. A rose bush with one rose bud on it, L.

SCENE III.—Same as Scene I.

SCENE IV.—Front Chamber.

SCENE V.—The Beast's Garden at back.

SCENE VI.—Front Chamber.

SCENE VII.—Same as Scene V.

---

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

---

*Overture,.....“Zampa,”.....Herold.*

**SCENE I.**—*A Room in the Merchant's House. Centre doors. Large round table, c., with cover and books, &c., on it. Fireplace, T.E.B. Easy chair before the fire. Window, T.E.L. Sofa, L. Chairs, ottomans, &c.*

*The three daughters discovered, BEAUTY at work with a feather duster, THE ELDEST reclining on a sofa, stretching and yawning; THE SECOND reading a book in an easy chair by the fire.*

*Enter MERCHANT, reading a letter, c. door.*

*Merchant. (c.) Daughters, attend! (They come down.) I've got good news to tell.*

*How poorly we have lived you know full well,  
Since all my ships were lost—at least, I thought so!  
But now this letter tells me it was not so:*

*(They express pleasure and listen.*

*One worth its weight in gold has just come in,  
And I must go at once to bag the tin:*

*(The ELDEST DAUGHTER exclaims “Ah!”*

*’Tis in a distant port, and I must range  
Deserts and hills in countries wild and strange;  
But if I come back safe——*

*(The two ELDER DAUGHTERS burst into tears.  
Don't cry—’tis folly——*

*I'll bring you each a present.*

*Two Elder Daughters. (Clapping their hands.) Oh! how jolly!  
(BEAUTY at back.*



*Merc.* And, since you've all been rather good to-day,  
I'll bring you each whate'er you choose to say.  
Speak first, my eldest child, what had you rather  
Have as a present from your loving father?

*First Daughter.* (R.C.) Oh, dear papa, I want such lots of things—  
Gloves, bracelets, earrings, handkerchiefs, and rings—  
What shall I choose?—I have a perfect passion  
To be distinguished among folks of fashion;—  
~~A dress of gold brocade, with velvet lined,~~  
And bustled out tremendously behind.

*Merc.* Well, well—I know 'tis vain with you to tussle;  
You won't be quiet till you're in a *bustle*.  
And now, my second child, your wish declare.

*Second Daughter.* (L.C.) Delightful parent, what a brick you are!  
One thing I want—I've set my heart upon it—  
A very striking crimson satin bonnet:  
All round the edge let golden sunflowers glare,  
And ostrich plumes wave grandly in the air:

*Merc.* Well, you shall have the finest gold can buy;  
Though really, child, I think you'll look a guy.  
Now, Beauty, speak. Why look you so demure?

*First D.* She'll ask for something silly, I am sure.

*Merc.* Let the girl speak. (*Crosses to L.C.*) You hear what I  
propose.

*Beauty.* (*Comes down, L.*) Papa, I ask but for a simple rose—  
A rose fresh gathered in some distant land,  
And doubly sweet if from my father's hand.

*First D.* Well, if I ever!

*Second D.* No, I never!

*First D.* Stuff!

I always said that Beauty was a muff.

*Second D.* A perfect idiot!

*Merc.* Silence, girls! Dear pet,

Good-bye! Your modest wish I won't forget.

'Tu-ta! I'm off—stay, where's my Inverness?

(*Goes up, C.*)

(*Exit C.*)

*Second D.* (*Calling after him.*) Pa, don't forget my bonnet.

*First D.*

And my dress.

Oh, what an agitation I am in!

It's such a nuisance to be short of tin;

But now, if only pa brings back this gold—

*Second D.* I've not a single dress but what is old.

*First D.* I'm hardly able to go out at all,

For all the parish knows my faded shawl.

*Second D.* Our dresses! Beauty's had to turn and turn 'em,  
And stitch and darn them—

*First D.* Soon, I hope, we'll burn 'em.

*Second D.* But now such bonnets as we'll have—such loves!

*First D.* And every day a pair of new French gloves!

Our jewels shall set everybody talking.

(*Sharply.*) Beauty, are all my things laid out for walking?

*Beauty.* (*a., meekly.*) Yes, all arranged in order on your bed.

*Second D.* (*L.C.*) And have you trimmed my tarlatan with red?

*First D.* (*R.C.*) And cleaned my boots, and turned my purple bonnet,

And re-arranged the flowers and lace upon it,  
Physicked my lap-dog, put my drawers in order,  
Sewn on my handkerchief a new lace border,  
Scented my note-paper for *billets doux*,  
And put blue roses in my satin shoes?

*Second D.* And been to Madame Mantalini's shop  
For my new wreath for Mrs. Thompson's hop,  
And mended all our gloves, for which we chid you?

*First D.* In fact, have you done everything we bid you?

*Beauty.* Oh, sisters, really you distract me so!  
I can't be everywhere at once, you know,

*First D.* You can't!—you little idle useless minx!  
I'll have a French maid when we get the chinks.  
We're going now to see the troops parade;  
When we return, see you that tea is made.

(*Exeunt C.*)

SONG.—BEAUTY.

Oh, can they be sisters,  
They're far more like blisters,  
Upon my skin daily to irritate me;  
Oh, why is my father  
So weak that he'd rather  
Enjoy his tobacco than stick up for me?

I know I'm his favorite,  
Because I behave aright,  
And but for those two vipers all would be well;  
But oh! how they flurry me!  
Scold me, and hurry me,  
And father himself has not pluck to rebel.

And now he's departed,  
And I, broken-hearted,  
Must slave like a Turk, with a buzz in my head.  
Poor me how they'll push about,  
Making me rush about!  
Bother! I wish—I were married or dead!

(*Exit C.*)

SCENE II.—*Front Garden of the Beast's Palace. Gold and silver fruits and trees. Silvered water.*

*Enter FAIRY AUNT, carrying a wand, R.*

*Fairy Aunt.* Children of earth, behold in me  
A fairy of a high degree ;  
Aunt to the mighty Prince Chimpanzo—  
At least, they used to call the man so,  
Before I metamorphosed him  
Into a beast, deformed and grim ;  
To change him so, one day it pleased me ;  
No matter why—because he teased me.  
This is the garden, fairy-haunted,  
In which my nephew lives enchanted ;  
And thus, and thus, I trip around it,  
To fix the spells with which I've bound it.

*(Trips round a circle, waving her wand.)*

I have a scheme in hand to-day ;  
A mortal wight I've lured this way—  
A merchant, who—but, ha ! he's there !  
I must vanish into air.

*(She disappears L.)*

*Enter MERCHANT, R.*

*Merc.* Where can I have got to ? *(Looks round.)* I'm perfectly puzzled :

It must be enchantment—my brain is all fuzzled.  
Let me think what has happened. 'Twas but yesterday,  
In crossing a forest I quite lost my way ;  
So I threw the reins down on the neck of my horse,  
And told the old beast he might take his own course ;  
So he pricked up his ears, and he mended his paces,  
Till he came to a palace—the grandest of places.  
I knocked at the door, and wide open it flew :  
I entered ; I called : not a soul was in view ;  
But on a gold table (and here was no cheating)  
A capital dinner lay ready for eating,  
So I ate and I drank, like a jolly old Don,  
By beings invisible waited upon.  
And now I'm come out these fine gardens to view :  
How lovely ! I'm dreaming ! It cannot be true !  
What fruit-trees ! what flowers ! what meandering water !  
Let me think—ah ! that promise I made to my daughter,  
'Twill be my first pleasure, as well as my duty,  
To find a nice rose as a present for Beauty,  
But 'mid all the fine things that these gardens enclose

I find every flower upon earth but a rose.  
There must be one somewhere—ah! there, after all,  
There's a sweet little bud on a bush by the wall.  
I'll pluck it—I dare not—I will—no, I won't—

(BEAST rises suddenly from under the bush, L.C.)

Beast. Thief! villain! you're stealing; I'll kill you.

Merc. (R.) No, don't!

DUETT AND RECITATIVE,

Beast. Him as prigs what isn't his'n,  
When he's cotched, will go to prison.

Merc. (*Beseechingly.*)—

Oh, my lord, in pity spare!  
Killing me would be a shame.

Beast. Sir, my lord me, if you dare!  
Call me Beast, for that's my name.

Merc. (*Insinuatingly.*)—

Beast, good Beast, then, if you like, sir;  
Any name's the same to me.

Beast. Silence! I'm about to strike, sir.

Merc. Sure, you won't, sir.

Beast. You shall see!

(BEAST roars horribly; seizes the MERCHANT, as if about to kill him; then casts him off, and after walking about the garden, returns to him.)

RECITATIVE.

Beast. Well, on only one condition  
I will grant you your petition.  
If you would escape from slaughter,  
You must send me your third daughter.

Merc. What! my daughter Beauty?

Beast. Yes, sir!

Merc. Oh, you cause me great distress, sir.

(BEAST a second time roars horribly.)

Beast. Now, Merchant, I give you three months and a day,  
So pack up your traps—take the rose—get away.

(MERCHANT plucks the rose.)

If Beauty comes here in the specified time,  
On the word of a Beast, I have pardoned your crime.  
If not, your life's forfeit, though now you're released;  
I'm not to be trifled with, though I'm a Beast.

(BEAST waves MERCHANT away with his paw—MERCHANT exits quickly.)

Beast. (*Dancing and singing.*)—

Hey diddle, hey diddle, hey diddle-dee!

Beauty's the maid to be married to me! (*Dances off R.*)

## SCENE III.—Same as Scene I.

MERCHANT discovered at a table with his head on his hand; BEAUTY working on a stool beside him. FIRST DAUGHTER lounges in an armchair, R. SECOND DAUGHTER surveys herself affectedly in a mirror, L.

Beauty. (L.C.) Dear father, why so sad? That clouded brow  
Speaks of a mind diseased.

Merc. (C.) Naught ails me, daughter. (Sighs.)

Beauty. What means that frequent sigh—that eye still fixed  
On vacancy—this fitful feverish pulse—  
That voice, so cheerful once, now never raised  
To call your playful Beauty by her name?

(MERCHANT mopes, BEAUTY comforts him aside.)

First D. (To SECOND DAUGHTER.) Goose! do have done with  
those absurd grimaces;

What pleasure can there be in making faces?

Second D. Faces! You'd give your ears to look like me.

First D. Would I? Shut up! I'm dying of ennui;  
With you there, too, in such a moping fit;  
He's changed so I can't manage him a bit:  
No balls—no parties—life a perfect blank!

Second D. It's all that Beauty we have got thank,  
What can possess him to indulge her so?

First D. It's quite intolerable. I'll tease her, though.

(Comes down R.C.)

Why, Beauty, what a dowdy you are drest!

Beauty. My father likes this simple costume best,  
But tell me, father, tell me why so sad;  
Or I will sigh away my heart, and die,  
Slain by your sorrow, which I may not share.

Merc. Beauty, you have prevailed: I cannot hide  
Longer the secret grief that gnaws my heart.  
Now, daughters, listen. When I brought that rose  
For you, my Beauty, little did you guess  
The price it cost: 'twas given me by a Beast,  
A huge and shaggy monster, who resides  
In halls enchanted; and who made me promise  
To send you to him ere three months were past.

Beauty. What if I go not?

Merc. Then must I return,  
And pay my life the forfeit of my vow.

Beauty. (Jumps up.) Father, I'll go.

Merc. (Rising hastily.)

You sha'n't!

*Beauty.*

Yes, yes!

*Merc.* (*Seizes her by the wrist.*)

No, no!

*Second D.* (*L.*) Papa, dear, we can spare her; let her go.

*First D.* She's not presentable to folks of fashion,

In fact, she daily puts me in a passion.

*Second D.* Look at her! Not a jewel has she got on.

*First D.* And faucy wearing a mere printed cotton!

Do let her go: keep her ne more about you.

But you, dear pa, how could we do without you?

You've promised me—I stake my life upon it—

A diamond brooch.

*Second D.* And me a new lace bonnet.

*Beauty.* Father, I'll go.

*Merc.* Then be it as you say.

Take my old horse, and let him have his way;

He knows the road; he's safer than a coach.

(*Goes up, c.*)

*Second D.* (*Aside.*) Then I shall get my bonnet.

*First D.* (*Aside.*)

I my brooch.

(*To music—MERCHANT embraces BEAUTY and exit, c.*)

Quick, Beauty, do make haste. Stay, here's your hat:

Look decent, if you can. I'm glad—that's flat—

She's going, the dowdy. Now pack, Beauty, pack!

(*They push her out—FIRST DAUGHTER calls after her.*)

Give my love to the Beast, and good luck on your track;

And I don't care a straw if she never comes back.

(*Dances off r.*)

*Second D.* Nor I, the little uncompoopy gaby!

Why, papa pets her like a perfect baby;

The way she's coaxed him lately is quite shocking—

She!—fit for nothing but to darn a stocking!

(*Exits r.*)

SCENE IV.—*Front Chamber.*

*Enter FIRST and SECOND DAUGHTERS from r.*

*First D.* Well, we've got rid of her at last; *that's* lucky:

We sha'n't be hampered now with pa's dear ducky.

Henceforth we'll do just what we like with father;

We'll make him fork out handsome, won't we ruther?

*Second D.* We'll have a party every other day.

*First D.* A new coach shall replace the one-horse shay.

*Second D.* How I will dance with that dear Captain Spangle!

*First D.* Captain, indeed!—I'll dance with Lord Fandangle.

*Second D.* Oh, yes! we know you think to be My Lady;



But, dear, isn't your chance a leetle shady?  
 Would your *style* do in such a grand connection?  
 And, love—you know you're losing your complexion;  
 Though p'raps a little extra rouge *might* do it.

*First D.* Junior, shut up! or I declare you'll rue it.  
 I scorn your low wit—Mrs. Captain Spangle!

*Second D.* I wish you luck, Lady—would-be—Fandangle!  
*(They sing a duett and exeunt B. slowly.)*

SCENE V.—*The BEAST'S Garden Table spread, c.*

BEAST and BEAUTY, *richly dressed, discovered at dessert. Behind BEAST the GOBLIN PAGE; behind BEAUTY the little FAIRY.*

*Beauty.* (R.C.) These delicate attentions, Mr. Beast,  
 Quite overpower me: 'tis a royal feast.

*Beast.* (L.C.) 'Tis you confer the favor, gentle Beauty.  
 Do try this '20 port: though old, 'tis fruity.

*Beauty.* Delicious, sir! (*Aside.*) He's charmingly polite;  
 I almost like him, though he's such a fright.

*Beast.* Boy, hand the lady grapes. Or try this pine.

*Beauty.* Your garden produce is supremely fine.

*Beast.* The fruit feels proud to touch your lips; I know it.

*Beauty.* (*Aside.*) Upon my word, the Beast is quite a poet!

*Beast.* Ho! Goblin Page, more claret from the cellar;  
 Bin number six. (*Gives a huge key to the Page.*) He's such a useful fellow.

*Beauty.* He seems a treasure.

*Beast.* Just the boy I want;  
 A birthday present from my fairy aunt.

(PAGE, as he goes, steals fruit from the table, and grimaces behind BEAST'S back.)

*Page.* (*Aside to little FAIRY.*) Wouldn't old Beast be waxy, if he knew it!

*Little F.* Oh, what a naughty boy you were to do it!

(Exit Page, and returns with wine, which he places on the table.)

*Beast.* Permit me, Beauty, just to pop once more  
 The question I have popped three times before,  
 Though every time you have refused me flat.

*Beauty.* Oh, Beastie, Beastie, anything but that!

*Beast.* The subject pains you: I will not renew it.

*Beauty.* Oh, Beast, good Beast! I really could not do it!

*Beast.* I'll say no more. Nay, do not look so sad :  
Let's have some music. Tip us a stave, my lad.

*(Goblin Page sings a song, and dances with little Fairy, ad lib. Music; one verse of "Come Lassies and Lads" from "The Songs of England." Exit Goblin Page and little Fairy.)*

*Beast.* Ha! Music does her good; it chases care.  
We'll have some more. Sing, minstrels of the air!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES AND BEAUTY.

*Chorus.* Fairest of mortals, list to our lay;  
Chase from thy bosom sadness away;  
Fortune her brightest smile weareth to-day.  
Queen of this fairy land fear not to be,  
Scorn not the loving heart waiting for thee.

*Beauty.* Those dulcet strains  
Allay my pains;  
But ah! it may not be.

*Chorus.*—Fairest of mortals, &c.  
*(During the music, BEAST beats time with his paw. At its close, BEAUTY bursts into tears.)*

*Beast.* Hallo! still sorrowful! Why, what's the matter? *(Rises.)*

*Beauty.* Beast, I will tell you. *(They come down.)* Truly, I  
don't flatter,

When I declare you have done all you can  
To please me: you're a perfect gentleman.  
But, looking in your magic glass to-day,  
I saw my father languishing away:  
He seemed at point of death. Oh! Beastie, oh!  
I must go visit him—do let me go!

*Beast.* Ha! but you won't return—and I shall die.

*Beauty.* I will return: the promise of a lady  
Is sacred.

*Beast.* Well, then, take this rose: it grew  
On an enchanted tree. When red and fresh,  
'Twill prove that I am well; but if it fade  
And wither, know that Death's cold hand is on me.  
But place it in your bosom; breathe the wish  
To be at home, or here, or anywhere;  
The deed will overtake the wish yon breathe.

*Beauty.* Thanks, Beast; I will return.

*Beast.* How soon?

*Beauty.* A month  
Shall bring me to your side.

*Beast.* So let it be.

*(Exit BEAUTY, R., BEAST handing her out with great politeness.)*

Oh, dear! I'm horribly in love!  
 Beauty, you little *darling* dove!  
 A mouth, a long, long mouth, must pass,  
 Before I see the dainty lass.  
 How shall I kill the time at all?  
 I'll roll along the ground and bawl. (*Rolls and howls.*)  
 (*Rising.*) No, this won't do. I am a Beast in feature;  
 But still I'll be a reasonable creature.  
 I'll sing a song—some fellow says that music  
 Is food of love—unless to sing I'm too sick.

### SONG.—BEAST.

#### *Music to "Woman."*

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or my cheeks make pale with care,  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day,  
 Or the flowery meads in May;  
     If she be not so to me,  
     What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or, her worthy merits known,  
 Make me quite forget my own?  
 Be she with that goodness blest,  
 Which may gain the name of "*beast*,"  
     If she seem not such to me,  
     What care I how good she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
 I will ne'er the more despair;  
 If she love me, this believe,  
 I will die ere she shall grieve,  
 If she slight me when I woo,  
 I can scorn and let her go;  
     For, if she be not for me,  
     What care I for whom she be?

No, it won't do. Wed Beauty? Fiddledidee!  
 She'll never care for such a Beast as me!  
 It's all your fault, you nasty horrid aunt!  
 How could you bear poor me so to enchant?  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!

*Enter FAIRY AUNT, R.*

*Fairy A.* Nephew, what now? Are all these howls from you?  
Why are you making such a hullybaloo?

*Beast.* Because I'm spoony; and I'm desperate quite,  
You've gone and made me such a beastly fright. (*Roars.*)

*Fairy A.* Such a coil I never heard, sir:  
Your behavior's quite absurd, sir,  
I will show you no compassion,  
While you are in such a passion.  
Do not shake your ugly head;  
Go this minute, sir, to bed,  
Like a good obedient pupil:  
Take a black draught, and a blue pill.  
Sleep your rage off, if you can, sir:  
Off at once—and do not answer.  
Now, like lightning through the sky,  
Back to fairyland I fly.

(*Exit BEAST, R.E.L.*)

(*Exit R.*)

### SCENE VI.—*Front Chamber.*

*Enter FIRST and SECOND DAUGHTERS from R., BEAUTY following.*

*First D. (L.)* Oh, Beauty, I can't credit what you say:  
What! a new pair for dinner every day?

*Beauty. (R.)* Yes, best French kid—cost five bob every pair;  
And a fresh wreath of jewels for my hair,  
With bracelets, rings, and necklaces to suit.

*Second D. (C.)* And every day the same delicious fruit?

*Beauty.* Yes—pears, grapes, nectarines, peaches, pines—'tis true,

*First D.* And had you maids to wait upon you, too?

*Beauty. (Crosses to C.)* One little sprite; but lots of unseen fays  
Dress'd me from head to foot, and laced my stays;  
Fanned me when hot, and brought me shawls when cold;  
With more delightful things than can be told.

*Second D. (R.)* And naught to do all day but dress and eat!  
Good gracious, girl, it must have been a treat!  
But what a fool you were to leave, you monkey!

*First D. (Aside.)* Just like her—she was always such a donkey.  
*(Aloud.)* Beauty, I hate you! Can't I go there too?

Oh, what an ass that Beast was to choose you!

*Second D.* I'm bored to death: I'll go and take the air.

Come with me, little beast, and do my hair.

(Pulls BEAUTY to her, R.)

First D. (Pulls BEAUTY to her, L.) She sha'n't: she's my slave!  
in this house I'm chief. (Throws down her handkerchief.)

Quick! pick me up my pocket-handkerchief. (BEAUTY does so.)

Fasten my bracelet—what a snail you are!

You hurt my wrist on purpose, I declare.

(She shakes BEAUTY, who cries.)

Cry, baby, cry! But, (coaxingly) dearest, did you say

That, if you placed that rose a certain way,

And wished, you would be there as quick as winking?

Beauty. I did.

First D. How curious! Darling, I've been thinking

How pretty it would look among your hair:

Just see how nicely I'll arrange it there. (Tries to take the rose.)

Beauty. No, sister, no! I must not part with it.

First D. Why, I don't want it, you suspicious chit:

Come, come.

Beauty. For worlds this rose I won't resign.

First D. Just let me smell it then—hurrah! it's mine!

(Snatches it, and runs out laughing, L.)

Second D. Oh, yes, that's very fine; the selfish elf!

But she sha'd't keep it wholly to herself; (Runs out after her.)

Beauty. Oh dear! what shall I do? The Beast will die!

This the last day too! I've a good mind to cry.

Re-enter FIRST DAUGHTER, L., with her dress dirty and disordered, followed by SECOND DAUGHTER.

First D. (a.) Oh, Beauty, Beauty! nasty horrid thing!

Is this the luck your vile rose was to bring?

Second D. (L.) Ho! ho! how clean we are!

Beauty. (R.) But how came this?

First D. I put the rose into my bosom, miss,

And wished myself in that vile monster's chateau;

And where—yes, where—yes, where d'you think I got to?

Beauty. Where?

First D. To the pigsty, miss—I can't tell how.

Second D. And served you right.

First D. I'll scratch you both, I vow.

Beauty. On which side did you put the rose?

First D. The right.

Beauty. It should have been the left.

First D. 'Twas all your spite,

Not to say that before. Bah! what a mess

I'm in!

(Grosses to L.)

Beauty. But where's the rose?

First D. Oh, (cries) my nice new dress!

The rose?—lost—the pigs ate it in the sty.

(*Exits L., crying—SECOND DAUGHTER follows her, laughing.*)

Beauty. Oh! (*crosses to R.*) I can't keep my promise—and he'll die!

(*Exits, weeping, R.*)

SCENE VII.—The BEAST's Garden. *As before.*

*Enter BEAST, S.E.L., followed by GOBLIN PAGE.*

Beast. A month has passed—a month and three long days ;  
Yet Beauty comes not. Oh, perfidious Beauty !  
I thought you were a lady, and would keep  
Your promise : promises are pie-crust, all,  
Made to be broken. Vainly you, sweet flowers,  
Woo me : you'll break my heart, ye little birds.  
I can hold out no longer. Leave me, boy.

Page. Master, I'm sorry you're so bad.

Beast. You'll have no master soon, my lad.

Page. (*Going.*) Why he's so bad to me's a puzzle,  
With such a lot of stuff to guzzle.

(*Exit L.*)

Beast. Life ebbs apace : beneath this weeping willow  
I'll lay me down, sigh "Beauty!" and so die.

(*He lies down R., groaning heavily.*)

*Enter BEAUTY, from the back, U.E.L.*

Beauty. At last I'm here. Oh! what a joy unhop'd for,  
To find the rose at length beneath the straw!  
But where is *he*? Through all the house I've sought him,  
And found him not : this withered rose forbodes  
The worst event. Kind host!—most gentle Beast!  
I fear I am too late, and thou hast died.

(*She searches the garden, and at last discovers him.*)

He's dead! he's dead! Oh, most distracting sight!

Beast. Yes, nearly dead, my Beauty, but not quite.

Beauty. How can I save you?

Beast. There's one only way.

And yet I dare not mention it.

Beauty. You may.

Beast. Say you will marry me.

Beauty. Alack-a-day!

Beast. I'm very good you know, though not quite pretty.



*Beauty.* Indeed you're not, and the more's the pity.  
That you're a Beast, you see, you can't deny.  
How could we go into society?

*Beast.* Then say you do not hate me, and I'll die.

*Beauty.* No, die you shall not. Really I must try.  
Beauty is but skin-deep, and those great catches,  
Though handsome, are not always the best matches.

*Beast, I will marry you.* (*BEAST rises as a Prince.*)

*Prince.* Fair bride, that word  
Dissolves the spell that has so long enthralled me ;  
Such was my Fairy Aunt's severe decree,  
That I should live a Beast till some kind maiden,  
Fair as the day, would take me as I was.  
But here she comes herself, and brings your people.  
Welcome, good aunt, on this most lucky day !

*Enter FAIRY AUNT, LITTLE FAIRY, GOBLIN PAGE, MERCHANT, and two DAUGHTERS, from U.E.L.*

*Fairy A.* Nephew, take the hand of Beauty :  
She is just the girl to suit ye.  
Spells no more your life annoy !  
Beauty, dear, I wish you joy !  
Still be fairer than Titania,  
Princess now of Chimpanganzia !  
But for you, you spiteful sisters,  
Who deserve both boils and blisters,  
For your vices to atone  
I will turn you into stone  
Till your wicked hearts are mended.  
Gentles all, our play is ended.

*Moral Epilogue, spoken by the Fairy Aunt.*

Now, all good people, hear, I pray,  
The moral of our little play.  
First, all you young ladies whom I am addressing,  
Don't give your attention entirely to dressing :  
Add put all young gentlemen in your good books  
Because of their manners, and not of their looks.  
You likewise, ye fathers, to your daughters be kind,  
And give them the presents for which they've a mind :  
And, should one have a lover, don't growl in the least :  
He may turn out a Prince, though you think him a Beast. (*Music.*)

Now, ye minstrels of the air,  
All your sweetest notes prepare ;  
And let mortal voices blending,  
Celebrate this happy ending. (*Waves her wand.*)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Beauty, be happy, thy trials are past,  
Sweetness and tenderness triumph at last.  
Behold how the Prince is set free  
From ev'ry enchantress but thee;  
Thine, thine the fairy charms that hold him fast,  
Thine, thine, yes thine.

Still in these bowers of delight  
Fairies shall dance on the green ;  
Beautiful always and bright  
Where Beauty—Beauty is queen.  
Still in these bowers of delight  
Fairies shall dance on the green ;  
Beautiful always and bright  
Where Beauty herself is the queen.

*Disposition of Characters.*

LITTLE F. BEAST. BEAUTY. FAIRY A. MERCHANT. TWO D. PAGE  
2. R.C. C. L.C. 1

CURTAIN.

## SONG.—"O, can they be Sisters?"

*Allegro.* ♩ = 168.

T. R.

Oh, can they be sis - ters? They're far more like blis - ters, Up -

*mf*

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

on my skin dai - ly to ir - ri - tate me: And why is my

This system contains the second line of the song. The musical notation continues from the first system, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

fa - ther So weak that he'd rather En - joy his to - bac - co than

This system contains the third line of the song. The musical notation continues from the second system, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

stick up for me? I know I'm his fa - vor - ite, Because I be -

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The musical notation continues from the third system, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

have a - right, And but for these two vi - pers all would be

*risoluto.*

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

well; But oh! how they fur - ry me! Scold me and

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, continuing from the previous system. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

hur - ry me, And fa - ther him - self has not pluck to re - bel.

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

*slower.* *espressivo.*

And now he's de - part - ed, And I, bro - ken - heart - ed, Must

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The tempo marking 'slower.' is above the first measure, and 'espressivo.' is above the fifth measure.

*cres.* *rall.* *ad lib.* *tempo.*

slave like a Turk, with a buzz in my head. Poor

*cres.* *sf rall. colla voce.* *tempo. f*

me! how they'll push a - bout, Mak - ing me rush a - bout!

*sfz* Both-er! I wish— *sfz* Both-er! I wish—

L.H.

*ad lib.*

Oh, how I wish I were mar-ried or dead.

*colla voce.*

## SONG &amp; RECIT.—“Him as prigs what isn't his'n.”

T. R.

♩=100.

BEAST.

Him as prigs what isn't his'n, When he's cotched will  
Sua.....

Sua.....

MERCHANT (*beseekingly*).

go to pris'n. O, my lord, in pi - ty spare;  
.....

Sua.....

BEAST.

Kill - ing me would be a shame. Sir, “my - lord” me,  
Sua.....

sfz

Sua.....

if you dare! Call me ‘Beast’ for that’s my name.  
.....

f

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

MERCHANT, (*insinuatingly.*)

Beast, good beast, then, if you like, sir ;

*rall.*

BEAST.

An - y name's the same to me. *ff* Silence! I'm a-bout to strike, sir.

*8va*.....

*ff*

*8va*.....

MERCH. *pp*BEAST. *ff*

Sure, you wont, sir! You shall see!

*8va*.....tremolo.

*p*

*8va*.....

BEAST.

*8va*.....loco. Well,

*ad lib.*

on on - ly one con - di - tion, I shall grant you your pe - ti - tion,

If you would escape from slaughter, You must bring me your third

*ad lib.* **MARCH.** **BEAST. *f***  
daughter. What!! my daughter Beau - ty! Yes, sir!

**MARCH. *dolente.*** *ad lib.*  
Oh! you cause me great dis - tress, sir!  
*p* *pp* *colla voce.*



## SONG.—"Hey diddle, hey diddle."

BEAST.

Hey did - dle, hey did - dle, hey did - dle dee....

Beau - ty's the maid to be mar - ried to me!

Hey did-dle, hey did-dle, hey did - dle-dee! Beau-ty's the maid,

Beau-ty's the maid, Beauty's the maid to be mar-ried to me.

[BEAST dances off R.]

## CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

*Adapted from Spohr's "Azor and Zemira."**Larghetto. pp*

SOPRANO.



CONTE'NO.



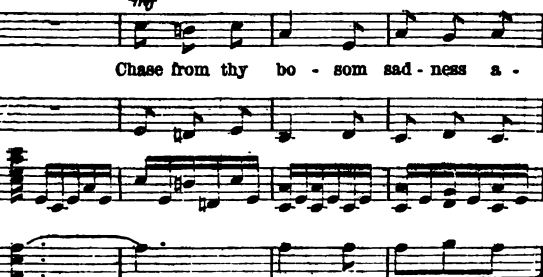
PIANO.



lay,

*mf*

Chase from thy bo - som sad - ness a .



way,

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a whole rest. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also in two flats. It features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that includes a half note G4 and a whole note F4.

*mf*  
For - tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that includes a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4.

day,

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that includes a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The system ends with a double bar line.

*f* *dim.*

For - tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -

This system contains the first musical staff with lyrics. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'For - tune her bright - est smile wear - eth to -'. The system ends with a piano accompaniment flourish.

day.

This system contains the second musical staff with lyrics. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are 'day.'. The system ends with a piano accompaniment flourish.

*mf*

Queen of this fai - ry land, fear not to

This system contains the third musical staff with lyrics. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Queen of this fai - ry land, fear not to'. The system ends with a piano accompaniment flourish.

be ; *p* Scorn not the



lov - ing heart, wait - ing for



BEAUTY.  
thee ; Those dulcet strains al-lay my

*p*



pains, But ah! it may not

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics "pains, But ah! it may not". The second staff is a vocal line in alto clef, mostly containing rests. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

*mf* CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

be! Fair - est of mor - - tals;

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics "be! Fair - est of mor - - tals;". The second staff is a vocal line in alto clef. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

List to our lay,

This musical system consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics "List to our lay,". The second staff is a vocal line in alto clef. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, featuring a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

Chase from thy bo - - som

The first system of the musical score for 'Beauty and the Beast'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Chase from thy bo - - som'. The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

sad - ness a - way;

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'sad - ness a - way;'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with some harmonic changes in the left hand.

*dim.*  
For - tune her bright-est smile

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'For - tune her bright-est smile'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking over the final notes.

wear - eth to - day.

*dim.*

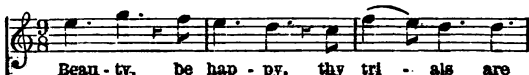
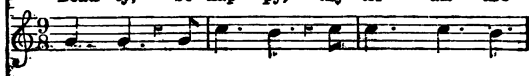
*pp*



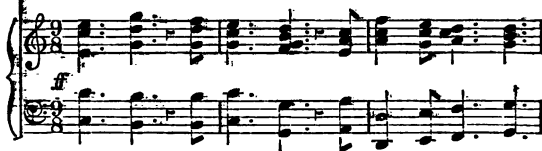
## CONCLUDING CHORUS.—"Beauty, be Happy."

*Adapted from Spohr's "Azor and Zemira."*

## CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

1ST  
SOPRANO.2ND  
SOPRANO.

ACCOMP'T.



past,

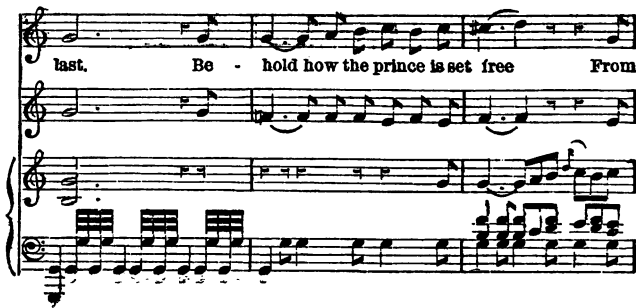
Sweetness and ten - der-ness triumph at



last.

Be - hold how the prince is set free

From



ev - 'ry enchantress but thee; Thine, thine the

ores.

*ff*

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic, chordal line in the left hand. There are dynamic markings 'ores.' and 'ff' in the piano part.

fal - ry charms that hold him fast.....

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part continues the melodic and rhythmic themes from the first system.

Thine, thine the fal - - ry charms that hold him

This musical system consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The piano part continues the melodic and rhythmic themes from the first system.

fast, Thine, thine, yes thine.

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment, with the third staff being the right hand and the fourth staff being the left hand.

Still in these bow'rs of delight. . . Fai - ries shall dance on the

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment, with the third staff being the right hand and the fourth staff being the left hand.

green; Beau - ti - ful always and bright, Where Beau -

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line. The third and fourth staves are a piano accompaniment, with the third staff being the right hand and the fourth staff being the left hand.



ty, Beau - ty is queen.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with the lyrics 'ty, Beau - ty is queen.' The second staff is a vocal line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, featuring a complex harmonic texture with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.



Still in these bow'rs of de-light, Fairies shall dance on the

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with the lyrics 'Still in these bow'rs of de-light, Fairies shall dance on the'. The second staff is a vocal line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, continuing the complex harmonic texture with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.



green; Beau - ti - ful al-ways, and bright..... Where

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with the lyrics 'green; Beau - ti - ful al-ways, and bright..... Where'. The second staff is a vocal line. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment, continuing the complex harmonic texture with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Beau - ty herself is the queen, Where .. Beau - ty herself is the

*rallentando.*  
queen, Where..... Beau - ty her-self is the queen.....  
*f* *rall.*

Fairy Goblin. Beast. Beauty. Fairy Aunt. Merchant. Two Daughters.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

CURTAIN.

# C I N D E R E L L A .



# CINDERELLA.

—:O:—

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE KING.  
PRINCE ALONZO.  
BUZFUZ, (*Lord-in-Waiting*.)

THE QUEEN.  
THE MOTHER.  
WILHELMINA, *Old*,  
SOPHONISBA, *Middle-Aged*, } *The Daughters*.  
CINDERELLA, *Young*,  
OLD FAIRY.

*Lords and Ladies, Footman, &c.*

---

## COSTUMES.

*The King*.—King's scarlet robes, jewelled; crown, &c.

*Prince Alonzo*.—Handsome blue satin and silver square-cut coat, white satin vest and breeches, silk stockings, white kid high-heeled shoes, with buckles; white wig, cravat, ruffs.

*Lord Buzfuz*.—Lord's dress of the period.

*The Queen*.—Blue and orange and silver robes of State, jewelled crown.

*The Mother*.—A brocade silk dress of the period, with laces and jewels; high red-heeled shoes and buckles, white wig, flowers and feathers, powdered and patched.

*Wilhelmina*.—An antiquated large flowered tuck-up dress, ruffs, laces, &c., powdered, wrinkled and patched. *Second dress*: Red and yellow gaudy outre costume, very showy; ostrich feather head-dress over, court wig, &c.

*Sophonisba*.—First and second dresses: Of the same description as the above, but younger-looking and less gaudy.

*Cinderella*.—A strip slate and brown colored short-skirted dress, slatternly slippers, hair unkempt, very shabby, her face and arms sooty in appearance. *Second dress*: A splendid satin and gold embroidered dress discovered under strip, glass slippers.

*Old Fairy*.—Fairy's tarlatan dress, spangled and lace; diamond star or butterfly on wire over her forehead.

*Lords and Ladies*.—Costumes of the period.

*Footman, &c.*—Green and gold liveries, heavily embroidered.



## PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Round table and cover, c. Candleabra on it. Sofa, S.E.L. Easy chairs, U.E.R. Other chairs, ottomans, &c. Settees. Window curtains, U.E.L. Fireplace set U.E.R. Looking-glass over mantel. Brush and dust-pan. Letter.

SCENE II.—Nil.

SCENE III.—Kitchen set U.E.R. Chairs, stool, &c. Kitchen table. Large tin vessel containing peas. A large pumpkin. Mouse-trap with six mice in it. A rat-trap with a rat in it. Two lizards. A toy-coach, large enough to hold CINDERELLA, with six horses, coachman, and two footmen, to be drawn on and off the stage by an unseen string.

SCENE IV.—Nil.

SCENE V.—Throne set c. Canopy and two throne chairs. Clock to chime three quarters—then four quarters. Wand of office for BUZFUZ.

SCENE VI.—Nil.

SCENE VII.—Furniture in kitchen set—same as in Scene III. Blacking, blacking-brushes, boots and boot-box. A hammer discovered on table.

---

## SCENES.

SCENE I.—A Centre Door Drawing-Room handsomely furnished with every requisite of necessary furniture. Fireplace set U.E.R. Window, U.E.L.

SCENE II.—A Front Chamber.

SCENE III.—Kitchen set. Fire-range, U.E.R. Pots and pans painted on flats. Wand for FAIRY.

SCENE IV.—Front Chamber in the Palace.

SCENE V.—A Ball-Room in the Palace, set at back. Throne and throne steps, two throne chairs, dias, and canopy, placed c.

SCENE VI.—Same as Scene IV.

SCENE VII.—Same as Scene III.

---

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# CINDERELLA.

---

Overture....."Marta".....Flotow.

## SCENE I.—A Drawing-Room.

Enter WILHELMINA, R., and SOPHONISBA, L., the latter with a letter in her hand.

Soph. (L.) Oh, Wilhelmina, have you heard?

Wilh. (R.) Heard what?

Soph. You'll never guess. Only look at that!

Wilh. (Reading the letter.) "His Majesty the King sends greeting"—Hu!

to whom? I do declare to my papa!— (In ecstacy.

Commanding his attendance at a ball,  
with his good lady and his daughters all,  
in honor of his highness, Prince Alonzo,  
on the attainment of his majority."

(Giving back the letter.

Soph. He's such a dear, they say, and does go on so!

(Kissing letter.

Wilh. Coming of age. Well, this is really charming!

Soph. My costume shall be something quite alarming.

Wilh. Mine shall be quite æsthetic—red and yellow.

Soph. And mine—but where's that lazy Cinderella?

What ho ! you baggage ! Cinder-slut, I say !  
When she's required, she's never in the way.

*Enter CINDERELLA, shabbily dressed, from c., she carries a brush and dust-pan.*

*Cind.* (c.) Sisters, what now ? I thought I heard you calling.

*Soph.* Yes, you deaf door-post, till I'm hoarse with bawling.

*Will.* But what a dirty, dusty, grimy jade !

A pretty figure for a lady's maid !

*Cind.* I cannot help it. When I'd got the broom  
(For so you ordered me) to sweep your room,  
Mamma came storming in and rapped my pate,  
And sent me off to clean the kitchen grate.

*Soph.* Bother the grate ! Why, goodness gracious bless us !

To think of grates, when you have got to dress us !

(*Slowly.*) For, girl, we're going to the Prince's ball.

Wouldn't you give your ears to go ?—that's all !

*Cind.* (*Distractedly.*) Oh, dear !

(*Sighs.*)

*Will.* Quick !—disobey us if you dare.

Just hold her, Nisba, while I pull her hair.

(*They push her about and pull her hair—she cries out.*)

*Enter the MOTHER hurriedly from c.*

*Mother.* (R.C.) Why, daughters, what means all this noise and  
pothar ?

*Soph.* (L.) It's all this vicious Cinderella, mother.  
She's quite a fury : I do wish you'd thwack her.

*Cind.* (L.C.) Oh, sister, what a most audacious cracker !

(*Goes up stage.*)

*Mother.* (*To SOPHONISBA.*) I feared so ; but, dear girls, don't let  
her bore us,

For think what splendid prospects are before us !

This sweet young Prince is just now in the humor

To take a wife—such is the general rumor ;

And one of my two daughters—need I say ?—

From all the world must bear the bell away.

So hear a mother's counsel : be affected—

By simple manners is the snob detected.

(*CINDERELLA listens at back, and disapproves by action.*)

Let all your dress be loud, pronounced, emphatic :

Such style is always most aristocratic,

Throw back your heads—assume a scornful look,

And cut all friends below the rank of duke :

Talk loud, and roll your eyes—be seen and heard ;

Prudes in society are most absurd.

And she that home returns the Prince possessing,

By hook or crook, shall win a mother's blessing.

*Will.* (R.) Don't tutor us, mamma—we're up to snuff.  
(Calls to CINDERELLA up stage.) But do make haste, you little dirty muff;

Wash yourself first, for fear you soil our dresses;  
Why are you always in such dreadful messes?

*Cind.* (Comes down L.C.) One word, good mother. I am longing  
so

To see this ball: I'm asked; do let me go!  
Had my own mother lived, she would have let me.

*Mother.* Preposterous creature, you were born to fret me.

(Cuffs her.)

You're not presentable; you've no manners, child,  
Nor dress to wear.

*Soph.* The creature drives me wild.  
Why, if she went according to her wishes,  
She'd soon be sent down-stairs to wash the dishes.

*Will.* You'd hardly like it, darling, I'm afraid,  
Spending the evening with the scullery-maid.

(They laugh at CINDERELLA.)

*Cind.* (Stamps her foot.) Sisters, it is quite a shame the way you  
use me.

Only this once, dear mother, don't refuse me? (Clasps her hands.)

*Mother.* (Aside.) How shall I put her off? On one condition,  
Child, I will grant you your absurd petition.  
I'll take three bushels of dry peas and fling them  
Into the ashes. If to me you bring them  
All gathered out within one hour, and do,  
Meantime, all work my daughters set you to,  
Then you shall go.

*Cind.* (In despair.) Oh, I can never do it!

*Soph.* (Crossing to her, and speaking shrewishly.) You'd better  
not; for if you went, you'd rue it.

But what's the earthly use of all this bosh?

Go, give your face and hands a thorough wash:

Be ready when we ring.

(Goes up c.)

*Will.* And bring hot water.

(Following her sister, c.)

*Cind.* (Appealingly.) But oh, mamma!

*Mother.* (Stamps, and goes up c.) Silence! Obey my daughters.

(Recount MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA, in an extra-  
vaguantly dignified manner, c.—CINDERELLA exits L.)

SCENE II.—*Front Chamber.**Enter CINDERELLA, L.*

*Cind.* Oh, you step-sisters, how you do behave!  
 I vow I'm treated like a perfect slave—  
 Badgered all day—toiling outdoors and indoors,  
 And sent at night to lie among the cinders.  
 Perhaps there'll just be time before I'm wanted,  
 To pay a visit to the tree I planted  
 Above my mother's grave. A small bird's ditty  
 There ever greets me with a voice of pity.  
 I'll say, "Dear bird, do help me, if you please,  
 Out of my fix about those bothering peas."  
 Look out, my fine sisters; for, hey cockolorum!  
 Perhaps, after all, I shall manage to floor 'em!

*(Sings a serio-comic song, and exit L.*SCENE III.—*Kitchen set at back.**Enter CINDERELLA, from U.E.L., with a large vessel containing peas.*

*Cind.* (*Putting the vessel on table.*) Ah, mother, you have lost the  
 trick!  
 That little bird's a perfect brick!  
 No sooner had I made petition,  
 And told him all the hard condition,  
 That off he twittered in a crack,  
 And with a thousand birds came back,  
 Who chirped and chattered, and grubbed about,  
 Till all the peas were clean picked out.  
 But what's the use? My mother rails,  
 And sets her face as hard as nails:  
 She won't believe her very eyes,  
 And tells the most tremendous lies.  
 But hark!—they come. One last appeal  
 I'll make to that cold heart of steel.

*Enter the MOTHER and two DAUGHTERS, elegantly dressed, from U.E.L.**Mother.* Let me inspect you, darlings, if you please.*Cind.* (*R.C.*) Oh, please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

*Mother.* (c., disregarding her.) I think you'll do : you'll make a great impression.

Now try a love-sick, languishing expression.

Fan yourselves gently—good!—that's quite the cheese.

*Cind.* Oh please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

*Mother.* Try a sweet smile ; and, to acquire one, say, "Plums, poetry and prism." (Affectedly.

*Will. and Soph.* (Together and imitating.) Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism.

*Mother.* Yes, just like that you say.

Try it again, but in a more affected way!

*Will. and Soph.* Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism,

Plums, poetry and prism.

(They leer grotesquely.

*Mother.* (Applauding.) Charming! Those looks are for the Prince, you know :

And now shut up some ordinary bean.

Look prouder still. (They do so.) Good, once more.

(They do.) Much better! You'll get it by degrees.

*Cind.* (Impatiently.) Oh, please, mamma, here is the dish of peas.

*Mother.* Child, hold your tongue! Upon my word! Why, bother!

What is the earthly use of all this pother?

Look at your dress—you could not go in that!

*Cind.* If this ain't cheating, I don't know what's what.

(Thumping vessel on the floor.

*Will.* I wonder, ma, you listen to her prating.

*Soph.* Come, come!—time's up—let's go—the coach is waiting.

*Will.* When we return, let coffee, wine, and prog

Be ready.

*Mother.* And for me a glass of grog.

*Soph.* Poor dear!—she'll cry. It can't be helped, you know.

*Will.* Wouldn't it give its little ears to go.

(They all jeer at CINDERELLA.

## QUARTETTE.

*Cind.* Ah! leave me not!—I ought to go;

My task is all completed.

*Will. and Soph.*—

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Cind.* If you say "no,"

I am most vilely treated.

*Will. and Soph.*—

Ory, baby, cry! Haste, haste away!

*Mother.* My dears, you look enchanting.

*Will. and Soph.*—

Yes, won't we set—

*Cind.* Don't leave me, pray!

*Will. and Soph.*—

The Prince's heart a-panting!

*Cind.* 'Twas ever thus; from childhood's hour

My fondest hopes she hinders.

*Moth. Will. and Soph.*—

Ha! ha! ha! he! he!— { haste, haste away,

*Cind.* { Don't leave me pray

*Moth. Will. and Soph.*—

{ And leave her in the cinders.

*Cind.* { To lie among the cinders.

(*Exeunt MOTHER, WILHELMINA and SOPHONISBA, L.*)

*Cind.* (c.) It's quite atrocious, I declare!

How I should like to pull their hair!

I really don't know what to do.

(*Crosses to L.*)

*Enter OLD FAIRY, from the R. at back.*

*Cind.* Hallo! good madam, who are you?

*Fairy.* (R.C.) Never you mind, my little ducky;

Enough that I can make you lucky.

I am a fairy, and I knew your mother;

The little bird that helps you is my brother;

And so I've come to make a friendly call.

Now, would you really like to see this ball?

*Cind.* Wouldn't I just! But see my clothes—how can I?

*Fairy.* My dear, don't go and try to teach your granny.

Go to your tree, and shake its branches o'er you!

Perhaps the little bird has something for you.

(*Waves her wand—CINDERELLA runs out L.—OLD FAIRY walking about, waving her wand—Fairy music behind the scenes.*)

*Fairy.* Now's the time for magic sleights:

Haste ye here, my sister sprites;

Hovering through the sky,

Unseen by mortal eye,

Haste and bless this happy day

With a fairy roundelay!

(*Glee from "Oberon in Fairy Land.*)

*Re-enter CINDERELLA, L., splendidly dressed; on her feet slippers covered with glass beads.*

*Fairy.* Well, now you're something like.

*Cind.* Yes, dear old hearty!

That little bird's a most obliging party:

And so are you.

*Fairy.* Yes, we are folks worth knowing.

But you can't walk: you'll want a coach to go in.

*Cind.* Yes, if I could but get one; but how can I?

*Fairy.* Again, my love, I say, don't teach your granny.

Go fetch a pumpkin from the garden, dear.

*(CINDERELLA goes, and returns with one from U.E.L.)*

There, that's your coach. Have you a mousetrap here?

*Cind.* Yes.

*Fairy.* Bring it.

*Cind.* *(From L.)* Here it is.

*Fairy.* Hallo! six mice!

They'll do for horses. Fetch me in a trice,

The rat-trap next.

*Cind.* *(From L.)* Here!

*Fairy.* Has it caught a rat?

*Cind.* Oh, yes, a whiskered beauty; and so fat!

*Fairy.* He'll make a jolly coachman. Can you find,

D'you think, two lizards? *(Brings them from L.)* Perch them up behind.

Two graceful Jeaneeses, dressed in green and gold.

And now I wave my magic wand. Behold!

*(The articles mentioned having been brought in succession, and placed by CINDERELLA behind the side-scenes, a toy-coach, with six horses, coachman, and two footmen, is drawn from the same place across the stage by an unseen string.)*

*Cind.* Oh, dear! how very strange!

*Fairy.* Well, does it suit ye

*Cind.* Granny, the whole turn-out's a perfect beauty!

Such loves of footmen, too! And that grand party,

The jolly paunchy coachman!

*Fairy.* He looks hearty:

You may be bound he likes his beef and beer.

A heavy coachman steadies the coach, my dear.

The Queen, girl, when to Parliament she goes,

Has not a pair of cream-colors like those.

Get in then, stupid!

*Cind.* Nay, but, granny, come!

You're joking. These are meant for General Thumb.

You really must consider me a *flat*!

How can I squeeze into a coach like that?



*Fairy.* I say, don't teach your granny. Can't they grow?

(*CINDERELLA gets in.*)

You weren't your full size all at once, you know.

Coachman, drive on; outside the garden wait—

They'll be all right, dear, when they're past the gate.

(*Music—The coach is drawn off the stage, U.E.L.—OLD FAIRY follows off.*)

#### SCENE IV.—*Front Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter OLD FAIRY, from L., followed by CINDERELLA.*

*Fairy.* We are here at last! And now, child, I must leave you! But one word before I go—go and enjoy yourself; Dance with the Prince; with sweetmeats do not cloy yourself; And mind, however much to stay they want you late, Before the clock strikes twelve you must absquantulate;

(*Going to R.*)

Else all to rags will turn your splendid dress,  
And then, you know, you'd be in a pretty mess.  
Good luck! hurrah! (R.) Oh, won't I bother  
Your vile step-sisters and step-mother!

(*Exit R.*)

*Cind.* Well, I'm in luck, there's no denying that!  
From scullery-maid to Princess I have been changed quite pat!

(*Song and exit, R.*)

#### SCENE V.—*A Ball-Room set at back.*

*KING, R.C., and QUEEN, L.C., discovered on throne in C. PRINCE ALONZO R., and BUZFUZ L., standing. Other Nobles, Ladies, &c. Flourish at opening. Characters come forward.*

*King.* (R.C.) This company is very long a coming;  
Such conduct to the Crown is not becoming.

*Buzfuz.* (L.) Just like the snobs: I always find such trash unable

To see that to be late is not most fashionable.

*Prince.* (R.) Folks have no manners now: they're getting what  
I call

Absurdly radical and democratical

(*Uses eyeglass.*)

These liberal notions do not suit us, dad.

*King.* Ah! things were different in my youth, my lad.

*Buzfuz.* Your royal father, when folks kept him waiting,  
Would spike their heads upon the garden grating.

*Prince.* I hope he spared the ladies. But, I say,  
What sort of dowdies have you got to-day?

*King.* Oh, stunners! Trust your dad for that, you monkey.

*Buzfuz.* Don't lose your heart, your highness.

*Prince.* Here's the flunky.

*Enter FOOTMAN, L., ushering in company.*

*Footman.* (L. corner.) The Duke and Duchess of Van Dieman's  
Land.

*King.* You're welcome, subjects: you may kiss our hand.

(More announcements follow, and more company enters and  
range themselves R. and L.)

*King.* You are all welcome; pray be blithe and hearty.

*Footman.* The Honorable Mrs. Smith and party.

*Enter MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA, from L., who curtsey  
extravagantly in front of throne, and back over against the PRINCE, R.*

*Prince.* Excuse me, madam; you have squodged my toe.

(*FOOTMAN exits.*)

*Wilh.* Indeed!

*Mother.* (R. corner.) Take care, girl. (*Pinches her—Aside.*)  
That's His Highness!

*Wilh.* (R.C., screams out.) Oh!

Ten million pardons, most serene Alonzo;

These vulgar people really push one on so!

*Prince.* Well, then, to make all square, let's dance a measure.

*Wilh.* Sir, with the most unutterable pleasure.

(*Music—A general dance—at the end of which*

*Enter FOOTMAN, L., who speaks to BUZFUZ, L.C., who goes out and re-  
turns directly.*

*Buzfuz.* (L. corner.) Sire, a young lady of astounding beauty  
Has just arrived—desires to pay her duty.

She looks a Princess, but we can't induce her

To tell her name; and so can't introduce her.

*King.* (To QUEEN.) Shall we allow her to come in?

*Queen.* Oh, yes!

I'm dying to behold this strange Princess.

*Enter CINDERELLA, L., led in by BUZFUZ—She kisses hands in front of  
throne—All stand in admiration.*

*Prince.* So jolly a girl I never yet did see:  
My stars and garters! she's the lass for me!

Fair Princess, whatso'er your name and nation,  
Be pleased to give me the great gratification.

(PRINCE claps his hands, and cries, "The Lancers!" *Music*  
The last figure of the Lancers danced: after which the company  
walks about, the PRINCE with CINDERELLA. The clock chimes  
three-quarters, then four-quarters. On the first stroke of twelve,  
CINDERELLA starts and escapes from the room, L.

Prince. Hallo! What now? She's bolted like a racer!

Buzfuz. Where is the Princess? (*Bustles about*

Prince. Quick, my Buzfuz—chase her.

(*Music—The company walk about, talking in confusion, C. and  
R.—They all exeunt L., in confusion—BUZFUZ jostles against  
the MOTHER and WILHELMINA, who toss their heads and exeunt  
indignantly—BUZFUZ laughs and follows them—KING, QUEEN,  
PRINCE, and SOPHONISBA go off L.*

#### SCENE VI.—Front Chamber in the Palace.

*Enter all the Characters in the relation of exit in previous Scene, BUZFUZ last.*

Buzfuz. (L. corner.) My Lord, the Princess can't be found at all.  
I chased her flying to a garden wall,  
O'er which she sprang. When I climbed up to see,  
She seemed to vanish in a hazel tree.

Prince. (R.C.) Oh, dear, how bad I feel! I've lost my head!  
Oh, Buzfuz, Buzfuz, let me go to bed.

Queen. The Prince will faint. Break up, break up the ball!

(*The company run to and fro—MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and  
SOPHONISBA come to the front as they retire.*

Mother. My dears, I don't admire that minx at all.

With. A very common person, I should say.

Soph. Oh, very! A mere dressed-up popinjay!

(*Exeunt MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA, L., indignantly.*

#### SONG AND CHORUS.

KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, BUZFUZ, AND NOBLES.

Prince.—

Ah! woe is me! and well-a-day!

Where has that vision fled?

My light, my life has died away.

And I must go to bed.

*Chorus.*—

Oh, never yet was seen, sir, such a rummy go as this is !  
 She came, and she departed, like a meteor through the sky ;  
 How brilliantly she flashed among the madams and the misses ;  
 Oh, chase her, find her, bring her back, or sure the Prince will die !

*Prince.*—

My heart is going pit-a-pat.  
 And I have lost my head.  
 The world is stale, and life is flat.  
 Oh ! let me go to bed.

*Chorus.*—Oh, never yet was seen, etc.

*(Breakdown by all the characters, at the end of which they run the hay, and dance off R. and L.)*

### SCENE VII.—Same as Scene III.

*CINDERELLA, in kitchen dress, discovered on a stool, in R. corner, cleaning shoes—Song by CINDERELLA, at the end*

*Enter MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA, hurriedly, U.M.C.*

*With.* (R.C.) Who can she be, mamma ? It's very queer.

*Mother.* (C.) I'm sure she's not respectable, my dear.

*Soph.* (L.C.) So strange, that three nights to the ball she came,  
 And not a single creature knew her name !

*Mother.* It fills me, love, with virtuous indignation :  
 Such things allowed at Court degrade the nation.

*With.* They say each night she scaled our garden-wall.

*Soph.* Yes, that's the most mysterious thing of all.

*With.* And such attention the Prince showed the fright !

*Soph.* I had to be a wallflower half the night.

*With.* I, too, the undiscriminating fellow !  
 He might almost as well court Cinderella !

*(They burst out laughing, looking scornfully at CINDERELLA, R., who brushes a shoe diligently, but shakes her brush at them when they are not looking.)*

*Soph.* It was her jewels, dear ; I saw he twigg'd 'em ;

*With.* He's probably hard up—of course, she prigged 'em.

*Mother.* She'll be exposed, my dears ; the case is flagrant ;  
 She'll get committed as a common vagrant. *(Trumpet outside.)*

Hark ! What is coming ! That's the royal trumpet !

Off, Cinderella ! *(CINDERELLA jumps up.)* Take your shoes and  
 stomp it ! *(Exit CINDERELLA, hastily, U.M.C.)*

Assume your airs and graces, girls—look sweet ;      (*The girls get a*  
 Put on your gloves : my fan—is my hair neat ?  
 This is an anxious moment ; for who knows  
 Whether the Prince is coming to propose ?

*Enter BUZFUZ, U.E.L., carrying a glass slipper—They receive him with  
 extravagant affectation.*

*Mother.* (C.) Sir, as a ray from royalty's bright centre  
 We bid you welcome : be not shy—pray enter.

*Will.* Though used to bask within the central light,  
 We yet are pleased to grace the satellite.

*Buzfuz.* Ladies, I thank you for your kind attention,  
 Though your fine speeches pass my comprehension.

But to the point. A lady!—such a clipper!—

Last night upon the staircase left this slipper.

You see, it's wonderfully small and neat ;

The lady must have most enchanting feet.

The Prince is frantic, buffets us all round,

And vows the lady must and shall be found :

For her, who on her foot this shoe can carry,

In spite of royal marriage-acts, he'll marry.

He comes himself ! My eye ! but I shall catch it,

Unless I find a girl whose foot can match it.

(*Trumpet outside.*)

*Enter PRINCE, distractedly, U.E.L.*

*Prince.* Garters and stars ! Well, Buzfuz, have you sped ?  
 Show me the lady, or I'll break your head !

*Buzfuz.* (To WILHELMINA.) Do say it's you, for goodness gracious  
 sake !

*Mother.* (Presenting WILHELMINA.) Allow me, Prince, the liberty  
 to take

Of saying how rejoiced I am to find

The shoe again my daughter left behind.

Yes, that's her slipper, though the fit's a tight one.

*Prince.* Well, try it on. (*Aside.*) Buzfuz, that's not the right  
 one.

*Mother.* A moment pardon us : 'twill soon be fitted.

*Prince.* Buz, if it fits, I'm horribly committed.

(MOTHER, WILHELMINA, and SOPHONISBA retire to the end of the  
 room, B.C. PRINCE walks about distractedly on L. BUZFUZ  
 trying to soothe him.)

*Mother.* It must go on : don't scream, girl, though it pinches.

*Will.* Oh, ma ! my foot's too big by several inches.

*Mother.* Don't be a fool. Let me cut off your toe.

A princess never needs to walk, you know.

With. Oh, mother, you will murder me! Oh! oh!

*(She jumps up and kicks away the shoe.)*

Prince. Madam, it seems that daughter will not do;

But there's another girl; let her try too.

Mother. Well, after all, I think 'tis Nisba's shoe.

Soph. I know it's mine, mamma. I would have said so,

But Mina looked so cross and tossed her head so.

Prince. Don't bother! Try! *(Aside.)* Buzfuz, I'm easier now. She'll get it on no better than a cow.

*(MOTHER and SOPHONISBA go aside to try on the shoe.)*

Mother. Keep still! it's going on.

Soph. I say it's not!

Oh! how you hurt me!

Mother. What a heel you've got!

A hammer, Mina—quick. I must reduce.

This stubborn heel. *(WILHELMINA give her a hammer.)*

Soph. Oh! Murder! What's the use?

Mother. Just one rap. *(Raises the hammer.)*

Soph. No! You've tortured me enough:

The Prince be hanged! What care I for the muff?

*(Rises and kicks away the slipper.)*

Prince. (a.) Well, madam, really monstrous pains you've taken to try it on—with me! Does't fit, eh? Ah!

Mother. (B.C.) I'm afraid we've been mistaken.

Prince. But where's the right one—eh?

Mother. I beg your pardon.

Prince. Hark ye! each night she vanished in your garden.

El, Buzfuz?

Buzfuz. (L.) Yes; she scaled the garden wall.

Prince. Have you no other lady here at all:

Mother. None, sir, of adequately fine quintessence

To meet your Royal Highness's splendescence.

Prince. Bosh!

Mother. There's one slut, that sits among the cinders.

Buzfuz. Warming her pretty toes like Polly Flinders.

Prince. Bring her directly, or—my stars and garters!

I'll have you all cut up into four quarters.

*Enter OLD FAIRY, U.E.L., leading CINDERELLA, splendidly dressed.*

Mother. Good gracious me! Can this be Cinderella?

Fairy. (a.) Yes, madam: you may well turn green and yellow. Give me the shoe, Prince. Try it on, my love; and I'll be bound it fits you like a glove.

*(CINDERELLA, L.C., puts on the slipper and comes forward.)*

Buzfuz. (L.) Your highness, that's a beauty without painting.

Mother. (B.) Oh, girls!—the sal-volatula!—I'm fainting.

*(She falls back, supported by WILHELMINA and SOPHONISBA, L. and R.C.)*

**Prince.** Faint as you like! The plague take all the lot,  
Except my precious bride, whom here I've got.  
As for these others, there's no way of putting it,  
Except that they have nicely put their foot in it.

*(Trumpet and drum outside)*

**Buzfuz.** Prince, I believe your pa and ma are coming.

**Prince.** I thought so, by that most atrocious drumming.

*Enter KING and QUEEN, U.E.L.*

**King.** (R.C.) Hallo! you've found your girl at last, my boy?

**Queen.** (L.C.) A charming bride! My dear, I wish you joy.

**King.** Bless ye, my children!

**Prince.** Oh! I feel so jolly!

**Fairy.** Prince, do have done at present with your folly,  
Spoonings in public may too far be carried.  
But it is now high time we got you married:  
And for this purpose I will try to fish up  
Some non-colonial ritualistic bishop.

**King.** But, since you may not catch one in a hurry.

*(To PRINCE.)* Suppose you sing a song to keep us merry.

**Prince.** What shall it be?

**King.** Oh, something that won't bore us:

"Come live with me."

**Prince.** You all must join in chorus.

*(Song—"Come Live With Me."—Repeating last line of each stanza in chorus.)*

**Mother.** *(Rising from her swoon in R. corner.)* My lieges, now  
you've done your tweedledee—

A little frivolous it seemed to me—

Let me express the hope that she whom fate  
Has raised to greatness from the kitchen-grate—

'This person—may prove worthy of the honor:

Believe me, I have spent much pains upon her.

That she has proved ungrateful for my care

Is what I looked for—I the blow can bear:

I loved her dearly once—the dream is past:

You'll find out her true character at last.

As for myself and daughters, let me say,

Deceit and witchcraft are not in our way:

We scorn your court, abjure its giddy height;

And so, with quiet dignity, we wish you all good-night.

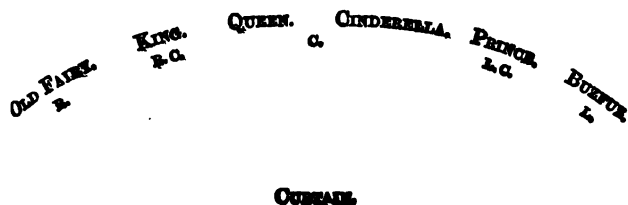
*(They curtsey deeply, retiring backwards off U.E.L.)*

**Prince.** Good-night, good madam, if you will not stay  
To dance a measure on our wedding-day.

*Old Fairy.* (To the audiencs.) At any rate, good people all, we  
 pray  
 Your kind approval of our Christmas play.

CHORUS, in Act III., Scene I of WAGNER's "Lohengrin," "Faithful  
 and True," etc.

### *Disposition of Characters.*





## SONG.—“Ah, leave me Not.”

CINDERELLA.

Ah! leave me not! I ought to go; My

This block contains the first line of the musical score for Cinderella. It features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "Ah! leave me not! I ought to go; My".

WILH. &amp; SOPH.

task is all com - plet - - - ed. Ha, ha, ha,

This block contains the musical score for Wilhelmina and Sophia. It features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "task is all com - plet - - - ed. Ha, ha, ha,".

CIND.

ha! ha, ha, ha, ha! If you say No, I

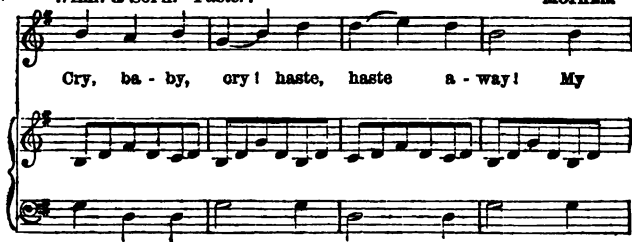
This block contains the second line of the musical score for Cinderella. It features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "ha! ha, ha, ha, ha! If you say No, I".

am most vile - - ly treat - - - ed.

This block contains the third line of the musical score for Cinderella. It features a vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "am most vile - - ly treat - - - ed."

WILH. & SOPH. *Faster.*

MOTHER.



Cry, ba - by, cry! haste, haste a - way! My

The musical score for the Mother's part consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, direct style, with notes and rests corresponding to the lyrics. The lyrics are: "Cry, ba - by, cry! haste, haste a - way! My".

WILH. &amp; SOPH.



dears you look en - chant - - - ing. O wont we

The musical score for Wilh. & Soph. consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, direct style, with notes and rests corresponding to the lyrics. The lyrics are: "dears you look en - chant - - - ing. O wont we".

CIND.



Don't leave me, pray.

set, O wont we set the Prin - ce's heart, the

The musical score for Cinderella consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, direct style, with notes and rests corresponding to the lyrics. The lyrics are: "Don't leave me, pray." and "set, O wont we set the Prin - ce's heart, the".

CIND. tempo.

'Twas ev - - er  
Prin - ce's heart a pant - - ing.

thus from child-hood's hour my fond - est hopes she

hin - - - ders. Don't  
MOTH., WILH. & SOPH.  
Ha, ha, ha, heh! ha, ha, ha, heh! Haste,

leave me, pray, to lie a - mong the cin - - - ders.

haste a - way, And leave her in the cin - - - ders.

*rall.*

*colla voce.*

## SONG.—“Ah, woe is Me.”

CIND.

Ah, woe is me, and well - a - day! Where has that vis - ion .

*p*

died? My life, my light, has died a - way, And

*colla voce.*

I must go to bed..... My life, my light, has

CHORUS.  $\text{♩}$  120.

1st Sop.

*Rall.*

died a - way, and I must go to bed. Oh,

2d Sop.



nev - er yet was seen, sir, such a rummy go as this is, She

came and she de-part - ed like a mete-or thro' the sky. How

This system contains the first three staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with the lyrics 'came and she de-part - ed like a mete-or thro' the sky. How'. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

bril - liant - ly she flash'd a-mong the madams and the misses ! Oh,

This system contains the second three staves of music. The vocal line continues with 'bril - liant - ly she flash'd a-mong the madams and the misses ! Oh,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic accompaniment.

chase her, find her, bring her back, Or else the prince will die !

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The vocal line concludes with 'chase her, find her, bring her back, Or else the prince will die !'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



**R O S E B U D ;**

**OR,**

**THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.**



4

# R O S E B U D ;

OR,

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

—:O:—

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.  
PRINCE.  
LORD CHANCELLOR.  
BEEFEATER.  
PAGE.  
COOK.  
QUEEN.  
DUCHESS, (*Lady-in-Waiting*).  
NURSE.  
ROSEBUD.  
SPITFIRE, (*Seventh Fairy*).  
SIX GOOD FAIRIES.

### COSTUMES.

*King*.—Green and gold silk velvet shirt, with hanging sleeves ; long skirt crimson robe, jewelled ; girdle, crown, &c.

*Prince*.—White satin tunic, rose satin cloak, dagger, lace cap, feather, ornaments, &c.

*Lord Chancellor*.—Robes of office, large wig, wand.

*Beefeater*.—Dress of the period.

*Page*.—Short tunic, richly embroidered ; flaxen wig, short cloak trimmed with gold, girdle and dagger.

*Cook*.—All white, white cap.

*Queen*.—Light blue and white satin, with silver lace ; coronet, robe, girdle, &c.

*Duchess*.—Rich dress of the period.

*Nurse*.—Large frill cap, white apron, a stuff dress.

*Rosebud*.—A tasteful and pretty dress, formed of light and delicate colors ; blonde hair.

*Spitfire*.—Red, various devices of green and red foil paper pasted over dress ; a girdle of same hanging from waist.

*Fairies*.—Tartan, silk tights, satin shoes, wands, star on foreheads.

## PROPERTIES.

**SCENE I.**—Two throne chairs c. Two stools. Eight gilded chairs. Table, with crimson and gold cloth cover. Cups, dishes, and six gold plates on it. Cakes, fruits, flowers, wine and glasses on table. Seven wands for seven Fairies. Property baby in long clothes for NURSE. Bottle of smelling salts. Wand for CHANCELLOR.

**SCENE II.**—Nil.

**SCENE III.**—Table spread c., with gold and crimson cloth. Chairs, gilded, round table, which is spread with dishes, cups, goblets, fruits, decanters of wine, glasses, &c. Side table L., with punch-bowl and ladle on it. Behind the curtains at bottom of platform, which, when withdrawn, a couch is discovered, beside it an old woman with distaff and spindle, spinning. Soup tureen and ladle. Peacock on a dish with its tail spread.

**SCENE IV.**—Nil.

**SCENE V.**—Bones discovered at opening of Scene in front of hedgerow.

**SCENE VI.**—Nil.

**SCENE VII.**—All discovered as left at the termination of Scene III. Piece of rope on table, L.

## SCENES.

**SCENE I.**—Palace at back. Centre arch.

**SCENE II.**—A Front Chamber in the Palace.

**SCENE III.**—A Banqueting-Room in the Palace. A platform at back of stage, high enough to clear the heads of guests seated at table. Platform leads off on both sides of stage. Steps R. and L. leading up to it. Hangings above and below, representing the scenes or wall of the room. Above on the gallery, the scene is to be discovered by the hangings being drawn aside, and a room seen backed by interior.

**SCENE IV.**—A Front Garden.

**SCENE V.**—A Hedge set at back of the stage, with an opening for the PRINCE to dash through and exit. Bones scattered on the ground.

**SCENE VI.**—A Front Wood.

**SCENE VII.**—Same set as Scene III., discovered as it ended in previous Scene.

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# R O S E B U D ;

OR,

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

---

**SCENE I.**—*A Room in the Palace. Table spread R.C., with cups  
dishes, and six gold plates.*

**QUEEN, LORD CHANCELLOR, and DUCHESS** discovered arranging the  
table.

*Enter KING, U.E.L.*

**King.** (a.) Where is the Queen? Hallo, old girl! I say,  
all prepared for this auspicious day?

The banquet cooked, the fairies all invited?

would not for the world that *they* were slighted.

**Queen.** (R.C.) The feast's all right—the cakes are my own making,  
quite done up with kneading, tasting, baking;

though precious little trouble you've been taking.

**King.** (Coughs.) Affairs of state, my dear, affairs of state!

**Queen.** Affairs of snooze and booze at any rate.

In fact, your waste and idleness you've carried

to such a pitch, and spent so much on claret,

that to provide for this our christening fete,

our Chancellor has had to pawn your plate.

**King.** My plate!—the rascal! Are you stating facts?

**To CHANCELLOR.** Why could you not raise the income-tax?

**Chan.** (R.) Your subjects, sire, are on rebellion bent:

taxed their matches, and they weren't content.

**King.** Ha ! not content ? I'll have them hanged by dozens.

**Queen.** Right ! But the question is, these fairy cousins,  
Since the plate went I've been in such a fix !  
Of golden trenchers there are left but six,  
Which, for our seven fairy friends, you know.  
Are one too few.

**King.** Why, here's a pretty go !  
How have you managed ?

**Queen.** Why, I've left one out.

**King.** One what ?

**Queen.** One fairy god-mother, you lout.

**King.** What ? Not invited her ?

**Queen.** How could I ?

**King.** Which is't ?

**Queen.** That disagreeable Spitfire.

**King.** She's the richest

Of all the lot.

**Queen.** I hate the spiteful patch.

**King.** My dear, a rich god-mother is a catch.  
She'll be so angry, too, if she feels slighted.

**Chan.** Let's hope she mayn't turn up, though uninvited.

( Bell rings without.

**King.** Bless us !

**Chan.** I hear the bell.

**King.** They're coming, Queen ;

For goodness' sake do try to look serene.

**Queen.** My draggings up are regal, every inch a Queen !

( *Aside.* ) Thanks to the dressmaker and my crinoline !

( *Hills DUCHESS, R.* ) Are my skirts all right ?

How do I look ?

**Duch.** ( *A little at back, R.* ) It is a pure delight

To see you : there's no beauty that can match you.

She'll swallow any flattery. ( *Aside to CHANCELLOR.*

**Chan.** ( *Aside.* ) Hush ! she'll catch you.

( *Music.*

*Enter six FAIRIES, one by one, from U.E.L. KING and QUEEN welcome them in succession, and seat them at the table, R.O.*

**King.** ( *To first Fairy.* ) So glad to see you !

**Queen.** Dearest cousin, pray  
Be seated.

**King.** ( *To second Fairy.* ) Welcome on this happy day.

**Queen.** ( *To third Fairy.* ) Well met, sweet friend : you always  
bring good luck.

**King.** ( *To fourth Fairy.* ) You'll find your little godchild such a  
duck !

**Queen.** ( *To fifth Fairy.* ) You too ! how nice !

King. (*To sixth Fairy.*) To see you's quite a treat.

And now, I think, our party is complete.

Queen. Now, Duchess, look alive, and hand the cake!

Duch. Which sort, sweet ladies, will you please to take?

King. Chancellor, stump about! you're plaguey slow!

The wine! (*CHANCELLOR pours out wine.*)

Duch. To drink to your godchild's health, you know.

King. Just one more glass, to keep out cold and damp.

(*To CHANCELLOR, who goes up stage.*) And now, sir, you may summon Mrs Gamp.

(*Exit CHANCELLOR, U.E.L. The Fairies sip their wine smiling.*)

Re-enter CHANCELLOR, U.E.L., with NURSE carrying baby. The Fairies rise, rush at the baby, hugging and kissing it in a.

First F. Delicious darling!

Second F. Just like its papa!

Third F. I think its precious nose is like mamma.

Fourth F. Such sweet blue eyes!

Fifth F. And such a curly wig!

Sixth F. Why, it's as fat as any sucking-pig!

Nurse. (*Recovering the baby.*) Excuse me, ladies; on my word—reely!

You poke and squeegee it so you'll make it cry.

Ha! catchy, catchy! Did they hurt my chuck?

Now, what are you going to give it for good luck? (*Courtseying.*)

First F. This faithful soul reminds us of our duty.

Let's take our wands and bless the smiling beauty.

(*Crosses to L.—Fairies take up their wands and come forward in succession.*)

Second F. I give the dowry of bewitching looks. (*Crosses to L.*)

Third F. I, health and wealth. (*Crosses to L.*)

Fourth F. I, learning without books. (*Crosses to L.*)

Fifth F. I give good temper. She shall never cry, at when the nurse rubs soap into her eye. (*Crosses to L.*)

Sixth F. My gift is skill in music and in painting. (*Crosses to L.*)

Enter SPITFIRE, suddenly, U.E.L. QUEEN starts and screams.

Queen. Ugh! there's that horrid Spitfire! King, I'm fainting. (*She falls into a chair, R.C.*)

Duch. (*R., giving the QUEEN smelling-salts.*) Madam, be firm. She's looking so satirical.

Queen. Oh, but I feel so dreadfully hysterical!

King. (*Going forward to meet SPITFIRE, C.*) Dear friend, we've been in such a palpitation

For fear you had not got our invitation.

Queen. Why this is quite an unexpected pleasure.  
Allow me to present our infant treasure.

Spit. (L.C.) Bosh and gammon!

King. Valued friend,

Pray believe us!

Spit. Fiddlestick-end!

Queen. Cousin!

Spit. Never try to patch it!

I'm insulted. You shall catch it!

Let me see the precious pet.

I've one gift to give her yet.

(The rest of the speech to be recited in monotone, accompanied by soft music.)

Fifteen years shall pass away ;  
Then shall come the fated day.  
With a spindle whirling quick  
She her little hand shall prick ;  
So speak I, who cannot lie—  
Prick her little hand—and die.

Nurse. Oh, bless its little heart! Lauk, lauk-a-day!  
Sure, ma'am, you can't be meaning what you say.

King. Our valued friend is joking.

Spit. Joking? Oh, yes!

Chun. (R. corner.) Your Majesties, I fear you're in a mess.

Queen. Dear coz, relent: you must be joking.

Spit. (Loudly.) No!

(Crosses up to c)

But now, dear Queen, for fear of being *de trop*,  
Your uninvited, valued friend will go.

(Exit SPITFIRE, U.E.L.—All stand in consternation)

First F. (Crosses to the c.) Dear friends, I can't reverse, I fear  
The doom that you have quaked to hear ;  
But, having yet to give my blessing.  
I'll make the sequel less distressing.  
Naught can avert the fatal chance ;  
But death I change into a trance.

(Monotone Recitative and soft music as above)

In a silent trance and deep,  
She a hundred years shall sleep ;  
She and all—both man and mouse—  
Living in th' enchanted house,  
'Till a Prince, some lucky day,  
From a land that's far away.  
Comes to break the dismal spell.  
'This is all I can—farewell!

(Going up c)

(Exit Fairies, solemnly curtseying, U.E.L.)

## SONG.

AIR : "Oh, Dear ! What can the Matter Be ?"

King. Oh dear ! what can we make of it ?  
 Queen. Oh, dear ! what shall we do ?  
 Nurse. Poor little dear, I would die for the sake of it !  
 Chan. True, sir, you may all look blue !

Duch. Still you have fifteen long years before you, sir.

King. Yes, fifteen years is a jolly long spell.

Chan. Distant the prospect is : don't let it bore you, sir.

All Hearts up ! and all may be well.

(Breakdown—All dance off L.)

## SCENE II.—Front Chamber in the Palace.

Enter CHANCELLOR, hurriedly, from L., followed angrily by KING, QUEEN, and NURSE.

King. Why, bless us !  
 Why should such silly fears distress us ?  
 Now, Chancellor, I give you warning : (Shakes his fist at him.)  
 If by this time to-morrow morning  
 A single spindle shall be found, sir,  
 Within this palace, or its ground, sir,  
 Bringing danger to my daughter,  
 By your head you'll soon be shorter :  
 And off with any woman's head, sir,  
 Who dares, henceforth, to spin a thread, sir.  
 Chan. (Bowing.) Most strictly, sire, your orders I'll obey.  
 King. You'd better. Let's be jolly while we may.  
 (KING leads QUEEN off R., bowed first by CHANCELLOR, who then follows after.)

Nurse. Oh ! lank-a-day ! I'm in a strange quandary ;  
 It's my opinion all will turn contrary.  
 There's no accounting for these sort of things,  
 And what must be must be in spite of kings.  
 But, goodness gracious, I am very near wild,  
 For, gracious goodness, I've lost my child !

(Song, "I've Lost My Child," and exit R.)



**SCENE III.—Fifteen Years Later—A Banquet-Room in the Palace.**  
*Table spread with dishes, cups, etc., and chairs round it, c. Also a side-table, L. At the back of stage, above the heads of persons sitting at the table, a platform must be contrived, to be entered behind the back scenes. At the back of the stage, on each side of the opening to the platform, are steps leading up to room, and below it, hangings, or scenes representing the wall of the room.*

*Enter six FAIRIES, from U.E.L.—Music.*

**RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.**

*First F.* Fifteen years have passed away ;  
 Is not this the fated day ?

*Chorus.* Yes, it is the fated day.

*First F.* See ! a feast prepared to-night,  
 Let them taste a short delight,  
 Careless of the fairies' warning !  
 Sleep will come before the morning !

*Chorus.* Sleep like death before the morning !

*Enter SPITFIRE, hurriedly, from U.E.L. The other Fairies turn towards her angrily, down R, extending their wands.*

*First F.* Ah ! she comes ! The furies take her !

Hence ! avaunt, thou mischief-maker !

*Chorus.* Hence ! avaunt, thou mischief-maker !

*( Music, very piano, through dialogue and business.*

*Spit.* Peace ! 'tis vain. I know my power :

Now is come the fated hour.

Yonder, in a lonely tower,

All to King and Queen unknown,

Bent with age, and wrinkled grown,

Sits and spins an aged crone—

Sits all day and spins alone,

Long forgotten and unknown.

See her, then, the aged crone !

*( She waves her wand at back—The curtain is withdrawn, and discovers a couch, and an old woman, with distaff and spindle spinning. ROSEBUD approaches her ; stands gazing at the spindle ; tries to take it ; the old woman waves her off.*

She will get it by-and-by :

Thus speak I, who cannot lie ;

She will get it by-and-by,

Prick her little hand, and die.

*( Music ends*

## RECITATIVE AND CHORUS CONTINUED.

*First F.* She shall sleep ; she shall not die.  
*Chorus.* Sleep for a hundred years ; not die !

( *The curtain is now closed, which hides the opening. Exit*  
*SPITFIRE and Furies, U.E.R.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, CHANCELLOR, DUCHESS, Lords, and Ladies, from*  
*U.E.L., and take their places at table, C., ushered in by BEEFEATER*  
*and PAGE.*

	PAGE.	QUEEN.	KING.	PAGE.	
BEEFEATER.	○	CHAN.	○	○	LORD.
PAGE.	○	DUCH.	○	○	LADY.
		LORD.	○	○	LORD.
BEEFEATER.	○	LADY.	○	○	LADY.
R.			C.		L.

## SONG.

AIR : "Three Jolly Post-Boys."

*King.* Now, lords and ladies, let us eat like dragons !  
*Queen.* Now, lords and ladies, let us eat like dragons !  
*Chorus.* And let's be determined,  
 And let's be determined,  
 And let's be determined  
 To push about the flagons !

*While they sing, Enter the COOK, U.E.L., bearing a soup-tureen, which*  
*he places on the side table, L.*

*King.* What ho, the soup !  
*Page.* ( *L., to the COOK.* ) D'ye hear, ye stupid block ?  
*Some soup ! Here ye are, sir.*  
 ( *Handing soup to the KING—He and BEEFEATER serve the rest.*  
*Page.* ( *To the BEEFEATER.* ) Butler, hand the hock.  
 ( *Wine handed round*

*King.* I never felt so free from melancholy.  
*Chan.* ( *R.* ) We're all rejoiced to see you look so jolly.  
 ( *To DUCHESS.* ) What spirits the King has !  
*Duch.* ( *R.* ) And he's so witty !  
*Chan.* Such royal grace and fancy ! And how pretty  
 And young her Majesty does look to-night !

*Duch.* Oh, exquisite ! (*Aside.*) She looks a perfect fright.

*Chan.* (*Aside.*) Hush ! or they'll hear you.

*King.* Fol-de-rol ! I say,

Where's Rosebud ? I've not seen her all the day.

*Queen.* Dressing, I think : she said she'd dine alone.

*Duch.* What a sweet creature has the Princess grown !

*King.* Why, yes—she'll pass. But think, dear, of those fairies, Thinking to fright us with their strange vagaries !

She'd prick her finger with a spindle, would she ?

But when the spindles all were burnt, how could she ?

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

*Queen.* Ha ! ha !

*Duch.* He ! he !

*Chan.* Ho ! ho !

*King.* Well, this is the girl's birthday, as you know :

I'll mark it by some gracious act. (*To CHANCELLOR.*) I say,

Was not some fellow to be hanged to-day ?

*Chan.* Yes, sire ; that man who broke his fiddle-string.

*Duch.* And one, you know, because he could not sing.

*Queen.* Serve him right, too.

*King.* My dear, they shall not swing To-day ; I pardon both.

*Chan.* What condescension !

This clemency—

*Duch.* Surpasses comprehension !

*King.* Ha ! I believe you, girl. Put on the bowl, And, while we're waiting for the peacock, troll— I feel just like him—"Old King Cole."

(*BEEFEATER, L., places a punch-bowl on the table. KING fills his glass, and begins the song.*)

### SONG.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he !  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for  
his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he !  
Fiddle-diddle-dee went the fiddlers, fiddle-diddle-dee !  
For there's none so rare as can compare with the sons of harmony.

Near the end of the song, *Enter COOK, from U.R.L., bearing a peacock on a dish with its tail spread. At the same time the curtain is withdrawn above and discovers the old woman and ROSEBUD. The latter gets hold of the spindle and tries to spin. Below, PAGE tries to get a feather from the peacock's tail ; the COOK struggles with him. At the table, the CHANCELLOR takes the hand of the DUCHESS, and offers to kiss it. The QUEEN, perceiving what the CHANCELLOR is at, is about to pull his hair. The BEEFEATER, in a corner, raises a bottle to his*

*mouth. Just as the chorus, "For there's none so rare, etc.," is begun, and as the KING is about to drink, and the CHANCELLOR to kiss the DUCHESS' hand, and the QUEEN to pull the CHANCELLOR'S hair, and the COOK to box the PAGE'S ear, and the BEEFEATER to drink out of his bottle, ROSEBUD pricks her finger and falls on the couch. Suddenly the song ceases, and all are fixed in their respective attitudes. Picturesque tableau struck by all the characters concerned. Music. The Scene slowly closed.*

SCENE IV.—*A Front Garden.*

*Enter PRINCE, from L.—Music.*

SONG.—*"I Dreamt That I Dwell in Marble Halls."*

*Prince.* Is this the place of which I've dreamt so long,  
And wandered through the wide, wide world to find it?  
For ever in my dreams I seemed to hear  
A voice that called me over land and sea  
To some mysterious hidden paradise,  
Where haply I might find a blooming bride.  
Is this the place at last? The mystic voice  
Whispers it is. But how to pass this hedge?  
It seems impassable: and oh! how fearful!  
I see all round the blanching bones of men.  
Ha! who comes here? (*Looks off R.*) A peasant: I'll accost her:  
Perhaps she'll tell me something. If not, I'll molest her!  
(*Music. Exit PRINCE, R.*)

SCENE V.—*At the back of the stage a Hedge, represented by scenery or otherwise. Before the hedge bones scattered on the ground.*

*Enter SPITFIRE, running, R., disguised as a peasant, with cloak and hood, followed quickly by the PRINCE.*

*Prince.* Madam, pray, can you inform me what's behind this fence?

*Spit. (L.C.)* Hence, if you love your life! good stranger, hence!

*Prince. (R.C.)* Certainly not. I've travelled far, you see,  
And turning back is not the thing for me,

*Spit.* Well, hear the story that is told  
About this fence from times of old :  
'Tis said a palace lies behind it,  
Though no one ever yet could find it.  
Those who in other days have tried  
Have stuck fast in the thorns, and died.  
Behold their bones ! Be warned, my friend,  
And court not such a fearful end.

*Prince.* Upon my word, good madam, really  
I wish you would not talk so queerly.  
I was intending to pursue  
My course, and force a passage through ;  
But now you've given me such a fright,  
I feel my liver turning white.

*Spit.* The last that tried—a prince like you—  
I saw him pining day by day :  
The sharp thorns pierced him through and through.

*Prince.* I'm half inclined to run away ;  
And yet that music sweet and clear,  
That mystic voice that haunts my ear,  
Urges me on to daring deeds.  
The many fail ; the one succeeds.

#### CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

*Music*—DOWLAND'S "*Legend of the Avon.*"—*Old English ditties.*

Onward, Prince, whate'er betide !  
Faint heart never won fair bride.  
Thorny though the thicket grows,  
Sweet within it sleeps the rose.

*Prince.* They urge me on to daring deeds—  
The many fail, the one succeeds.

*(He is rushing up to penetrate the hedge, when SPITFIRE warns him back.)*

*Spit.* Those are wicked sirens of the wood,  
That laugh, and quaff the luckless wanderer's blood.  
They sing to lure you on to die,  
Their rosy lips will suck you dry.

*Prince.* A pleasant thought, upon my word !  
It can't be true ; the thing's absurd !

*Spit.* Let not their cunning sleights deceive you.

*Prince.* Madam, be hanged ! I don't believe you.

*(Same business repeated.)*

## CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

*Music—As before.*

Onward, Prince, whate'er betide!  
 Faint heart never won fair bride.  
 Thorny though the thicket grows,  
 Oh! how sweet the hidden rose!

*Prince.* Madam, unhand me! I will go.

*Spit.* Stay! stay!

*Idiot!* A wilful man will have his way.

(*Music.* PRINCE breaks loose from SPITFIRE, who in vain tries to detain him. He passes through the hedge. SPITFIRE augered, stamps her foot with rage, utters silent imprecations, and runs off, L. Scene closes.

## SCENE VI.—A Front Wood. Discordant music.

*Enter SPITFIRE, hurriedly, L.*

*Spit.* (Throwing off her disguise and looking back.) He's gone—he'll find her—and he'll wake her!

I'm floored at last. The mischief take her!

(*Music.*

*Enter six FAIRIES, from R.*

*First F.* Yes, floored at last, thou mischief-maker!

*Chorus.* Floored, floored at last, thou mischief-maker!

(SPITFIRE stands L.

*First F.* (R.) In vain are all your arts to-day;

The hundred years are past away;

The Prince is come; he breaks the spell;

He wins his bride, and all is well.

And thou begone—down—down—to—

(The speech to this place, in monotone. Recitalize with soft accompaniment as before. Exit SPITFIRE, in a rage, stamping her feet, L.

Now is the time for sport and pleasure;

Come, let us dance a fairy measure;

Dance a measure, in and out.  
 Here and there, and round about.  
 Luck and joy we fairies bring,  
 Dancing in a fairy ring.

*(Chorus and dance of Fairies—"Here in Cool Grot."—Fairies dance off.)*

**SCENE VII.**—*The Banquet-Hall discovered as at the end of Scene III, all being asleep in their several attitudes as when the previous scene ended. Above. ROSEBUD is asleep on the couch, the old woman in her chair. A calcium light is thrown on ROSEBUD's face. Music.*

*Enter PRINCE, below, from U.E.L., he goes round and examines the figures.*

**Prince.** Why, here's a most uncommon go !  
 It's Mrs. Jarley's waxwork show !  
 Hallo ! you dormice ! *(Pokes at them.)* Nothing will waken 'em :  
 Whatever in the world has taken 'em ?  
 It's just the same outside the house :  
 The dog with a rat, and the cat with a mouse,  
 Are standing just ready to make a spring :  
 The very birds are asleep on the wing.  
 The ducks and the hens, the cows and the sheep,  
 The pigs and the turkey-cocks, all are asleep :  
 The parrots in cages, the horses in stalls,  
 And the flies and the wasps on the fruit-tree walls.  
 These folks look alive, though—they cannot be dead :  
 Dummy, wake up, or I'll break your head !

*(Makes a movement to strike the KING, but stops suddenly.)*  
 No—they won't move, the unmannerly bears !  
 I'll try what there is to be seen up-stairs.

*(He runs up the steps at back, and appears above. Sees the tableau in room and stands entranced—Music.)*

**Prince.** Ah ! what vision of delight  
 Bursts at last upon my sight !  
 'Tis the very form that seemed  
 Ever near me when I dreamed.  
 I know those waves of golden light  
 That flow about her face—'tis she !  
 Love, if thy tresses are so bright,  
 How bright those hidden eyes must be !

*(He enters the room, kneels, parts her hair, and kisses her. She wakes, rises, and takes his arm. The old woman also rises, and takes her spindle. Below, all awake at the same moment, the KING drinks, the CHANCELLOR kisses the DUCHESS' hand, the QUEEN pulls the CHANCELLOR'S hair, the COOK boxes the PAGE'S ear, the BEEFEATER drinks out of his bottle. The chorus is suddenly renewed where it was broken off.)*

*Chorus.* "—— None so rare as can compare  
With the sons of harmony."

*(For music, see "Old King Cole," song and chorus, at the end of Scene III.)*

*King.* There, that's enough : uncommon well we've done it.  
But what a time it seems since we begun it !  
What can the matter be ? I feel so queer.

*Queen.* I feel as if I'd had a nap, my dear.  
Look at the Duchess, too, and all the set :

I think they're hardly in their senses yet,

*Duch.* Oh, gracious sovereign, far be it from me  
To sleep in presence of your majesty !

*King.* Have you been napping, Chancellor ?

*Chan.* Oh, no !  
Not for the world ! I'm very hungry though.

*King.* Ha ! that reminds me : we were having dinner.

*(To Cook.)* Why don't you bring the second course, you sinner ?

*Page.* D'ye hear, ye lout ? *(Poking the Cook.)*

*Cook.* I'll bring it in a trice.  
*(Cook sets the peacock before the KING.)*

*King.* Why, goodness me ! It's all as cold as ice !

How dare you set a dish like this on ?—eh, man ?

You shall be hanged, you knave, as high a Haman.

*Cook.* Oh, gracious sovereign, mercy ! Hang me not !

I'm sure I brought it in piping hot.

*Chan.* Impossible, my liege ! I saw it coming

Only just now, when we began our strumming.

*Duch.* It can't have cooled, sir, in so short a space.

*Queen.* Let him be hanged !—he's lying to our face.

*King.* Yes, hang him instantly.

*Cook.* But, sir !

*King.* No buts !

*Beef.* Allow me to adjust your tie.

*(Putting a rope round the Cook's neck.)*

*Page.* *(To Cook.)* What nuts !

You'll box my ears another time, sir, will you ?

You'll be made meat of soon : they'll going to kill you.



*Enter PRINCE, with ROSEBUD, down stairs from the platform above.*

*King.* (C.) Why, here comes Rosebud! And just look! I say, She's got a fellow. (*Leaves table and comes down.*) Who are you, sir, eh?

*Prince.* (L.C.) Ha! found your tongue at last. It was my hap, sir,  
Just now to catch you in a very sound nap, sir.

*King.* We have been napping, then?

*Duch.* (R.C.) Indeed not I, sir!

*Chan.* (L.) Nor I, assuredly.

*Queen.* (R.C.) Don't tell a lie, sir!

*Prince.* Manners! And listen, now that you're awake:  
This is your daughter, if I don't mistake;  
And I would have you plainly understand  
That here I offer her my heart and hand.

*King.* (To QUEEN.) He seems a decent fellow. What d'ye think, dear?

*Queen.* It all depends upon his rank and clink, dear.

(To PRINCE, L.C.) Who are you? How much can you settle on her?

*Prince.* I am a real Prince, upon my honour.

*Queen.* What think you, Duchess? (To DUCHESS, R.C.)

*Duch.* Pray be cautious, madam.

You see, we don't know this young man from Adam.

*Chan.* I think he ought, before the thing proceeds,  
To show his pedigree and title deeds.

*Prince.* Stuff! I don't carry such things in my pocket.  
Grave sir, it strikes me you're a precious blockhead.

*Duch.* What dreadful language!

*Queen.* I don't like his look.

He's an adventurer,

*King.* Hang him with the Cook!

(CHANCELLOR approaches him with a rope.)

*Enter six FAIRIES, from R., and SPITFIRE, from L.; she stands in the background.*

*First F.* (R.) Hang my Prince? A pretty story!

King and Queen, behold before ye

Him of whom I spoke, you know,

More than a hundred years ago.

(*The rest of the speech spoken in monotone, with accompaniment, ppp., as above.*)

In a silent trance and deep

You have slept a wondrous sleep.

Years on years have o'er you rolled,

Yet sweet Rosebud grew not old.

See her young, and fresh, and bright,  
As though she had slept but a single night.  
Here is the Prince that broke the spell :  
Give him his bride, and all is well.

*King.* Can all these things have happened as you say ?  
What ! have we slept a hundred years away ?

*Queen.* It's like a fairy tale.

*First F.* 'Tis strange, but true

*King.* As for the youth--being introduced by you,  
We can no longer feel the least objection :

Your patronage ensures his high connection.

*First F.* But what says Rosebud ? She may answer "No ;"  
In these days ladies have their rights, you know !

*Prince.* Speak then, my love. Am I the chap to suit ye ?

*Rose.* (L.C.) Oh, yes, dear Prince ; you are a perfect beauty.  
When you awoke me, I was quite enchanted :  
Indeed, you're just the fellow that I wanted.

(SPITFIRE comes forward.)

*Queen.* But, King, just look ! There's Spitfire in the room :  
She'll spoil all with some dreadful words of doom.

*Spit.* (L.) Fear not—I'm mischievous no longer ;  
I was strong, but she was stronger.

Now I've neither will nor power

To avert this blissful hour.

I own I was horribly angry at first ;

But my temper improved when it got to the worst.

I've had a regular cry in the wood,

And a fit of hysterics that did me good.

I'm beginning to find that spite won't pay :

So let them be married--or hanged, as they may ;

*Prince.* Upon my word, I quite admire that lady ;

Her sentiments are anything but shady !

Pray, ma'am, excuse a shortish invitation,

And deign to grace our marriage celebration.

*Rose.* Pray do.

*King.* And drown in drinking and in eating  
The memory of our last unpleasant meeting.

*Queen.* I'm sure she'll come.

*Duch.*

She'll come.

*First F.* (R.) Yes, she'll be present.  
There's an end now to everything unpleasant.

(Fairies shake hands with SPITFIRE, and retire to their several places.)

And so the fairies all their influence blending

To bring this story to a happy ending,

Let's hope that, after every nap you take,

Morning like this may dawn when you awake.

*Prince.* (*Coming forward with ROSEBUD.*) And you, kind friends  
 who patiently to-day  
 Have listened to our little Christmas play,  
 We wish you heartily the best of cheer,  
 And many a happy Christmas and New Year !

*Song and Chorus—"Old King Cole,"—repeated.*

*Disposition of Characters.*

<i>Page.</i>	<i>Lord.</i>		<i>Cook.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Beefeater.</i>				<i>Beefeater.</i>
<i>SIX FAIRIES.</i>	<i>DUCH.</i>	<i>QUEEN.</i>	<i>KING.</i>	<i>PRINCE.</i>
<i>R.</i>	<i>R. Q.</i>		<i>C.</i>	<i>ROSE.</i>
				<i>L. Q.</i>
				<i>CHAM.</i>
				<i>L.</i>
				<i>STEE.</i>

**CURTAIN.**

## SONG.—"Fifteen Years have Passed Away."

*Recit. ad lib. 1ST FAIRY.*

Fif-teen years have passed away: Is not this the fa - ted day?

*cui la voce.*

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

*tempo* ♩=76.

1ST FAIRY.

*agitato* ♩=116.

Yes, it is the fa - ted day. See! a feast prepared to

*tempo.**marcato.**accel.*

night.

Let them taste a short de - light,

*accel.**ritard.**misterioso.*

Heed - less of the fai - rie's warning; Sleep will come be -

*ritard.**p*

## CHORUS. 1ST FAIRY.

for the morning! Sleep will come, Sleep like death, Sleep will come,

*arpegg. pp* *arpegg.*

## CHORUS. 1ST FAIRY &amp; CHORUS.

Sleep like death be - fore the morning. *rall. ad lib.*

*rallentando. pp* *dim.* *pp*

## Recit. 1ST FAIRY.

(Enter Spitzfire. L.U.E) Ah! ah! she comes! The fu - ries take her!

*ff*

## CHORUS. tempo.

Hence, hence, avaunt, thou mischief maker! Hence, hence! avaunt, thou

*fff* *fff*

*ff ad lib.*

mis - chief ma - ker! Thou mischief maker! Thou mischief maker!

1ST FAIRY. *Recit. ad lib.*CHORUS OF FAIRIES. *Tempo*  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

She shall sleep, she shall not die! Sleep for a hundred years, not die!

*Colla voce. tempo. rall.*

## SONG AND CHO.—"Now, my Lords and Ladies."

 $\text{♩} = 144$ . KING.

TUNE: "Three Jolly Post Boys" 1

Now, lords and la - dies, let us eat like dra - gons.

QUEEN.

Now, lords and la - dies, let us eat like dra - gons.

## CHORUS.

And let's be de - ter - min-ed, And let's be de - ter - min-ed,

And let's be de - ter-min-ed to push a - bout the fla - gons.

## SONG AND CHO.—"Old King Cole."

♩ = 126.

*Long pause.**Traditional.*

Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, and a

*Colla voce.*

mer - ry old soul was he. He called for his pipe, and he

*ad lib.*

*colla voce.*

called for his bowl, and he called for his fiddlers three! Every fiddler

This system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in the voice, with corresponding chords and bass lines in the piano.

*rall. ad lib.*  
had a fiddle, and a ve-ry fine fid-dle had he.

*rall. colla voce.*

The second system continues the melody. The tempo marking *rall. ad lib.* appears above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving bass lines. The tempo marking *rall. colla voce.* appears below the piano part.

*tempo.*  
Fiddle-diddle-dee went the fiddlers, fiddle-diddle-dee, Fiddle-diddle-dee, [went the fiddlers,  
p *cres.*

The third system begins with the tempo marking *tempo.* above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the voice and piano.

fiddle-diddle-dee! For there's none so rare as can compare with the

*f ff*

The fourth system continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the voice and piano.



**CHORUS. \***

Sons of Har - mo - ny, For there's none so rare as

*ff*

*rall. ad lib.* **D.S.**

ean com - pare with the Sons of Har - mo - ny!

*colla voce.* **D.S.**

**1ST FAIRY.**  
*Recit. ad lib.*

**CHORUS OF FAIRIES. tempo.**

Yes, floor'd at last! thou mischief maker! Floor'd, floor'd at last, thou

*ff*

*ff ad lib.*

mis - chief ma - ker! Thou mischief maker! Thou mischief ma - ker!

\* At this point the Chorus suddenly ceases, and recommences at "the awakening," when it should be sung to the end and repeated from **S:**

# THE PRINCESSES.



# THE PRINCESS.

—10:—

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE PRINCE.

FLORIAN, } *Friends of the PRINCE.*

CYRIL, }

KING OLAF, (*Father of the PRINCE.*

KING GAMA, (*Father of the PRINCESS.*

HOST.

IDA, (*The Princess.*

BLANCHE, } *Young Widows and Professors*

PSYCHE, }

MELISSA, (*BLANCHE'S Daughter.*

*Doct., Proctresses, Lictors, Ladies, Soldiers, &c.*

## COSTUMES.

*The Prince, Florian, and Cyril.*—In fashionable modern costume, all of various colors. Second dresses: Female one, loose, to put over on stage.

*King Olaf.*—An outre officers' uniform, high feather.

*King Gama.*—The same, but of another color—grotesque.

*Host.*—Publicans' costume, white apron.

*Ida, Blanche, Psyche, and Melissa.*—Fashionably dressed—wearing over their dresses bright colored gowns and hoods, also colored trencher caps.

*Two Female Lictors.*—In Roman costume, with fasces.

*Four Proctresses and four Ladies of the University.*—Various colored academical costumes over their fashionable ladies dresses.

*Soldiers.*—Blue and red coats, mixed; spears and guns.

## PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Miniature of a lady in a case. A decanter and four wine glasses on a tray. Basket behind flat, containing articles of female wearing apparel to fit three men.

**SCENE II.**—On a dias, c. of stage, are three chairs, the centre one higher than the other two. A chair R. and L., one each side of the dias. At S.E.R. a table, with pens, paper, inkstand and large book upon it. Other chairs R. and L. A black-board on an easel, up stage, L.C. On the board the figure of Euclid I. 5. is drawn in chalk. A small rod for PSYCHE. A screen up stage, R.C. Two Roman fasces for two female Lictors. A piece of chalk.

**SCENE III.**—Nil.

**SCENE IV.**—Plants placed about the stage. On one side a garden seat on. On the other a bank. Flagon, goblets (small ones), and cigars to be brought on on salvers. Matches for lighting cigars. All the ladies have girdles with small daggers attached.

**SCENE V.**—Nil.

**SCENE VI.**—The stage set the same as it was at the opening of Scene II. Manacles for PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL. Spears and guns for Soldiers.

---

## SCENES.

**SCENE I.**—A Front Landscape, with an Inn painted L. of scene.

**SCENE II.**—A Large Hall, with supporting columns in third grooves, backed by interior of similar architectural design. An archway opening U.E.L.

**SCENE III.**—A Front Garden.

**SCENE IV.**—A Back Garden. Cut trees, plants.

**SCENE V.**—A Front Garden, as before.

**SCENE VI.**—Same as Scene II.

---

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# THE PRINCESS.

---

Overture....."Tancrede".....Rossini.

SCENE I.—*A Front Landscape, before a hostelry. The Inn is painted on the Scene. Music.*

*Enter PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL, laughing, from R.*

*Prince. (L.)* Florian and Cyril, my right trusty friends,  
At length, methinks, our long, long journey ends.

Yonder is Paradise : its towers I see,  
Where she—my Ida—shuns the world and me.  
And shall I see her? Will her heart relent?

If not, like Patience on a monument,  
And with a melancholy green and yellow—

*Florian. (C.)* Shut up, you most absurdly spooney fellow!  
What is the use of going on like that?

But for your princeship, I should call you "flat!"

*Cyril. (R.)* Mourn and cooling like a stupid dove!

*Prince.* Ah! friends, you know not what it is to love!

*(Crosses to C.)*

*Flor. (L.)* Love what? A pig-in-a-poke! The bare idea!  
Before I loved a girl, I'd like to see her.

*Prince. (C.)* Have I not seen her? Yes; by night and day,  
In dreams and visions: and her picture—eh?

Have I not got her picture? Gaze, thou sceptic!

*(He takes a miniature from his bosom and shows it.*

*Flor.* Pretty enough ; but more or less dyspeptic.  
And then, you know, court painters always flatter !

*Cyril.* To me she looks quite mad—mad as a hatter !  
And prond as Lucifer. *She'll comb your locks !*  
*She's got a temper !*

*Prince.* Peace ! irreverent blocks !  
She is perfection, sirs, from top to toe.  
Oh, Ida, Ida ! Lovely Ida, oh !

*Flor.* Well, it appears you cannot do without her ;  
So let us lose no time, but ask about her.

Here is a public—let us call the host ;  
Of all folks here, he's sure to know the most.

(*FLORIAN and CYRIL knock at the door of the hostelry. The*

*PRINCE walks about distractly, &c.*

*Flor. and Cyril.* What ho !—within there ! Host, host, host, come out !

*Enter Host, from Inn, in flat, &c.*

*Host.* (*At door.*) What in the world is all this row about ?  
Your servant, gentlemen.

*Flor.* Good host, look handy,  
And fetch this gentleman a glass of brandy.

(*Exit Host; and returns with bottle and glass instantly.*

*Host.* (*R.C.*) Here's the right stuff. (*To PRINCE.*) Do take a  
drop, my lad !

It grieves my heart to see you look so bad.

(*PRINCE waves away the glass ; then takes it, sighs deeply, and  
drinks, &c.*

Is the poor gen'man giv to this sort o' fit ?

*Flor.* (*L.*) He'll soon be right : let's think or talk a bit.

Host, we are told that in the neighboring wood

This land's fair Princess, with a sisterhood

Of learned ladies, wonderfully blue,

Devotes her life to study. Is it true ?

*Host.* True ? I believe you, boy ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !

I never heerd of such a rummy go !

Why, sir, she's left the court, its feasts and dances,

Full of the most extraordinary fancies—

Of women's rights, forsooth, and women's wrong,

And how that men had kept them down too long,

And how they only needed eddication,

To be top-sawyers of the whole creation.

And so she's founded, in this forest lonely,

A university for ladies only !

(*Obstreperous laughter.*

*Cyril.* (*L.C.*) Well, host, to tell the truth, we've come to try  
To see this lady.

*Host.* Do you wish to die ?

(*Shakes his head.*

I tell you no male thing may show its nose

Within three miles : she'll gibbet you like crows !  
 I saw her once—just like a stately column :  
 It froze my blood, she looked so awful solemn.

*Prince.* I see her now—like Pallas from the sky.  
 Friends, let us go—see her but once, and die !

*Flor.* Not just yet, thank you ! Host, to tell the truth,  
 This is a Northern Princess, betrothed in youth  
 To her, your Princess ; and, whate'er you say,  
 See her we must.

*Prince.* Love will find out a way.

*Host.* Nay, cut your throats at once, good gentlemen.  
 But face not fearless tigers in their den !

*Cyril.* But who are with her ? Who profess the arts  
 And sciences ?

*Host.* Two Mistresses of Hearts,  
 The Ladies Blanche and Psyché.

*Flor.* Psyche ?—oh !  
 My sister, who was wed three years ago  
 To some nob here ?

*Host.* Death has of him bereft her,  
 But, to make up for such a loss, he's left her  
 Three castles, and I don't know what in stocks.

*Cyril.* Oh, now my heart against my bosom knocks !  
 We must get on, we must ! I've long been hard up,  
 But never hoped to turn such a trump card up.  
 Florian, I love your sister to distraction !

*Flor.* What, do you know her ?

*Cyril.* No more words, but action !  
 It must be managed some way. *(He walks about, musing.)* Boys,  
 I've hit it !

Let's dress like girls, and try to get admitted  
 As freshmen—no, freshwomen—in their college.

*Prince.* I fear we're rusty in our classic knowledge ;  
 They're sure to pluck us for matriculation.

*Cyril.* Bosh ! I'll pass any girl's examination ;  
 Ama, amas, amabo ; what but that ?

So now, old host, you great unwieldy fat  
 Beer-barrel, move your lazy paunch about,  
 Fetch your old wife, and let her rig us out  
 In dress-improvers, folderols and things.

*(Pushes him about.)*

*Flor.* Dirt-sweeping trains, and necklaces, and rings.

*(Same business.)*

*Prince.* And braided locks, and fragrant wreaths of roses.

*(The same.)*

*Cyril.* And high-heeled boots, to tip us on our noses.

*Prince.* And belts with amber studs, and golden clasps.

*Cyril.* And stays to squeeze us in two, like wasps.

*(Exit Host, laughing, into Inn.)*



*Flor.* In fact, we want to look like the three Graces.

*Cyril.* And we'll put on such pretty simpering faces.

*All.* Yes; such pretty simpering faces—such pretty simpering faces !  
(*All laugh.*)

*Re-enter Host, laughing, from the Inn, carrying a basket containing articles of female dress.*

*Prince.* Prepare us supper, quick; to which we'll come anon,  
When for masquerading tricks we'll put these clothes on !

(*They laugh. Exit Host, into Inn, L. PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL put on the dresses any-way: then sing, dancing grotesquely between the verses.*)

### SONG.

*Florian.* We are the three sweet Graces,  
With our pretty simpering faces;  
As thus we turn and twist us,  
No heart can e'er resist us,  
The three Parisian Graces,  
With our pretty simpering faces.

(*They dance and run the hay.*)

*Prince.* Those Graces poets praise, sir,  
Might do in those old days, sir;  
But very scant and queer  
Would their dresses now appear:  
Oh, they dare not show their faces  
Among fashionable Graces !

(*Dance repeated, as above.*)

*Cyril.* But with bustles sticking out, sir,  
An with waists a span about, sir,  
And with skirts so tight and small, sir,  
We can hardly go at all, sir,  
Oh, we are the three Graces,  
With our pretty simpering faces.

(*Breakdown, and dances off. L.*)

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Ladies' University. An archway opening, U.E.L. A dias, C., at back. At R. of the stage a table, with pens, inkstand, and a large book upon it. A screen behind table, R.C. A blackboard on easel, L.C. at back.*

*On the dias, IDA, C., BLANCHE, R.C., and PSYCHE, L.C., discovered seated, fashionably dressed, and wearing over their dresses bright-colored gowns and hoods; also trencher caps. On each side of the dias two Proctoresses, seated, also with colored academical costume over their ladies' dresses. Other ladies of the University on each side of the hall, in variously-colored academical costumes. Behind IDA's chair, or elsewhere, two female Lictors, carrying ancient Roman fuses.*

*Enter a MISTRESS OF ARTS, from U.E.L.*

*Mistress of Arts.* Mrs. Warden and Proctoresses, I am desired To say that three ladies from the Northern parts, Having complied with all conditions by the University required, Pray to be admitted students in the faculty of Arts.

*Ida. (C.)* Placetne vobis, dominæ Doctores? Placetne vobis, Magistræ?

*Omnes. (Answer.)* Placet.

*MISTRESS OF ARTS exits U.E.L., and ushers in PRINCE, FLOKIAN, and CYRIL, dressed as girls, followed by a BEDEL. The three men range L.C.*

*Ida.* Dear fellow-sufferers from the tyranny  
Of men, miscalled our lords, we bid you welcome.  
Much we rejoice that you have burst the bonds  
Of custom, and by noble rage inspired,  
Seek, through high culture and philosophy,  
Your true position in the scale of things.  
From the far North you come, and from a court  
We know of. 'Tis an idle question—but  
Know ye the Prince of that benighted land?

*Flor.* Aye, madam, well we know him: he is one  
Whom all tongues praise: and, if I may be bold  
To name one thing that lifts him far above  
The common herd of men—he worships you,  
Raves for his Ida, babbles of her love  
In most admired distraction.

*Ida. (Extends her arm deprecatingly.)* Peace, vain fool!  
We little thought in our own halls to hear  
Such barren verbiage. As an antidote,

Good Lady Proctor, let them hear the statutes!

*Proctress.* (*Reading from a book on table, R., in a masculine voice.*) All ladies on their entrance shall subscribe

To these conditions: First, to keep their terms

Three years at least; Second, to see no man

In all that time, nor correspond with any;

Third, to peruse no novels about love,

Nor sing love songs; Fourth, to forsake with scorn

Unintellectual employments, such as

Knitting, embroidery, mending, stitching, darning—

Drudgery only fit for stupid boys—

*Prince.* Enough, we'll sign them all, and ask no questions,

*Flor.* (*Aside to PRINCE.*) No fear of our transgressing that last clause.

(*They cross to R.C., sign the statutes, and then back to L.C.*)

*Prince.* Thus signing, have we entered Paradise.

*Cyril.* (*Aside.*) I wish we were well out of it.

*Ida.*

We'll now

Test your acquirements. Learned Professor Psyche,

Try them in metaphysics.

*Psyche.* (*Seated L.C. of dias.*) Pray define

Subject and object.

*Cyril.* (*Aside.*) That's a stumper!

*Prince.*

Subject

Denotes a man's relation to his wife,

Her object being to keep him always so.

*Cyril.* (*Aside to PRINCE.*) It's just like riddles; not a bit like lessons.

*Blair.* I'll try you next in Latin. Say a verb.

*Prince.* Amo, I love.

*Flor.* Amas, thou lovest.

*Cyril.*

Amat, he loves.

*Prince.* Amamus, we love.

*Flor.* Amatis, do ye love?

(*Turning to the ladies.*)

*Prince, Flor. and Cyril.*

Amabant, they will love.

*Blair.* (*R.C. of dias.*) Well conjugated; but the word ill-chosen: Amo is banished from our accidence.

*Flor.* I fear it will get in again: you cannot

Get rid of such an old familiar word.

*Psyche.* And now for mathematics. What's a circle?

*Flor.* A circle's that in which a lady argues.

*Ida.* Good! for a circle's the most perfect form.

*Psyche.* A point?

*Cyril.* (*Coughs.*) That's what the lady never sees.

*Ida.* True: for a point is that which hath no parts, And therefore can't be seen. Your views are sound:

Not like the book quite, but original,

And therefore stuffing best our soaring souls,  
That scorn the beaten tracks laid down by man.  
These are your fellow-students, girls, attired,  
Not as mere men would dress them, like black crows,  
But with a view to taste and harmony,  
Instructively symbolical, suggestive  
Of cosmic chords. You will be robed in green,  
Being fresh, and therefore verdant.

*Blan.* (*Giving them caps and gowns.*) Take your robes,  
Which you'll arrange before the looking-glass  
Becomingly; but not before you've heard  
The lecturer on *Cosmetical æsthetics*.

*Ida.* Girls, form yourselves in class: Professor Psyche  
Will lecture on the *Higher Mathematics*.

(*A blackboard on an easel is brought forward, L.C.; on the board  
the figure of Euclid I. 5. is drawn in chalk, to which PSYCHE  
points with a rod or her fan.*)

*Psyche.* My pupils here behold before 'em  
The Donkey's Bridge—*Pons Asinorum*—  
So called by men, since never yet  
Across it could the ~~donkeys~~ get.  
But we ~~will not~~ pursue  
A course entirely new:  
Instead of ~~demonstrations~~ long,  
Which may be right, or may be wrong,  
We'll jump ~~straight~~ it with a song.

(*They all rise—Round, to the tune of "Three Blind Mice." Ida,  
BLANCHE, and PSYCHE take the first part; two groups of stu-  
dents the second and third parts.*)

I. { *Ida, Blan., and Psyche.*—  
Don't you see? Don't you see? Don't you see?  
Second and Third Groups.—  
Yes, we see! Yes, we see! Yes, we see!

II. A.B.C., P.E.B., G.B.C.

III. { The thing is as plain as the nose on your face;  
So over the bridge at a galloping pace;  
You donkeys of men, we are winning the race. For—  
(*A bell rings, off V.M.L.*)

*Ida.* Hark to the chapel-bell: proceed in order,  
The Bedel first, the students two and two.

(*Music. Procession, led by the BAND, then two PROCTORESSES,  
one LECUR, PSYCHE, IDA, BLANCHE, Ladies, two PROCTOR-  
ESSES. PRINCE, FLORIAN, and Greta go last.*)

*Flor.* Let's stay behind : we'll say we lost our way.  
Why, this is better than a Christmas play !

*Cyril.* Those doctors ! Oh, to hear those doctors spout !  
I almost spoilt it all by laughing out.

*Prince.* What genius they displayed ! Alas, that she  
Should be so 'cute : she'll scorn a dunce like me.

*Flor.* For me, one thought completely overthrew me ;  
I'm almost sure my sister Psyche knew me.

*Cyril.* Florian, your sister is a stunning lass.

*Flor.* But, if she did, we're in a pretty pass.

*Cyril.* Oh, we'll get out of it.

*Flor.* She comes !

*Cyril.* My eye !

*Re-enter PSYCHE, hurriedly, U.R.L.*

*Psyche.* Florian ?

*Flor.* Psyche !

*Psyche.* (L.C.) Is it you ?

*Flor.* (C.) It's I.

*Psyche.* But who are these ?

*Flor.* This is the Prince.

*Psyche.* And he ?

*Flor.* Cyril, my friend.

*Psyche.* Oh ! goodness gracious me !

And gracious goodness you !

Death, daggers, guns, and fury ! it's a pretty how d'ye do !

What is it all about ?

Do cut your sticks before she finds you out !

*Prince.* (R.C.) What ? leave the blue-eyed maid Athene ? No,  
she's my toy !

*Flor.* In for a penny, in for a pound, old boy !

*Psyche.* It is no time for joking : if you stay,  
I must inform without delay.

*Flor.* What then ? Don't take away our breath !

*Enter MELISSA, U.R.L. ; seeing PSYCHE, she quickly crosses behind to R.,  
and hides behind screen.*

*Psyche.* That will leave you when you're adjudged to death !

*Flor.* Lackaday ! You'll spare a brother's life.

*Psyche.* Medea slew

Her children !

*Cyril.* (To FLORIAN.) This fraternal dodge won't do :

I'll try—to me no girl can make resistance— (Crosses to her.

Bewitching Doctor !

*Psyche.* (Waves him back.) Sirrah, keep your distance !

(He starts back to R.

What ! think ye still, by tricks of male flirtation,

To circumvent the sovereign's of creation ?

*Prince.* Sovereigns, methinks, should be compassionate.

*Psyche.* To sneaking wolves disguised ? No ! sure as fate  
I will delate you ; all compassion smother,  
Like Roman matron, or like Spartan mother.  
My vow requires it.

*Prince.* But you broke it when  
You first addressed us, knowing us for men.

*Psyche.* I care not—I'll delate you—you must die !

*Flor.* Yes, gentle sister : hang us on high,  
Stranded in ladies' garters : if you choose,  
Stab us with hair-pins ; or with high-heeled shoes  
Hammer our brains out : bury us, when dead,  
In your rose-garden : write above my head,  
"Here lies a brother, whom a sister slew,  
Because she'd grown so mercilessly blue."

(*PSYCHE walks about, alternately clenching her hand and putting  
her handkerchief to her eyes, &c. Suddenly she rushes to FLORIAN  
and throws her arms about his neck.*)

*Psyche.* Florian, my brother !

(*MELISSA comes from behind screen, and down, &c.*)

*Melissa.*

Ah ! ah !

*Psyche.*

*Melissa, little wretch !*

Are you eavesdropping ?

*Melis.*

Oh, I came to fetch

A book, and so I hid behind the screen ;

You seemed so angry.

*Psyche.*

Then you've heard and seen,

And you will tell your mother.

*Melis.*

Oh, no, no !

Not for the world !

*Psyche.*

She'll pump it from you, though.

(*She turns to FLORIAN, leaving MELISSA in tears.*)

I wish to screen you ; but this little brat

Has a mamma who is a regular cat :

The Lady Blanche—you saw her ?

*Prince.*

What the dickens !

I thought you were a nest of doves or chickens,

And yet you call your colleague cat !

*Psyche.*

I hate her,

A sneaking, scheming, superficial prater.

The head she toadies, and has ever tried

To get those muffs of students on her side.

She'll find it out, and ruin us.

*Prince.*

I'm sure

Melissa won't tell tales.

(*Stroking MELISSA's head and wheedling her—they exit U.E.C.*)

*Psyche.*

Ah, ah ! She looks demure ;

But I don't like the looks of things, that's sure.  
For, I don't trust her. Cut at once, and run!

*Flor.* Oh, no! we cannot leave such awful fun.  
Do let us stay, and see what morning brings.

*Psyche.* No, no! You'll rue it.  
You hadn't oughter come to do it!

*(He wheedles her—they exeunt U.R.R.)*  
*Cyril.* Hum! humph! They're sleek as pussy cats just now, I  
vow!  
Soon they'll purr, and sing, and claw, (*imitates cat*) and go like any-  
how. (*Follows out, U.R.R.*)

### SCENE III.—A Front Garden.

*Enter BLANCHE and MELISSA, from R.*

*Blan.* (L.) Then you were there, when *Psyche*, yesterday,  
Was closeted with those three creatures—eh?

*Melis.* (L.) I was, mamma. Oh, dear!

*Blan.*

What secrets did you hear?

*Melis.* Nothing to speak of!

*Blan.*

Tell the truth, my dear.

I'm sure there's something wrong about the louts;

Girls!—more like men! You blush: I have my doubts

That they are men, and that you know it.

*Melis.*

Oh! oh! oh!

Hush! here they come! I'll go!

(Runs off, L.)

*Blan.*

Well, time will show,

And if they're men—why, ha, presto!—I'll soon know! (Retires R.)

*Enter Ladies of the University, walking two-and-two, from R., then Ida  
with the PRINCE, PSYCHE with CYRIL. They all exeunt L. FLORIAN  
follows alone. BLANCHE rushes to him.*

*Blan.* (R.O.) Interesting friend,  
This hour of recreation, well may lend  
Occasion for an interchange of soul  
Between us: as magnetic pole to pole  
I feel drawn towards you.

*Flor.*

Oh, you are too kind.

(BLANCHE and FLORIAN pass out L.)

**SCENE IV.—A Back Garden.** *Plants placed about the stage. A garden seat on one side, a bench on the other.*

*Procession repeated, BLANCHE and FLORIAN bringing up the rear, from the top. Music. IDA and the PRINCE come to the front.*

**Ida.** (R.C.) Yes, without doubt, ~~our~~ ~~sex~~ ~~is~~ ~~more~~ ~~refined,~~  
More tender, ~~more~~ ~~instinctively~~ ~~acute,~~  
Farther removed above the state of brute  
With which our race began; in fact designed  
For rule, man being to us as matter is to mind.

**Prince.** (S.W.) Your arguments convince me. Yet, you see,  
Men must have some place in the world to be

**Ida.** Yes, we shall want them: not to spoon like babies,  
But do our best, darn stockings, mends the babies,  
Transcribe our works, run errands, parcels carry,  
Or some of us, perchance, might wish to marry.

**Prince.** Then see the question pop?

**Ida.** Distinctly so.

**Prince.** Will they be able to refuse?

**Ida.** Oh, no!

**Prince.** Delightful prospect, which would all come true,  
Were all the ladies in the world like you!

(*They exeunt S.W. Re-enter U.W. BLANCHE and FLORIAN come to the front.*)

**Blan.** No, don't trust Psyche: she's a hollow sham,  
Though plausible—not gifted, as I am,

To sound the deep alarms of consciousness. (*Watches PSYCHE.*)

**Flor.** Your learning quite astounds me, I confess.

(*Re-enters S.W. Re-enter U.W. PSYCHE and CYRIL come to the front.*)

**Psyche.** She's watching us: (*Plucks him—he cries out*) don't  
stride so like a man:

Do as the other girls do, if you can!

**Cyril.** Then I must put my arm about your waist:  
These fondling ways of girls quite suit my taste.

**Psyche.** Dreadful! But I suppose you must. What folly  
You have committed!

**Cyril.** Well, it may be folly!

It let's us know we live, and—ain't it jolly?

(*They go up stage. IDA and PRINCE come again to the front.*)

**Prince.** I think I see it all—suppose we act  
A scene for fun? Imagine me, in fact,  
Some man you choose to wed.



*Ida.* I'd simply say,  
 "Sir, if your dear mamma consents, you may  
 Be blest beyond your hopes: it is my pleasure  
 To marry you." Then, happy above measure,  
 My future slave would kiss my well-gloved hand.

*Prince.* What thus?—and thus?—and thus?—I understand.

*(Kissing her hand rapturously.)*

*Ida.* Oh, ain't you boisterous? Do, pray, have done!

*Prince.* Getting my hand in love, you know, just for fun!

*Ida.* Why, chit, you act as if the thing were real  
 Instead of a mere ridiculous ideal:

*Prince.* And it's like the real thing, or, you bet, I'd squeal!

*Ida.* You must be used to acting, pet? *(Impatient.)* Come,  
 keep it up!

Make love like one in earnest, you young pup!

*(They go up stage. BLANCHÉ and FLORIAN come to the front.)*

*Blm.* How those two

Are going on! I'm quite amazed—aren't you?

*Flor.* Acting love scenes, I think. Are you inclined  
 To try one too, just to unbend the mind?

*Blm.* Young person, know your place!

*Flor.* I beg your pardon.

Let's take another turn around—your waist and—the garden.

*(They go up stage.)*

*Ida.* *(Standing on the bank.)* Ladies, we have peripatized enough  
 For recreating the corporeal stuff

In which the mind resides. We'll now recline,

Feasting our souls with music and with wine.

And let that sedative for brains o'erwrought,

By men too long monopolised, be brought.

*(They all sit or recline on the stage, so as to form a semicircle.)*

*Ida, &c.* *Flagons, etc., brought in, and cigars, which are  
 handed round. The Ladies drink and light their cigars.*

*Ida.* What makes you sad? I fear you cannot smoke yet.

*Cyril.*

Oh, yes, we can.

Like chimney-pots! *(Takes cigar.)* Don't mind—thank'ee, dear!

*(Lights and smokes.)* It smokes first-rate. Is it a Havannah clear?

*Prince.* *(Aside.)* Don't! She'll twig you are a man.

*Ida.* And can you fence? Are you crack pistol-shots?

Good rifle-women? Sad that fate allots

Such arms to our soft hands, my gentle friends;

But, if we must fight ere the struggle ends

For freedom and for sovereignty, we must:

Yea, though ten thousand warriors bite the dust.

*Blm.* So in the days to come the strong male hand

Shall fight our battles; we the hosts command,

And on some height, like goddesses of war,

Smiling survey the carnage from afar.

*Prince.* Your sentiments are very fine, no doubt ;  
But, I confess, they turn me inside out.

*Cyril.* But oh, what fun to see the whiskered faces  
Of swell Life-Guardsmen, with their airs and graces,  
Reduced to privates, while some lady bellows  
Her shrill "Attention !" to the humbled fellows !

*Ida.* We'll bring them all down to their proper station.  
But now, to pass this hour of recreation,  
Let's soothe our souls with song : no maundering lays,  
But something warlike : sing the Marseillaise.

(*"La Marseillaise" sung. At the words, "Marchons, marchons," they rise, brandish their daggers, and march forward, round the stage, and then again sit down.*)

*Cyril.* (*Drinking.*) Hurrah, my lads ! Stand up and fill your glasses,

To drink the health of these sweet warlike lasses.

*Blan.* "My lads?" and "drink our healths?" Why, what means this ?

*Cyril.* Oh, dear ! I quite forgot I was a miss,  
I felt so roused by that blood-thirsty chorus.

*Prince.* (*Aside.*) Cyril, keep still ! You're getting drunk—don't floor us,

(*To Ida.*) It is a Northern custom, now and then,  
For girls, in sport, to act the parts of men.

*Blan.* Indeed ! Rather improper, I should say.  
And do your men ever act ladies, pray ?

*Ida.* Don't tease them, Blanche. I like these girls of spirit.

*Psyche.* (*To Prince.*) You speak the truth, my dear : our girls inherit

The spirit of the Vikings of old time.

*Ida.* Ha ! sing us, then, some old heroic rhyme.

*Cyril.* Oh, yes ! A song to make your fringes bristle.  
But first, another draught to wet my whistle.

(*He drinks, and then sings.*)

## SONG.

*From The "Tempest."*

"The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate :

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang'

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !"

(*As the song progresses, all the ladies appear to be more and more astonished, and exchange glances with each other.*)

Prince. (*Rising angrily.*) Cyril, upon my word, this is too bad. You are not in a tavern now, my lad. Is that a song for ladies' ears, you lout?

Blanche. They're men, they're men, they're men! the murder-  
out!

And—Psyche knew it all the time. Oh! oh!

(*Exit anywhere up stage. All the other ladies, except IDA and PSYCHE, fly into confusion.*)

Ida. What! are the cowards fled? Well, let them go.  
We will ~~can~~ deal with these three things alone.  
Ho! Lictors, enter!

*Enter Lictors, U.M.I.*

Ida. Let these dogs be thrown  
Into a dungeon, without food or fire;  
Send to the village for their male attires.  
To-morrow, early, we will sit in state,  
And doom them to their miserable fate.

(*Re-enter PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL, guarded by Lictors, the men only singing the Marseillaise, off U.M.I. IDA follows with her dagger drawn; PSYCHE weeping.*)

### SCENE VI.—A Grand Garden.

Procession—*all the Ladies of the University enter from L., with the men in custody of Lictors, IDA last but one, PSYCHE last, weeping. They continue "The Marseillaise"—piano, till change of Scene, increasing to Forte, till on.*

Ida. Silence! Stop this disgraceful row!  
You march to death, and not to victory now!

(*They leave off singing.*)

Ladies, it is our painful duty to enforce  
The laws of Draco—~~which are ours.~~ We must  
Crush out at once these worms, whose wriggling entrance  
Would blight the ~~tree~~ of our prodigious purpose.

Psyche. Let us be merciful.

Ida.

Ha! Merciful.

Say you, my Lady Psyche? Much we fear  
That you yourself are not exempt from blame;  
Not even you, my Lady Blanche.

Blan.

Good gracious!

I? Then that viper *Rageha* must have crammed  
Your ears with lies.

*Ida.* Peace! Bring the prisoners on.

*(They all march off in the same order as the entrance, the men singing "The Marseillaise." They are discovered in the next Scene in male apparel. A quick change.)*

SCENE VI.—Same as Scene II.

*All discovered—the characters are arranged as at the opening of Scene II. The three men are manacled.*

*Ida.* Prisoners, your crime confest, there is no need  
Of legal forms : yet, being merciful,  
We grant you speech, if ye have aught to say  
In mitigation of deserved doom.

*Prince.* Princess, or Very Reverend Doctress—  
How shall I call you?—hear my simple plea.  
I was betrothed to you in youth ; you broke  
Your contract ; I, meanwhile, was mad with love  
For you, unseen as yet ; one only way  
Remained to see you ; being seen, your presence  
Quite overtopped my most impassioned dreams.  
Spare us, and we will live your satellites,  
Aiding your grand designs ; which I admire,  
Though my male intellect is all at fault  
To comprehend them.

*Ida.* Thus I answer you :  
You have done well, and like a gentlemen,  
And like a prince ! You wasps in our good hive !  
Well have you done, and like a gentleman !  
I wed with thee ? No, not though all the gold  
That veins the world were packed to make your crown.  
I trample on your offers, and on you :  
Your presence and your suit are hateful to me.  
How say you, ladies ? Is there any cause  
Why these three caterpillars should not die ?

*Psyche.* Madam, I must confess to a revulsion  
Of feeling, and would vote for mere expulsion.

*Blan.* Expulsion ? Yes ! and you, of course, will go  
In the same boat—for Cyril's sake, you know.  
Poor boy, he'll feel so anxious for your pardon,  
After that sad flirtation in the garden.

*Ida.* Ladies, what do I hear ?

*Psyche.* You hear a viper,  
Who knew all, and wants me to pay the piper.

*Blan.* I knew? How so?

*Psyche.* That little tell-tale-tit,  
Melissa, peached.

*Melis.* (R.C.) I'm not to blame a bit.  
I heard you, but I did not tell mamma.

*Prince.* I'm sure Melissa's not to blame.

*Cyril.* Hurrah!

Our prospects brighten, now these gentle Graces  
Stick their sweet claws into each other's faces.  
You'd better give it up; you're sure to squabble:  
Your edifice already seems to wobble.

*Blan.* Why, what buffoon is this, dear Psyche?—bless him!—  
Pray, madam, spare him for *her* sake, and dress him  
In cap and bells, that, when our studies bore us,  
He may be called to play the fool before us.

*Flor.* One word, fair Princess. Though your heart be steeled,  
Through shallow theory and a wild ambition,  
To all your sex's native tenderness,

Yet count the cost. His Highness has a father—  
Olaf, the King—no Southern weakling he;  
Nor will he stint revenge, should murder crown  
(Allow plain-spoken words) your broken vow!

*Ida.* Ha! sir, you think us cowards: nay, I, too,  
Am royal. Let the Northern ruffian come!  
There are those who will fight for us: if not, why so—  
We, too, can kill or die.

*Prince.* Florian, no more!  
I have no right to live, if Ida wills  
My death: yet, oh, sweet sovereign of my fate!  
Pardon my vain presumption ere I die.

*Flor.* She melts at last.

*Cyril.* Not she! (Trumpets outside.)

*Ida.* Ha! what rude blare

Is this that frights our classic glades, and stays  
The hand of Justice in her even course?

*Enter KING OLAF and KING GAMA, U.E.L., with soldiers, who range at back.*

*Olaf.* Where is my son? (To PRINCE, L.C.) What, safe and  
sound! That's lucky!

Off with these manacles!

*Gama.* (To IDA, R.C.) Hallo! my ducky,  
What in the name of Fortune are you after?  
Your pranks are getting past a case for laughter.

*Ida.* You, too, papa? Have done! Little, but I'm stronger,  
And your all proud and powerful daughter!

*Gama.* When you broke off the match  
 With this young man, who was a regular catch,  
*That* nearly drove me mad. But then you coaxed me ;  
*(To company.)* The little slyboots, I half think she hoaxed me.  
 Then with your college, too, I was content :

I've not the least idea what it meant :  
 But "give a gal rope enough," and, I'll trow—  
 But I think you know the rest though, anyhow !  
 At first it seemed a harmless joke ; but then to kill a prince !  
 That's past all fun, you know ; it well may make me wince :  
 I dreamt not then of your running such a rig,  
 And I won't join you now in so wild a jig.

*Olaf.* I'll tell you—this love-stricken fool slipped away,  
 Without my permission, to bring you to bay.  
 I feared the result, so I mustered my small army,  
 And followed on, to find out how to charm ye.  
 When I arrived, and the situation to my knowledge came,  
 I vowed I'd blow up your silly college game !  
 So I my cannon planted, when just in the nick,  
 Up comes your dad, in time—a regular brick !  
 Says I, "Will you fight?" "No," says he, "not a bit on't ;  
 My daughter's engaged, and she shall not quit on't."  
 So we settled the hash o'er a gallon of beer,

And we mean you to marry my son—do you hear ?

*Ida.* Indeed ! Assigned to him, in way of sale  
 By two old fogies o'er a pot of ale !  
 Oh, no ! You may guzzle together your "heavy wet,"  
 But I'll not be hashed with any man—so get !  
 Why, sirs, you treat me like an Indian squaw !  
 Why are you silent, ladies ? Up guards and at 'em,  
 And upon these worms your daggers draw !

*Psyche.* Really, to tell the truth,  
 I think you might have pity on the youth.

*Ida* Traitor, whom once I trusted ! *Blanche*, speak you,

*Blan.* Defy them, madam : that's my steadfast view.

As for poor *Psyche's* sentimental twaddle,  
 The foofs in love, and that has turned her noddle.

*Flor.* *(Aside to BLANCHE.)* Fair Cruelty, the lightning of your  
 eye

Forestalls the headsman's axe : here let me die  
 Content ; unless you bid me live, to be  
 The lifelong champion of your sovereignty,  
 Drinking your sapience.

*Blan.* Are you in earnest ?  
*Flor.* Oh !

So earnest !

*Blan.* *(Aside.)* He adores me !

*Flor.* Don't say no,

Erudite angel!

*Blan.* (To *IDA*.) On maturer thought,  
Seeing that things to such a pass are brought,  
It strikes me, ma'am, you might make some concession,  
And take this love-sick creature in possession.

*Ida.* My last prop fails me: what is left me, when  
My very chiefs capitulate to men?  
Well, carry out the farce, so well begun,  
E'en to its bitter end.

*Olaf.* The game is won!  
Hurrah, my boy! (*Slaps PRINCE on the shoulder, and crosses R.—To*  
*GAMA.*) Shake hands, my good old friend.

*She'll have him.*

*Prince.* Lovely *Ida*, is the end  
So bitter? Let me try to make it sweet.

*Ida.* Oh, am I on my head, or on my feet?

(*She leaves the dias and falls into his arms.*

*Cyril.* (To *PSYCHE*.) The Prince being pardoned, may I be so  
bold,

As hope you may not leave me in the cold?

*Psyche.* (*She leaves the dias, L.C.*) Well, I suppose I cannot help  
it now.

But you'll obey me?

*Cyril.* Thus I seal my vow.

(*Kissing her hand down L.C.* *FLORIAN* approaches *BLANCHÉ*.)

*Blan.* Nay, keep your place: 'tis not for men to woo

In the new scheme of things. I pity you,

And take you for my servant; kiss my hand:

(*He does.*

Ah, will you? Nay kneel.

*Flor.* I yield me to your sweet command.

(*He kneels and kisses her hand down R.C.*

*Gama.* Now all's made up. Ladies, have no misgiving:  
They'll prove the most obedient husbands living.

*Blan.* (To *FLORIAN*, who puts his arm around her waist.) Sir,  
keep your distance. (*She raps his head with her fan.*

*Olaf.* Ha! my boy, you've caught it.

Bless us, how grand she looks! Who would have thought it?

*Gama.* Oh, she'll come to: we'll smooth her feathers soon:  
Wait till the ending of the honeymoon.

*Prince.* Love will smooth everything. I have no fear  
Of my fair sovereign, now her brain is clear  
Of cobwebs, and her true heart beats again,  
But, dearest, by your leave, since words are vain,  
Let us express, in bass and treble chorus,  
The blended music of the life before us.

(*At the commencement of the music in the orchestra, the men and  
ladies arrange themselves on opposite sides of the stage—men  
R., ladies L.—soldiers at back.*

## SONG.

*"Il Carnevale."—Revised.*

*Chorus of Ladies.* When we ladies, in our blindness,  
For a time forgot our kindness,  
All agog for liberation,  
Women's rights and botheration,  
Oh, how sad!

*Chorus of Men.* When at last you showed compassion  
In the old delightful fashion,  
Glad were we to own our duty  
To the empire of your beauty,  
Oh, how glad!

*The Ladies and Men join hands and come forward, singing together.—*

Now we're happy lovers singing,  
To the winds all nonsense singing,  
All our song is love, love, love.

Come, show your charity, come, show your charity,  
By your approval of our little play.  
Holiday's passing, holiday's passing,  
Holiday's passing away!

## Disposition of Characters.

Soldiers.

Soldiers.

Ladies.

Ladies.

Ladies.

Ladies.

Proscenium

Proscenium

G.A.M. M.M.M. S.A.M. F.L.M. I.M. P.A.M. P.A.M. L.G. O.M. O.M.  
 R. C. C. L.G. L.

CURTAIN.



## SONG.—"We are the Three Sweet Graces."

*Allegro.*  $\text{♩} = 126$ .

The first system of musical notation features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

We

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

are the three sweet Gra - ces, With our pret - ty sun-p'ring

The third system shows the vocal line with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

fa - ces; As thus we turn and twist us, No

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The word 'rall.' is written below the piano part.

heart can e'er re - sist us, Oh, the three Pa - ri - sian

*rall.*

Gra - ces, With our pret - ty sim-p'ring fa - ces.

After 3d verse.

# SONG.—"The Master, the Swabber."

With spirit.  $\text{♩} = 100$ .

The

mas - ter, the swabber, the boatswain and I, The gunner and his

mate, Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian and Mar - ge - ry. But

none of us cared for Kate— None of us cared for

*over.*  
Kate. For she had a tongue with a tang..... Would

*doles.*  
try to a sail-or, "Go hang." Then to sea, boys, to

sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go hang! Then to

sea, boys, to sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

CHORUS (unaccompanied.)

Then to sea, boys, to sea, boys, to sea, boys, and let her go

hang! Then to sea, boys, to sea, boys, to

sea, boys, and let her go hang! hang!

Repeat *pp*



**R U M P L E S T I L T S K I N .**



# RUMPLESTILTSKIN.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOE, (*The Fat Miller.*)  
THE KING.  
THE PRIME MINISTER.  
RUMPLESTILTSKIN.  
LITTLE RUMPLE, (*His Son.*)  
JOAN, (*Miller's Wife.*)  
BETSY JANE, (*Miller's Eldest Daughter.*)  
NANCIBELL, (*Miller's Second Daughter.*)  
PRIME MINISTER'S LADY.  
LADY HELEN, (*PRIME MINISTER'S Daughter.*)  
THE COUNTESS.  
MRS. RUMPIER, (*RUMPLESTILTSKIN'S Wife.*)  
THE FAIRY QUEEN.

*Nurses, Elms, and Fairies*

PERIOD.—1600.

## COSTUMES.

*Joe.*—Brown doublet, trunks, hose, shoes, white cap, apron, &c. Second dress: Handsome court dress. Third dress: Pastoral for a shepherd, crook.

*King.*—A hunting costume. Second dress: Robes, crown, &c. Third dress: Pastoral for a shepherd, crook.

*Prime Minister.*—Hunting costume. Second dress: Long robe—black and blue velvet. Third dress: Pastoral for a shepherd, crook, a trick wig.

*Rumpelstiltskin.*—Demon's dress—red and black—with foil on dress and face, shock hair, demon head gear.

*Little Rumpel.*—The same, but smaller, in size.

*Joan.*—Blue dress of the period. Second dress: An old woman's dress for the Court, composed of gaudy colors and lard. Third dress: A dowdy shepherdess' dress, crook.

*Betsy Jane.*—Plain dress for a villager. Second dress: Loud court dress. Third dress: Shepherdess, crook.

*Nancibell.*—Showy dress for a villager. Second dress: Queen's dress, for court purposes. Third dress: Shepherdess' dress, crook.



*Prime Minister's Lady (aged).*—Handsome court dress. Second dress: Shepherdess, crook.

*Lady Helen.*—Handsome court dress. Second dress: Shepherdess, crook.

*Countess.*—Court dress. Second dress (last scene): Shepherdess, crook.

*Mrs. Rumpel.*—A dress of the demon order of costume.

*Fairy Queen.*—Handsome fairy costume, tarlatan spangled, silk tights, shoes, diamond star and wreath on head, wand.

*Nurse.*—Plain dress to the ankles, cap and frilled, apron, &c.

*Elves, Goblins, and Sprites.*—Various colors.

*Fairies.*—Same as FAIRY QUEEN, but plainer.

## PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Plain table and chairs. Empty flour sacks. Empty tankard for beer. Long clay pipe. Large cellar-door key. Millers' sack and full packing needle for BETSY JANE. Book for NANCIBELL. Cakes on plates, together with brandy and glasses, all on tray, off L.

SCENE II.—Nil.

SCENE III.—A spinning-wheel and heaps of straw discovered as Scene opens. Chairs on. A tray is placed under the spinning-wheel, and there must be a quantity of gold coins to fall from the wheel on to the tray.

SCENE IV.—Baby's cot, trimmed and with a baby in it, ready to be carried on from L. A gold rod L for MILLER. A black whisky-bottle, with nothing in it.

SCENE V.—A Caldron hanging from three sticks, C. of stage. Fire under it—tow and turps burning round the caldron. All the necessary ingredients to throw into the caldron for an incantation blaze. Stick to stir the caldron with. Pipe and tobacco for the MILLER.

SCENE VI.—The baby.

SCENE VII.—Numerous Chinese lanterns hanging among shrubs, plants, &c. Whistle. Plenty of green leaves on strings. Toy sheep. Crooks and pandean pipes for Shepherds. A Maypole with colored ribbons already fixed, and off at wing U.E.L., to be brought on stage and fitted immediately for dancing. Colored fires at end of piece. Fairy wands.

## SCENES.

SCENE I.—A Plain Chamber at back. Window and door in R.F. and L.F. Door S.E.L.

SCENE II.—A Front Room in the Palace.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace, third and fourth grooves, with arch opening in C.

SCENE IV.—Same as Scene II.

SCENE V.—Back and cut woods. Set trees.

SCENE VI.—A Front Garden.

SCENE VII.—A Back Garden. Cut trees, shrubs, plants, &c. Chinese lanterns.

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# RUMPLESTILTSKIN,

---

*Overture....."Son and Stranger".....Mendelssohn.*

**SCENE I.**—*A Room in the Miller's House. Backs and other things suggestive of a mill.*

**MILLER** *discovered sitting at a table, &c., with tankard and long clay pipe—he is singing.*

"There was a jelly miller once  
Lived by the river Dee," &c.

*(Yawns, stretches himself, tries the tankard, finds it empty,)* Bother!  
it's empty! Not a drop! My eye!  
How flour and singing make a fellow dry!  
Wife! Hang the jade—where is she?

*Enter JOAN, &c.; she looks sternly; his manner changes to obsequiousness.*

**Miller.** *(Holding up the tankard.)* Joan, my dear,  
Just fetch me up another pot o' beer.

**Joan.** *(L.O.)* Another pot o' beer, he says. No, Jee!  
Not if I knows it. *(Arms a-kinba)*

**Miller.** *(Obazinyty, &c.)* Just a pint or so,  
Chucky!

**Joan.** Chuck, chucky! You she'n't chucky me;

And luckily I've got the cellar key.

(*She pulls a large key out of her pocket, and raps his head with it. He rubs his head.*)

*Miller.* Wife, wife, I say! I wish you'd use me well: You're all unkind to me but my Nanci-bell.

*Joan.* Your Nanci-bell! You're both birds of one feather. It's Betsy Jane and me that keeps the house together.

*Enter BETSY JANE, door in flat, mending a sack.*

*Joan.* Here comes my Betsy—always hard at work: Betsy, your pa has used me like a Turk.

*Betsy.* (L.) Oh, fayther, what a shame to treat mamma so!

*Joan.* (C.) If ever women were made slaves, we are so.

*Miller.* What have I done? I only asked for beer: Ha! here comes Nanci-bell, the little dear:

*Enter NANCIBELL, reading, from S.E.L.*

*Miller.* She never bullies me; she'll take my part.

*Nanci.* Yes, that I will, old dad, with all my heart.

(*Crosses to him, R.C.*)

*Joan.* (L.C.) Oh, yes, she'll take your part; that's just her way.

*Betsy.* (L.) Idling, and reading novels all the day.

*Joan.* She never sews a stitch, or spins a thread.

*Betsy.* And lets me mend the sacks and bake the bread.

*Nanci.* (R.C.) I tell you, Betsy Jane, you vinegar-cruet, I hate all work, and I don't mean to do it.

*Miller.* (R.) Aye, that's my lass! she's born to be a lady; She'll wed a lord some day.

*Betsy.* Her chance is shady.

*Nanci.* Better than your's, Bet. But, I say, look here—Why shouldn't daddy have his pipe and beer?

Dad, if I e'er should get married, as you say, You'll live with me, and sleep and smoke all day.

*Miller.* Why, that's a dntiful and darling daughter!

*Betsy.* (Utters a little scream.) Dreadful, mamma.

*Joan.* What notions he has taught her! If she gets married, it shall be in rags;

For well you know, I keep the money-bags. (*A horn heard without*)

*Nanci.* Hush! What's that sound?

*Miller.*

A horn!

*Joan.*

Oh! I dare say

Some trashy sportsmen that have lost their way.

*Enter KING and PRIME MINISTER, from door L.F., in hunting dresses bespattered with mud.*

*Miller.* Your servant, gentlemen; you're welcome freely.

(Crosses to JOAN, L.C.—*aside*.) Wife, do receive these stranger chaps genteely.

(MILLER and NANCIBELL set them chairs, R. and R.C., take their hats, etc. JOAN stands aloof with arms a-kinbo, while BETSY JANE stitches her sack furiously, both L.)

Prime M. (R., to MILLER.) Oh, thank you, sir!

King. (R.C., to NANCIBELL.) You, too, my little duck?  
(*She curtseys in C.*)

Miller. (L.C.) Sportsmen, I see, sir. Have you had good luck?

King. Very good luck in finding such a daughter

(*Bowing to NANCIBELL.*)

Of such a miller. (*Bowing to MILLER.*) Why, I should have thought her

A princess in disguise.

Nanci. (*Curtseying.*) Oh, sir!

(KING rises and takes her hand. JOAN, whom the MILLER tries in vain to restrain, pulls NANCIBELL away to L., and confronts the KING in C.)

Joan. Clodhopper!

Betsy. (L.) Oh, Nancibell, your conduct's most improper!

Joan. And who may you be, pray? My girls shall rue, if they demean themselves to such as you.

(*She stands looking at the KING defiantly, who whispers and smiles with the PRIME MINISTER on the R.*)

Nanci. (*Aside to MILLER.*) Daddy, do try to stop her. I can tell what's wheat or chaff: this is some thundering swell.

King. Good madam, no such thought was in my head.

Prime M. But could you oblige us with a loaf of bread?

Joan. No, sir! I've nothing in the house to-day.

Betsy. There's been too many tramps of late this way.

(KING, astonished, rises.)

Nanci. (*Aside to MILLER.*) Father, I've got a key that opens

handy

The closet where she keeps the cake and brandy.

Miller. Go fetch it. (NANCIBELL slips quietly out of door R.E.L.)

King. (*Bows to JOAN.*) Really, ma'am!

Joan. Young man, I say,

There is the door. (*Points to door in flat.*) How long d'you mean to stay?

(MILLER meantime stamps about, working himself into a rage.)

Miller. Bother! She must not go on in this fashion!

Wait till I've worked myself into a passion.

Wife, you behave genteel; or I'll compel you!

No words! my Moukey's up. Sit down, I tell you!

(*He forces her into a chair, C.*)

Betsy. Oh, fayther, fayther! Shameful!

Miller. (*Turns upon BETSY, L.*)

Silence, miss!

**Joan.** Oh, won't I pay you out to-night for this!

(*MILLER keeps her in chair.*)

**Betsy.** It's no use now against the hair to rub him.

**Joan.** Wait till he's cool again, and won't we snub him?

(*In the meantime NANCIBELL returns with cake and brandy. She and MILLER serve the gentlemen politely.*)

**King.** This is refreshing now.

**Prime M.** Delicious brandy!

**King.** And your dear daughter's sweet as sugar-candy.

**Nanci.** (*Curtseying, L.C.*) Oh, sir!

**Miller.** (*C.*) Indeed, sir, though I say 't at shouldn't

If I should try to tell her worth, I couldn't.

**Prime M.** And I'll be bound she's useful as she's pretty.

**Miller.** Indeed, she works so hard it's quite a pity;

Up soon, up late, forever at her spinning;

I tell you she's a lass that's worth the winning!

**King.** Spins silks, eh?

**Miller.** Sir, you'll wonder when you're told;

This lass o' mine can spin straw into gold!

**King.** Straw into gold?

(*Starts from chair.*)

**Nanci.** (*Aside to MILLER.*) Don't, father!

**Miller.**

It sounds queer;

But it's as true as I am standing here.

**King.** (*To PRIME MINISTER.*) I say, a girl like this would be a catch;

I'm half inclined for a romantic match!

**Prime M.** Yes, she'd be useful; but—it's going far—

To marry a snob, sir.

**King.** (*Decidedly.*) Tell 'em who we are.

**Prime M.** (*To MILLER.*) Good man, you've had an honor unsuspected:

This is the King!

**Nanci.** (*Aside.*) Better than I expected!

(*MILLER stands aghast. JOAN and BETSY JANE start up in great alarm from L. corner.*)

**Joan.** Oh, Betsy Jane! how woeful we're mistaken!

**Betsy.** Oh, mother! we shall all be hanged like bacon!

Say something.

**Joan.** (*Approaching KING.*) Great sir, pardon, if you can, The familiarities of my vulgar man!

As for myself—I'm very dull of sight.

And couldn't make you out in that cross light.

**Miller.** (*Aside to NANCIBELL.*) Well, that's a good 'un!

**Prime M.** Don't stand bothering them!

You pinched-up vixen, and you old grey mare!

(*JOAN and BETSY JANE retire alarmed, and stand shivering in L. corner.*)

**King.** Come—here's the point, my friend: I'm short of money,

Your daughter, too, is sweeter than fresh honey ;  
If she can spin gold, as you say—I'll marry her.  
Look, sir, (to PRIME MINISTER) to-morrow to the court you'll carry  
her :

We'll try her—it's a bargain.

( Goes up to door L.F.—The PRIME MINISTER following—MILLER  
stops him.

Miller. Ere we close it,  
Suppose she can't—she can—but just suppose it ;

What then ?

Prime M. What then, yer rustic ? Can't you guess ?

You'll all be hanged.

Miller. Oh ! hanged ? Of course—oh, yes !

( Exit KING and PRIME MINISTER, door L.F.

I think we're in for it.

Joan. ( Arms a-kimbo again. ) And pray, whose fault,

You daffing, babbling, bragging, lying dolt ?

Nanci. ( R. ) Mother, it ain't his fault : you're quite mistaken ;

'Twas his ingenious lie that saved your bacon.

You'd have been hanged for sauce, had he not told

That precious cram about my spinning gold.

(JOAN angry, L.

Betsy. Oh, sayther !

( Clenches her fists, L.

Miller. ( C. ) Don't go at me both together :

I've no pinck left—you'd sell me with a feather.

( Music. The MILLER, C., keeps his wife and two daughters  
from tearing at each other in their quarreling, when scene  
closes.

## SCENE II.—A Front Room, in the Palace.

Enter PRIME MINISTER, his LADY, and LADY HELEN, R.; the LADY  
angry.

Lady. ( C. ) A pretty mess you've made of it, my dear, I do de-  
clare !

All our poor Helen's prospects now are melting into air.

The King would never have made such a fool of himself, had I been  
there,

Prime M. ( R. ) My love, I do assure you that you could not have  
prevented him ;

The girl was such a dodger, she completely circumvented him ;

And so sharp that, ere I told his rank, I half believe she scented him.

Lady. Stupid ! you could have stopped him somehow, had you  
not been muzzy.

I cannot bear to think of her the little brazen huzzy!

Oh, my poor child, your father doesn't care for you! now, does he?

*Helen.* (L.) D'you mean the King won't marry me? Dear mother, if that's it,

Pray set your mind at ease: I never cared for him a bit.

*Lady.* (In a passion.) And who cares whether you do or not?

Ungrateful puss, what mean you?

When I've been scheming night and day to make my girl a queen, you

Say "you don't care!" Oh, deary me! You'll break my heart between you!

*Prime M.* (Pacifying her.) My dear, don't give up all for lost.

The thing is still to try,

Whether she can spin gold or not—the man p'rhaps told a lie:

And if she can't, why then, as soon as she's been nicely gibbeted—

*Lady.* Delightful thought!

(Clapping her hands.

*Prime M.*

Then's just the time for skill to be exhibited.

For the King, being huffed, will be just in the mood—if we but manage neatly.—

To marry any girl at once who plays her cards discreetly.

*Lady.* There's comfort yet. And so, my child, I earnestly request, That you to please his Majesty will do your very best.

Say as he says—laugh at his jokes—seem lost in admiration;

(Imitates.

Cast down your eyes—then lift them up with tender veneration;

Keep meeting him, as if by chance; and, if he takes your hand,

Then press it very gently, in a way he'll understand.

*Prime M.* But not too hard, you know, my dear; for forwardness might floor you—

*Lady.* Don't meddle with what you don't understand, wisacre, I implore you.

*Prime M.* I'm sure she'll practice all the arts you have so wisely taught her.

*Helen.* Oh, yes, papa, I'll do my best to floor the miller's daughter.

*Enter* COUNTESS, hurriedly, from L.

*Countess.* Your ladyship has heard this news about the King? I never!

(Takes both HELEN's hands.

Poor Helen—

*Lady and Prime M.* (Together.) Why 'Poor Helen,' pray? Dear Countess, have you ever

Supposed that we had formed designs?

*Countess.* (Curtseys humbly.)

Oh, certainly not I

But, really, such absurd reports about the Court do fly.

*Lady.* You know, dear friend, I never scheme.

*Countess.*

So I have always stated;

But, really, in this dreadful case we all are complicated.

For if these kings of liberal views thus contravene propriety,  
They'll sap the very basis of all civilized society,

*Prime M. (R.)* His Majesty! (*Sees him off L.*)

*Enter KING, L.; they assume respectful attitudes.*

*Lady. (To HELEN, aside.)* Take care you mind your P's and Q's, my dear.

*King.* What is't o'clock? Are those folks come?

*Prime M.* My liege, they all are here.

*King.* Go, bring 'em in.

(*Exit PRIME MINISTER, R. KING walks about, L.C.*)

*Lady.* Child, keep in sight!

(*Pushing her forward.*)

*Helen.*

Ahem!

*King. (L.C.)*

Hallo, my pretty!

You little sugar-plum!

*Helen. (C.)* He! he! Your Majesty's so witty!

*King.* Madam, your daughter's a good girl; and I have form'd a notion

Of giving her without delay a very great promotion.

*Lady.* Your Majesty's so good! (*Nudging HELEN.*)

*Helen.* Too good!

*King.* D'you know? I've found a treasure

In a miller's daughter. Fancy!

*Lady.* Oh, my liege, it is your pleasure

To jest! A miller's?

*King.* Yes, i' faith! I've set my heart upon her;

And I intend this girl of yours to be her maid of honor.

*Lady.* Oh!

*King.* Yes, I do, upon my word. Why, ar'n't you pleased to know it?

*Helen.* Oh, yes, we're deeply grateful, sir.

*King.* You hardly seem to show it.

*Countess.* 'Tis that the honor you propose so far exceeds their dreams:

For well we know her ladyship is one that never schemes.

*Enter PRIME MINISTER, bringing in MILLER and his family, from R.*

*Lady.* What awful guys! (*Aside to HELEN.*)

*Helen. (Aside to LADY.)* Look at their hats!

*Lady. (Aside to HELEN.)* Which is the minx, I wonder?

(*They make awkward reverences. MILLER goes up to KING.*)

His family remain on R. of stage.

*Miller. (R.C.)* In this majestic presence here——

*Joan. (R.)* Shut up! You're sure to blunder.

*King. (C.)* Nay, let him speak.

(*PRIME MINISTER L.C. of KING. Ladies of the court, L.*)



**Miller.** Indeed I will. I've got my speech by heart, sir; But this here wife o' mine she always wants to act my part, sir. In this majestic presence here, me and my wife and childring Stands—Nance, what's next?

**Nanci.** (N. of him.) And find—

**Miller.** Oh, yes!—And finds it most bewild'ring: And so of us, we 'umbly begs, you will not make your spoorts, sir, Bein' unacquanted, all of us, wi'?— (*Looks to NANCIBELL, who whispers "Etiquette."—Bows low.*) Hettikets o' coorts, sir. My daughter here, Miss Nancibell, she's come to take her trial, That in your Majesty, if so you won't take no denial. But what I want to say is this: She's very nervous—very; And maybe she'll break down at first—so don't be in a hurry. And—if you'd try her manners a bit—without putting her to spinning, You'd maybe fancy her all the same; for she is worth the winning.

**King.** No, no, my friend, no shirking now.

**Prime M.** (*Laughs.*)

Ha! what a fine suggestion!

**Joan.** I knew you'd make a mess on't, Joe! (*To King.*) Your Reverence, there's no question

But that he's made a mess on't;—but he's got no cultivation!

**Betsy.** But another and ine has both enjoy'd berding-school eddications, (*Curtseys low.*)

**Joan.** So, if you'd please to let us two go—(*Points to Betsy and herself*)—for we make no penitences,

We'll leave them two behind with you—

**Betsy.**

To bide the consequences.

**Nanci.** My liege, if I may speak, one word, with your serene permission,

Be pleased to grant to all but me free pardon and dismissal:

I'll do my best to spin you gold, and all the rest to please ye;

But I might fail through nervousness, if I should feel uneasy

At thought of suffering to my friends through my poor inability.

**King.** Sweet girl, your sentiments evince good feeling and gentility;

But yet—

**Prime M.** (*Quickly, aside to the KING.*) Together in one boat they all must sink or swim.

**Miller.** What father would desert his lass? If any, I'm not him!

**King.** Well said! She surely must succeed—or else the plague is in it!

Her thoughts are gold—her words are gold—the why should she not spin it?

It's settled. Madam, (*to PRIME MINISTER'S LADY, who is L.*) now to you, in spite of eccentricity,

I introduce my country friends.

**Lady.** (*With mock politeness.*) Charming in their simplicity!

**Countess.** Let me be introduced too, pray. I dote on milk and springs— (*Her manners highly affected, and with mincing ways.*)

Cows, dairies, china, and all that——

*Lady.* (*Taking up the same strain.*) And syllabubs, and things.

*Joan.* You'll be the king's old mother, I do guess.

(*Alludes to LADY.*)

*Betsy.* (*Alludes to COUNTESS.*)

And this 'ill be the maid!

*Lady.* Mother!

*Countess.* And her maid?

(*Both indignant.*)

*Nanci.* Oh, please, she's dull of sight. (*To JOAN.*) What a mistake you've made!

This lady's in the bloom of youth; and, if I'm not mistaken, this, from her look and manners, holds the most exalted station.

*Joan.* (*Angrily.*) Don't interrupt me, Nancibell! It may be as you say:

But she is so like my poor old mother, as died last Lady-day.

(*LADY indignant.*)

*Betsy.* And this un's like our Cousin Sue, 'at married Butcher Steel.

But she don't hold herself like Sue—not so stately and genteel.

(*COUNTESS indignant.*)

*Lady.* Helen, this is unbearable! My liege, me must desire Permission from such company as this is to retire.

(*Curtseys to the KING.* *LADY, HELEN, and COUNTESS exeunt*;  
*LADY and COUNTESS, who are last, look sneeringly to the MILLER's family.*)

*Miller.* (*To JOAN.*) Who's made a mess on't now, old lass?

*Betsy.* (*To KING.*)

I think, sir, with your favor,

Mether and me's been *commysfo*, and of correct behavior.

*Miller.* You'd better hold your tongues! (*To KING.*) My lord, I mayn't have cultivation——

But I'm a plain and honest man, that knows my proper station.

As for them two, excuse them, sir, no power can stop their prating.

They be just the same at home with me, uncommon aggrawating.

The aggrawatingest things on earth is wives; they will be popes, sir.

I'm a phin man, and speaks my mind. There's no offence, I hopes, sir.

*King.* No, not at all. This girl, at least, has not transgressed her duty;

(*Crosses to L.*)

I'll put her to work at once: so come with me, my beauty.

(*NANCIBELL crosses to R.C.*)

You, sir, (*To PRIME MINISTER*) look after these good folks, and keep them close confined. (*Exit KING, leading away NANCIBELL, L.*)

*Prime M.* Come, friends, I'm going to lock you up.

(*Crosses to R. corner.*)

*Miller.* (*Crosses to him, R.*)

But not before we've dined!

*Prime M.* Oh, yes, you go to prison at once; you'll have some bread and water.

You'll know your fate to-morrow: all depends upon your daughter.

*Miller.* Well, I suppose it can't be helped. I wish I'd had my dinner.

I could have borne it better then.

*Joan.* (*Half crying.*)

Oh, Joe! you thoughtless sinner!

It's you that's brought us all to this!

*Betsy.* (*Bursts out crying.*)

Oh, ma! our days is ended!

*Prime M.* Indeed, I think your prospects you have rightly apprehended.

(*He laughs, and sings "There Was a Jolly Miller Once," &c—*

*MILLER trembles—the women cry—They all exult &c.*

**SCENE III.**—*A Room in the Palace—third and fourth grooves—with*  
*c. arch. A spinning-wheel and chair, c. Heaps of straw about the*  
*stage.*

*NANCIBELL discovered seated at spinning-wheel, c., weeping.*

*Nanci.* Alack-a-day! what power can save

Poor me from an untimely grave?

To think that all my grand ideas,

Indulged in since my earliest years;

My dreams about a splendid marriage,

Dresses, and pearls, and golden carriage,

And banquets in a royal palace,

Should end to-morrow—on the gallows!

(*She weeps again; then rises and stamps and walks about.*

Oh, father, what a stupid thing

To praise me so before the King!

To dote you must have been beginning

When you told that cram about my spinning!

He'll have to swing too—what a bother!

I shouldn't care so much for mother;

And yet her sad fate gives me pain—

I'm even sorry for Betsy Jane!

I hate that straw—the beastly stuff!

(*She kicks the straw about in a rage, then bursts again into tears.*

Bother! I'm acting like a muff!

Sit down and think a bit, my girl—

But my poor brain's in such a whirl!

Let's see—what's happened? Twice before I've been

Locked up all night, with heaps of straw to spin.

The first time, as I sat despairing quite,

A little elfish creature came in sight.

How he got in I cannot guess the least;

But he turned out a really useful beast.  
 He said he'd help me, if I'd give my ring.  
 I gave it: all at once the curious thing  
 Sat down and whirled about the wheel like *winking*,  
 Till all the floor with heaps of gold was clinking.  
 But, when the King beheld the heaps so yellow,  
 The lust of gold began to seize the fellow:  
 He vowed that I must spin, and finish quite,  
 A double quantity of gold next night.  
 Again the elfish creature came and spun—  
 His bribe my necklace—so the task got done.  
 And now a third time am I locked up fast,  
 And sure I am (*sobbing*) this night will prove my last.  
 The beast will want his wage: I can't give any!  
 I've nothing left about me worth a penny.  
 The nasty, heartless, avaricious elf! (*Rises again and stamps angrily.*  
 He said each time he only spun for pelf,  
 And—didn't—care a rap—how soon—I might be hanged myself!  
 (*Music—She sits down again, crying.*)

*Enter RUMPLESTILTSKIN, from the back.*

*Rump.* Hallo! Beauty in tears! How sweetly pretty!

*Nanci.* (*Rising.*) Oh, What's-your-name! Please, please, have pity!

*Rump.* Pity? What's that? The thing is unknown to me.

*Nanci.* Don't you know *Pity*?

*Rump.* Not in the least degree.

I've heard you human beings talk about it;

But I can get on very well without it.

*Nanci.* Oh, sir, you have been brought up very badly!

Your town must be in want of Board-schools sadly!

*Rumy.* Hity! tity! My pretty lady,

If you trust to pity, your chance is shady.

I know, of course, without being told,

That you want me to spin this straw into gold.

Then you would make a magnificent marriage,

Revel in luxury, ride in your carriage,

Waste all your time in ridiculous folly;

Wouldn't you like it? Wouldn't it be jolly?

*Nanci.* Good sir, whatever your name may be,

Such thoughts just now don't influence me.

My very life's at stake, and you know it—

If you have mercy, now's the time to show it.

*Rump.* My dear, put mercy out of your noddle,

And let's have no sentimental twaddle.

As for mercy, kindness of heart, and the rest,

They're only fine names for what pleases us best;

And to me it's no pleasure at all, I confess,  
To help a young woman that seems in distress,  
What will you give me? Tell me now!

Rum—ti—iddity, bow—wow—wow! (*Dances a hornpipe, singing—*

Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity!

Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity!

Rum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity—iddity!

Bow—wow—wow!

Nanci. He must be madder than a hatter  
To make a joke of a hanging matter!—  
You've got my necklace, and my ring, sir;  
Besides, I've not another thing, sir.

Rump. Why, then, little chuck, I suppose you must die;  
Hanged by that pretty little neck. Good-bye!

(*He imitates hanging by a chuck at his own neck, and is going.*

Nanci. Stop! Stop! (*Aside.*) I must find out some way  
Of giving this horrible owl his pay.

(*Aloud.*) Look here, sir: if to be queen I live,  
Of course I shall then have plenty to give;  
And, if you will only do my task,

I'll promise whatever you like to ask.

Rump. You will?—it's a bargain?

Nanci.

Yes.

Rump.

Then, maybe,

You won't object to give me your baby;  
The first little interesting thing

That pules and pukes in the house of the King.

Nanci. Oh, sir! what bosh! You ridiculous gaby!  
What could you possibly do with a baby?

Rump. Never you mind: I'll have nothing but that.

Nanci. Oh, dear! you horror! What can you be at?  
But what would you do with it? How would you treat it?

Rump. My dear, I'll promise you not to eat it.  
You'd find it yourself to be nothing but bother;  
Besides, you could easily buy another.

Nanci. Oh, you little baneful star!  
How I wonder what you are!

Rump. (*Shudders.*) Bother with your bad quotation!  
Poetry's my detestation!

You want to know what I am: I will show  
Just as much as I choose you to know.

We dwell in the caves, and in dark gold-mines;  
We dance in the light of the moon when it shines;

We frighten night-wanderers out of their wits,  
And, when we are merry, we tear 'em to bits;

Perhaps we shall grow less cruel and wild,

When we've got among us your brat of a child.

*Nanci.* Strange, weird creature, your horrible words  
Seem to be turning my blood into curds!

What—what will you do with the child, if you get it?

*Rump.* Oh, won't we dandle, and fondle, and pet it!  
Dance to the tune of it's horrible squall,  
And toss it and bounce it about like a ball!

If it's a girl—and a passable one—

Perhaps I'll allow her to marry my son.

*Nanci.* Your son? You have a son, then?

*Rump.*

Rather!

*Nanci.* I hope he's nicer than his father.

*Rump.* Would you like to see him?

*Nanci.*

Yes.

*Rump.*

I'll call him.

*Nanci.* (*Aside.*) May all the plagues in the world befall him!

(*Music—RUMPLESTILTSKIN goes to the back of the stage, and whistles.*)

*Enter LITTLE RUMPLE, from the back; he plays antics and makes grimaces at NANCIBELL. The two Goblins dance together.*

*Rump.* Well, what do you think of my son for a match?

*Nanci.* He doesn't strike me as a very great catch.

But, come, you have acted the fool sufficiently:

Sit down to your spinning and do it efficiently.

*Rump.* I shall have the baby then?

*Nanci.*

No doubt of it.

(*Aside.*) I'll find some way of getting out of it.

*Rump.* Before I begin, just give me a kiss!

(*Approaching.*)

*Nanci.* Beast, get away!

*Rump.*

What a stuck-up miss!

(*He sits down to the wheel, and spins straw into gold. Weird music behind the scenes. NANCIBELL looks on in astonishment—LITTLE RUMPLE plays antics and makes faces. N.B.—The spinning-wheel is charged with straw—As RUMPLESTILTSKIN turns the wheel and manipulates the straw, which conceals a number of gold-colored coins, these he causes to drop to a tray on the floor, making a tinkling sound. Music—"Spinning-wheel Chorus" from "Marta."—Flotow. Closed in.*)

RUMPLESTILTSKIN.

C.

NANCIBELL.  
L.C.

LITTLE RUMPLE.  
L.C.

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene II. Fourish.*

*Enter PRIME MINISTER, his LADY, and LADY HELEN, angrily, from L.*

*Lady.* (c.) Indeed, I can't express my detestation  
Of their vulgarity and affectation.

*Helen.* (L.) The Queen, mammy, is better than the rest.

*Lady.* Why, yes, she is, and less absurdly drest.  
But she's an artful domineering thing,  
And makes a perfect puppet of the King.

*Prime M.* (R.) Why, he reveres her as a female Daniel!

*Helen.* She makes him fetch and carry like a spaniel.

*Prime M.* The father seems a fat, good-natured fellow.

*Lady.* He's well enough to laugh at, when he's mellow.

*Helen.* That Betsy Jane's the worst.

*Lady.* (Ironically.) My dear, take care!  
She now is Lady Elizabeth Jane Millère.

*Helen.* She gives me such long lectures.

*Lady.* Out upon her!

*Enter BETSY JANE, L.*

*Betsy.* Her Majesty requires her maid of honor.

*Lady.* You'd better go, my dear.

*Betsy.* (HELEN crosses to L.) Of course she'll go.  
And mind you're guilty, miss, of no *faux-pas*. (*Exit HELEN, L.*)

*Prime M.* You need not fear our daughter's strict propriety.

*Lady.* She's been accustomed to the best society.

*Betsy.* If that's a 'it at me, mem, on my word,  
Your iniwendo's vulgar and absurd.  
I'm the Queen's sister, mem, I knows my station :  
(To PRIME MINISTER.) Mine, sir, is not a menial sitiuation.

*Enter JOAN, L.*

*Joan.* Her Majesty's a-coming : it's her pleasure  
That you, sir, should escort her infant treasure.

*Prime M.* (Skips quickly over to L.) I fly to execute her high  
belhest,  
My Lady Duchesse de Millère. (*He bows low, sneers, and exits, L.*)

*Joan.* You'd best.

*Lady.* (Aside.) The snob! What ignominy we endure!

*Joan.* (Crossing to c., and condescendingly offering two fingers.)  
Madaume, I'm glad to see you, I am sure.

(LADY, R., bows majestically. JOAN returns the bow in an exaggerated way, withdrawing her hand.)

*Joan.* I'm glad to say I'm by the Queen instructed  
To say she finds your daughter well-conducted.

*Betsy.* (L.C.) If she behaves as I've took pains to train her.  
My sister in her service will retain her. (Flourish.)

*Enter MILLER, L., carrying a gold rod, and bowing on the KING, leading NANCIBELL, as the QUEEN, followed by HELEN; then PRIME MINISTER, carrying a cot with Baby in it; NURSE walks beside it; COUNTESS following. The QUEEN and KING stand C. The cot is placed L.C.*

*King.* (C.) My darling queen, is all arranged to suit ye?

*Queen.* (C.) Give me my babe: I want to kiss the beauty.

(NURSE takes Baby out of cot, and presents it to the PRIME MINISTER, who presents it to the KING, and he to the QUEEN.)

*King.* (To MILLER, R. of him.) My Lord Gold Stick, what a delight is this,

To revel in such pure domestic bliss!

*Miller.* To see you both so happy, for my part,  
It warms the very cockles of my heart.

*Queen.* King!

*King.* Darling?

*Queen.* To it's cot return the treasure.

(It is returned with the same ceremony as before, when the PRIME MINISTER crosses to L. corner.)

*Queen.* (Sighing.) Hubby, do think of something for diversion.  
I want to be amused without exertion.  
I find these state occasions rather slow.

*Miller.* Ditto say I to that—I finds 'em so.  
Grand as I feel with this gold poker 'ere,  
I sometimes wants my baccy and my beer.

*Betsy.* (R.C., aside to JOAN.) Ma, did you hear his vulgar observation?

*Joan.* (R., aside.) Love, he's incapable of cultivation.

*Queen.* (To KING.) I told you to amuse me: don't you hear?

*King.* I'll do my very best, my dearest dear:

Suggest some way, P. M., (to PRIME MINISTER) I charge you, on your duty,

To cheer the spirits of my Queen of Beauty.

*Prime M.* My liege, your question must have some solution:  
Would her Grace line to—see an execution?

*Queen.* Idiot!

*Lady.* (R. corner.) Excuse me, madam, I implore you;  
My Lord Gold Stick might dance a jig before you.

*Countess.* (L.) Or you and your sweet girl might act a scene:  
Say, that old piece—"I would not be a queen."—

*Queen.* You're somewhat bold, my ladies.

*Helen.* (At back of QUEEN, as the Lady-in-waiting.) My advice is  
To send for strawberries and cream, and ices.



*Queen.* Oh, sickening!

*John.* For dresses, dear, I know your passions—  
Send for your milliners, and discuss the fashions.

*Betsy.* Or let this person show her eddication,  
(*Pointing to HELEN.*)

By giving us a potry recitation.

*Queen.* Bother you all!—you make my mis'ry double;  
I'm bored to death. Fan me! (*To HELEN.*) I hate the trouble.  
(*HELEN takes the QUEEN's fan and fans her.*)

(*To KING.*) Think of some fun, or you sha'n't stand beside me.

*King.* I will, I will!—pray, dearest, do not chide me.  
Some fun—let's see. (*To PRIME MINISTER.*) What is fun? Do you  
hear, P. M? Dost know?

*Prime M.* I think, my gracious liege, it's something low.

*Miller.* King, son-in-law, I've hit it! Let us sing  
Some jolly rattling chorus!

*Queen.* Just this thing!  
Hubby, you'll join?

*King.* Yes, darling, if I may.

*Miller.* Let's sing "A Song o' Sixpence." Fire away!  
(*"A Song of Sixpence sing."*)

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket-full of rye," &c.

*As the chorus ends, music for the entrance, L., of RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE, and LITTLE RUMPLE; they dance grotesquely, singing "Rum—ti—iddity;" they saluam to KING, &c., with their backs to the audience, then dance to L.C., where they saluam again, then stand still; as they approach L.C., the COUNTESS screams and rushes over to R.; Courtiers show great alarm.*

*Miller.* Gracious! what can they be! Look at 'em, granny!  
For sartin sure, I think they're aught but canny.

*Betsy.* Oh, my, they're spectrises!

*King.* My Lord Prime Minister,  
Arrest them! Ask their names!—their looks are sinister.  
(*PRIME MINISTER approaches them timidly. They rush at him, and he flies in terror into extreme L. corner.*)

*Rump.* (L.C.) What are you frightened at? What a to-do!  
Hang it! I think I am as pretty as any o' you!

*King.* Who are you, and what do you want?

*Rump.* You precious maff,  
Let the queen speak: she knows me well enough.

*King.* (*To QUEEN.*) What does he want? You know this crea-  
ture, dear?

*Rump.* (*Stamping his foot.*) She does—that's flat!

*King.* Flat-footed you do mean!

*Queen.* (*Trembles.*) I—I—I think he wants——

*Rump.* Why, of course I do—I want the brat!  
(He bounds to the cot, and is seizing the baby, when the QUEEN confronts him, looking daggers, from a

*Queen.* Hold, sir! Don't act in such indecent hurry.

*King.* dear, this pleasant gentleman and merry  
Did me a service once, and, I believe,  
Something I promised him; he, I conceive,  
Thinks he can claim my baby,

*King.* How ridiculous!

*Rump.* (*Aside.*) With blarney now she's going to try and tickle  
us;

She won't, though. Look here, missus—it's a bargain!  
You cannot humbug me with courtly jargon.

*Queen.* So true! But one thing, pray, explain to me;  
You've brought more friends than I had hoped to see;  
This your son, I know:—the pretty dear!

(LITTLE RUMPLE jumps forward, saluans before QUEEN; she  
puts his cheek; he bites her finger; she utters a little cry; he  
jumps with joy and gets back to L.)

But who's this lovely lady I see there? (*Points to MRS. RUMPLE.*

*Rump.* My wife, ma'am! Out of pure consideration  
I made her come to do the titivation.

For, seeing how tender the baby must be,

And how you'd be funky to trust it to me,

I thought you'd be glad that a lady should take it,

To toss it, and bump it, and pinch it, and shake it,

And whip it to sleep, when it cries in the night,

And gave it it's a bottle. (*To MRS. RUMPLE.*) You've brought it?

*Mrs. R.* All right!  
I'll give it it's a bottle! (*Pulls a large black bottle out of her pocket.*

*King.* What's in it?

*Mrs. R.* Why, whisky!

The best stuff for babies, it makes 'em so frisky.

*Queen.* Good friends, you're most consid'rate; but, I say,

Suppose you grant me just three days delay?

Set me some task most difficult to do;

If it's not done, I give the babe to you.

Consider the proposal—just for fun.

*Rump.* (*Aside.*) Not a bad notion; but I won't be done.

(*Aloud.*) I like a joke. Look here, my queenly dame,

In three days' time you must find out my name!

If not, I positively claim the baby.

*Queen.* Agreed!

*Rump.* Agreed! (*Aside.*) Won't she be floored, the  
gaby! (*Musica.*

(*Aloud.*) Fol-de-rol-diddle! I've caught her now!

Rum—ti—iddity, bow, wow, wow!

(RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE, and LITTLE RUMPLE dance round, and out of, the room, L.

*King.* My dear, this is a serious situation.

*Miller.* A most uncommon, bothering aggravation!

*Queen.* I was obliged to put him off some way.

(To PRIME MINISTER.) My Lord, you must endeavor, night and day, To find the creature's name.

*King.* Send spies about  
In all directions. We must find it out.

*Prime M.* My liege, you may rely upon my zeal.

*Betsy.* The case is hopeless.

*Joan.* (Affectedly fabulating.) Oh, how bad I feel!

*Countess.* (R., to JOAN, offering a bottle of salts.) Here, take my salts. I fear her grace will faint;

Her nerves are strung so finely.

*Joan.* (Jumping up—looks defiantly.) No, they ain't!

*Lady.* I do so sympathise!

*Miller.* I don't believe you.

(To KING and QUEEN.) My dears, we'll do our possibles to relieve you

From this sad mess; and, till our plans is ripe,

I'll take the liberty to go and smoke my pipe.

But it may be thought as well, afore we leave,

To enjoy a dance and tune, or, a jolly row;

What shall it be?

*King.* Rum—ti—iddity, bow wow, wow!

(*Music—All the characters sing and dance off L. MILLER leads the way, bowing, singing, and dancing round the stage, followed by KING and QUEEN, then HELEN and LADY, BETSY JANE and JOAN; after them—singing, dancing, and sneering—the PRIME MINISTER, who has seized the cot; is opposed by NURSE; they follow out L., Baby crying.*)

SCENE V.—A Back and Out Wood. A caldron hanging from three sticks, c. Stage dark. Music continued.

Enter RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE, LITTLE RUMPLE, and Elves, through cut woods at back. They dance before the caldron. Calcium lights—various colored mediums—thrown occasionally on the figures.

*Rump.* (c.) Ha! my hearties! let's be jolly!  
Splitting with laughter at human folly!  
The Queen's little brat is my own! Hurrah!

Eh, little wife?

All. (*The family, and elves.*) Hê! hâ! hê! hê! hâ!

(*They dance, laughing, round the caldron.*)

Mrs. R. (R.C.) What shall we do with it?

Rump. Bang it, and wallop it,

Bleed it and blister it, blue-pill and jalap it,

Pelt it, hung up by its toes from a tree—

A nice little toy for my Rump and me!

Hâ! little son, you have got a fine wife!

Mrs. R. Mammy will teach him to lead her a life!

Rump. Will the Queen find out my name?

(*All the Elves, Goblins, &c., laugh satirically.*)

Mrs. R. Not a bit on it!

Rump. Rumpelstiltskin! she never can hit on it.

(*The PRIME MINISTER and MILLER look through a cut wood opening at the back, and suddenly disappear.*)

Mrs. R. Oh, the grand folks! How I hate them!

Rump. Ha! ha!

Won't they be sorrowful?

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Rump. But now it is time to prepare a grand feast,

For welcoming duly the vile little beast.

Look alive, then, you rascals, and show us your mettle

By gathering ingredients to boil in our kettle.

(*The Elves disperse, while RUMPLESTILTSKIN stands by the caldron. Elves return and bring things to him. Descriptive music, as the Elves, &c., come running in.*)

Rump. What's this? Oh, a hedgehog! a toad! and a rat!

The heart of a lover! an alderman's fat!

The brain of a poet! tit-bits for the pot! (Mrs. RUMPLE comes.)

Aha! little wife, and what have you got?

A batch of drown'd kittens, delicious of savor. (*Smelling them.*)

And a fox, and a ferret, to give it a flavor!

Won't it turn out a magnificent gruel!

Mrs. R. Stuff to make all of us frisky, and cruel!

(*RUMPLESTILTSKIN stirs the mixture with a stake; then sings.*)

# SONG.

"Merrily a feast I'll make:  
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake:  
Merrily I'll dance and sing;  
For next day will a stranger bring.  
Little does my lady dream  
Rumpelstiltskin is my name!"

(*Laughs in a fiendish manner.*)

**Chorus.** Little does my lady dream  
 Rumpelstiltskin is his name,  
 Rumpelstiltskin,  
 Rumpelstiltskin,  
 Rumpelstiltskin is his name!

(*He lights the fire under the caldron in a pan containing brandy and salt. They all dance round it, singing, (or screaming) "Rumpelstiltskin," etc. Then all exeunt through various parts of the cut woods.*)

*Enter PRIME MINISTER and MILLER, from behind a tree, at back.*

**Prime M.** (*Approaching timidly.*) I think we now may venture forward, friend;

They've brought their awful revels to an end.

But—I don't know—the scene was most alarming!

**Miller.** They seem to be a set o' precious varmint.

While they were throng wi' their uncanny hopping,

They little thought that we were there eaves-dropping.

**Prime M.** At any rate, we've learnt his name.

**Miller.**

That's true.

Aye, Rumpelstiltskin—and a bonny 'un too!

Whoever called him so, it was a shame!

He's had no chance with such a heathen name.

**Prime M.** Let's go, my friend, let's go!—the place is haunted.

**Miller.** Keep a good conscience, and you'll not be daunted.

(*He prowls about, exploring.*)

**Prime M.** We've seen enough: how can you be so daring?

**Miller.** I'll tell you what, old chap, I'm used to scaring;

I'd sooner face a hundred bogies raging

Than one old wife, when she begins rampaging.

(*Looks into the caldron.*)

Pah!—what a mess!—and how it stinks!

**Prime M.**

Take care!

The smell may poison you.

**Miller.** (*Pointing to a dark spot.*)

Be! look, what's there!

**Prime M.** (*Starting back in terror.*) Gracious!

(*PRIME MINISTER has a trick wig—he pulls his hair straight up.*)

**Miller.**

Ho! ho! ho! ho! His hair's on end!

**Prime M.** I will report you to the King, my friend;

You are too bold:—a Minister of State

Cannot have tricks played on him at this rate.

**Miller.** Report me to the King? You're rayther green;

Suppose that I report you to the Queen!

My lass is mistress now, you may depend on't.

**Prime M.** Too true! too true!

**Miller.**

Come, come! shake hands, and make an end on't!

Put up wi' a miller's manners, if you can :

You see, I always was a joky man.

*Prime M.* No more of your jokes, I beg you ; I'm so nervous.

*Miller.* Wait till I light my pipe. (*Lights it.*) I'm at your service.

*Prime M.* Come then. (*Pulling him away.*) Delay will irritate the King.

*Miller.* My bonny lass ! Won't she be pleased, poor thing !

(*He begins to sing "Rum—ti—iddity," and dance—the PRIME MINISTER shows his fear, and drags him, laughing, off through the back of the wood. Closed in.*)

**SCENE VI.—A Front Garden.**

*Enter QUEEN, with HELEN, from R., followed by NUNN, with Baby.*

*Queen.* Here for a while, dear Helen, we take breath

From all that state that bores us both to death.

Do let us throw off all our buckram here.

You'll be my bosom friend—now, won't you, dear ?

*Helen.* Your Majesty's too kind.

*Queen.* Don't talk such stuff ;

Of courtly humbug I have had enough.

The King's a perfect darling, it is true ;

He does as ~~once~~ whatever I bid him do.

But all that etiquette is like a fetter—

I almost think like in the mill was better.

*Helen.* You'll soon get used to it.

*Queen.* But there's one blister—

A constant one ; my most provoking sister.

I fear she bullies you : don't mind her darling.

*Helen.* Oh, I care very little for her snarling !

*Queen.* You see, this evening, to get rid of state,

I've made arrangements for a garden fête.

You heard the orders given about dress ?

You're ready with your costume aren't you ?

*Helen.* Yes !

*Queen.* That elf, too, will be coming, I suppose,

To claim my precious—bless its little nose !

And ~~and~~ you blurs I thought such forms grotesque

Might make a scene absurdly picturesque.

*Helen.* I shall be frightened.

*Queen.* No, not you !

*Helen.* What luck

(*Kissing baby.*)

You found the horror's name out!

Queen. (*To Baby.*) Ah, my chuck!

Did Bogie want it? But he s'all not get it!

No, dat he s'a'n't!

(*Petting the baby.*)

Helen. (*Doing the same.*) How nice it is to pet it!

(*The QUEEN and HELEN pet the baby, and exeunt L.—the NURSE follows, imitating their actions, without the Baby.*)

SCENE VII.—*A Back Garden. Trees, shrubs, &c. Chinese lanterns among them.*

*Enter QUEEN, followed by the KING, from L. at back, dressed as shepherds; NURSE attending with the Baby.*

Queen. I've caught you then at last?

King.

Yes, darling, here I am;

What shall I do?

Queen.

Look at our precious lamb.

(*KING takes it.*)

Kiss it.

King. Yum! yum! Ha! catchy! Little baby bunting!

Ba, ba! black sheep! Daddy's gone a-hunting!

(*Kisses it.*)

Queen. There, that will do, (*Nurse takes baby and stands R.*) Now, of this evening's fun

I wish to speak. Is all I told you done?

King. Yes, dear: they're all provided with their dresses,

As you enjoined—shepherds and shepherdesses.

Queen. What said my sister? Did not *she* resist?

King. Oh, yes! she put herself in *such* a twist!

She said 'twas frivolous—she hated masquerading,

And to enact low life she thought degrading.

Queen. How did you manage her?

King.

By royal bounties:

In her own right I made her straight a Countess;

Then she came round.

Queen.

Well done, my clever King!

What else?

King.

My dear, there was one single thing

In which your plan seemed wanting. Shepherds keep

Flocks—else they're humbugs. I've provided sheep!

Queen. But how? We can't have live sheep scrambling here.

King. You'll see how nicely I've contrived, my dear.

I have devised, too, (with your leave, dear queen,) a

sort of little operatic scene.

Would you mind hiding there behind the trees?

Ion'll see the reason soon.

Queen. Well, as you please.

(Music—He kisses her hand and leads her behind a shrub, then blows a whistle.

Enter all the Courtier characters in the drama, from various entrances, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, with crooks and Pandean pipes. Each drags a little toy sheep. They march round the stage, and arrange themselves in a group, with their sheep before them. KING walks moodily about, then approaches them.

King. (Sings.) "Shepherds, shepherds, tell me,  
Tell me, have you seen  
My Flora pass this way?" etc.

(Courtiers look at each other, at a loss.

Miller. No, we've not seen her nowhere, bless your heart!

Prime M. (Nudging him.) We ought to sing.

Miller. But I've forgot my part.

(To KING.) Our watch for Flora, sir, we could not keep,  
We've been so bothered wi' these plaguey sheep.

Lady. (To PRIME MINISTER.) My Lord Gold Stick extemporises.

Prime M. True,

I wish he wouldn't. I've quite lost my one.

Lady. The King himself can't think what next to do.

King. Go on! You know your parts.

Miller. We don't, sir. Dash!

Joan. The whole thing's going to go a regular smash!

Enter QUEEN, from her concealment.

Queen. Ye nymphs and shepherds—such ye seem to be—  
If I am Flora, what d'you want with me?

King. Fall on your knees—my Flora is before us!

Do sing, at any rate, the final chorus!

(A May-pole, with wreaths hanging from its top, brought in. QUEEN stands in the centre, holding the May-pole. Nymphs and shepherds dance round it, holding the wreaths, and sing (from SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S "May Queen.")—

"With a laugh as we go round  
To the merry, merry sound  
Of the tabor and the pipe,  
We will frolic on the green;  
For since the world began,  
And our royal river ran,  
Was never such a May-day,  
And never such a Queen!



As the chorus concludes, the music suddenly changes, and enter, from U. L. L., RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE, and LITTLE RUMPLE, singing "Rim—ti—tadity" and dancing, followed by the Brides, &c.; they all stand L. C. Courtiers thrown into confusion and scramble over to R.

Betsy. (To JOAN.) What comes of this play-acting, ma, you see My sister would not be forewarned by me.  
I said such vanities was tempting fate:

This is a judgment, as she'll learn too late!

Joan. Oh, Betty, Jane! let us keep near the gate!

Rump. (L. C.) Pretty lady, here I am,  
Come to claim the precious lamb.

Queen. (c.) Won't you still forego your claim?

Rump. Nonsense! Tell me what's my name!

(QUEEN pretends to weep.

King. (m.c.) Can you bear to see a lady  
Weeping? Let her tears persuade ye!

Rump. Oh, Rumpelstiltskin!

King. The child forego;

Aught beside I will bestow;

Any kind of priceless jewel.

Miller. What's the use of being so cruel?

Prime M. You'll find, dear sir, a generous action  
Will afford you inward satisfaction.

Rump. Bother your humbug! Fire and flame!

Tell me—tell me—tell me my name!

Queen. Would you could feel what my distress is!

But you'll allow me a few guesses?

Rump. Guess away!

Queen. Can it be Bartholomew? (He shakes his head,  
Caliban? Scratch? Jack-o'-lantern?

Rump. Poooh, poooh!

Queen. Perhaps Gargantua? Patrick? Or Rory?

Rump. Bosh!

Queen. Octopus? Ichthyocentrus? John Dory?

Rump. Fudge!

Queen. Flibbertigibbet? Mephistopheles?

Bandy-legs? Goggle-eyes? Nosy?

Mrs. R. You'll please

Not to reflect on his beautiful features.

Betsy. How can she parley with such dreadful creatures?

King. Alas! you'll have to give it up, I fear.

Miller. (Nudging the KING.) And let him have the baby.

Rump. Hear, hear, hear!

Hurroosh!—it is mine! I have got it at last!

(He bounds forward to clutch the baby.

Queen. One moment, my friend—you move rather too fast,

Take it calmly, if you can,

When I ask you, my good man,

(*Slowly.*) Can your name be *Rumplestiltskin*!

*Rump.* (*Starting back.*) Some witch has told you! How did you get to know?

*Miller.* His name is *Rumplestiltskin*—ho, ho, ho!

*All.* (*On the B. of the stage, pleased, and repeat the name.*) *Rumplestiltskin*—ho, ho, ho!

*Rump.* (*Jumps about, and stamps furiously.*) *Bother!* I've stamped my foot into the floor,  
And cannot pull it out again no more!

(*He tries to pull his foot out with both hands; MRS RUMPLE and LITTLE RUMPLE help him. At last they get it out; he hops about on one leg, howling; LITTLE RUMPLE also howls.*)

*Mrs. R.* Oh, you villain! you shall catch it!

Where's the baby? Won't I scratch it!

(*She rushes up to NURSE, who is near the QUEEN, &c.; she flies, and drops the baby. MRS. RUMPLE seizes it, and is running off with it. MILLER follows, and trips her up. She falls, throwing away the baby. RUMPLESTILTSKIN takes it up, and flings it at the head of the PRIME MINISTER, who is following up from B. General scintillation. As PRIME MINISTER, JOAN, and BETSY JANE try to escape, the elves jump on their backs and frighten them. As the row is going on, fairy music heard at the back of cut woods and trees.*)

### FAIRY CHORUS.

"From the banks of woodland brooks,  
Flowery glades, and shaded nooks;  
Haunted groves that nightly gleam  
In the pale moon's glimmering beam,  
We come, we come!

"Ghosts and goblins dare not meet us:  
Sleeping flowers wake up to greet us:  
Brightening all the dewy green,  
Singing, dancing, round our Queen,  
We come, we come!

*Enter FAIRY QUEEN and good Fairies, suddenly from behind the back trees. The Elves cease from their pranks, and try to escape. FAIRY QUEEN touches them with her wand. They stand suddenly still.*

*Fairy Q.* (c.) Fly not yet! you may not go!  
My superior power you know.  
Thus I draw a circle round you;  
In a fairy ring I've bound you.  
Oh, you wicked, spiteful elves,  
You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

**King.** (*Coming forward, &c.*) Sweet strangers, whoso'er you be  
I bid you welcome heartily.  
You seem not like the things of earth,  
And of a higher, purer birth  
Than those whom you have pinn'd so tight.  
What can we do for your delight?

**Fairy Q.** King, we come to lend you aid  
'Gainst the plots those elves have laid.  
Strong and baneful as they are,  
I and mine are stronger far.  
Unsubstantial we, and airy;  
Yet I am the Queen of Fairy.  
Safe through me from elfish spite,  
You and yours may rest to-night.

**King.** (*To QUEEN.*) My queen, with welcome kind and hearty,  
I'm sure you'll greet this pleasant party.

**Queen.** (*R.C.*) Friends, for my darling babe and me,  
I thank and greet you heartily.

**Prime M.** Illustrious Powers, I scarce can find expressions,  
To intimate my most profound impressions.  
My wife and daughter, madam—pray befriend them.

**Fairy Q.** All fairy blessings still attend them!

(*She waves her wand over them.*)

**Lady.** We prize your favors much.

**Helen.**

Indeed we do!

**Joan.** (*To BETSY.*) It's time I should stick up for me and you.

(*She pushes forward, with BETSY JANE, &c.*)

Ladies, I hope you'll let us share your bounties;  
I'm a Duchess, and my girl's a Countess!

**Betsy.** And whatsoever be their situations,  
We take precedence as the Queen's relations.

(*The Fairies turn their backs on them.*)

Oh, ma! they scorn us! the turn-up-nosed monkeys!

**Miller.** You've made a mess on't once again, ye donkeys!

(*To FAIRY QUEEN.*) Ma'am, don't let their daft impudence distress  
you.

**Fairy Q.** You are a kind and honest man: we bless you.

(*She waves her wand over him.*)

Fairies, let us weave our charms  
To bless this house from nightly harms.  
Not the very Goblin King,  
Ever blight or bane can bring,  
When our feet have traced a ring.

(*The Fairies come forward and dance round the FAIRY QUEEN, &c.*)

**King.** (*Advancing.*) Gracious fairy, pray extend  
Your favor to our tricky friend.  
Powerless now to work us woe,  
Let the merry goblins go!

*Fairy Q.* Thus I loose you : ye are free !

(*Touching Elves, who are L., with her wand—they become free and move.*

Mend your manners.

*Rump.* (L. corner.) Fiddle-de-dee !

(*Sings "Hum—ti—iddity—iddity—iddity," etc. Grand tableau of Fairies and Courtiers. KING in front, c., holding the QUEEN's hand. FAIRY QUEEN, with her two attendant Fairies, elevated behind the rest on a transformation, which descends from back of scene, holding out their wands. Elves squatted in front of stage. RUMPLESTILTSKIN, MRS. RUMPLE and LITTLE RUMPLE, L. corner.*

*King.* Powers of evil all departed,

Safe from harm, and merry hearted

(Thanks to our protecting sprite),

We may bid our friends good-night !

So let's finish, hand in hand,

With a rhyme from Fairy-land.

(*Turning to QUEEN.*) "Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,

Come my lovely lady nigh !

(*To Audience.*) So good-night, with lullaby !"

(*Chorus—"Never harm, nor spell, nor charm," etc.—Concluding bars of "Ye Spotted Snakes," STEVENS.*

### *Disposition of Characters.*

Transformation at back.

FAIRY QUEEN  
and Fairies.

QUEEN. KING.

HELEN.

C.

MILLER.

PRINCE M.

JOAN.

LADY.

BETSY.

COUNT.

R.C.

L.C.

MRS. R.

NURSE.

RUMPLE.

*Elves squatted on stage,*

LITTLE R.

R.

C.

L.

CURTAIN.

## SONG.—"Rum-ti-Id-ditty."

*f* Rum - ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty - id - di - ty.

The first system of the musical score for 'Rum-ti-Id-ditty'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is marked with accents (^) over the first, third, and fifth measures. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a 6/8 time signature, marked with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics 'Rum - ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty - id - di - ty.' are written below the vocal line.

Rum - ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty - id - di - ty, Rum - ti - id - di - ty,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the same melody and accents. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The lyrics 'Rum - ti - id - di - ty - id - di - ty - id - di - ty, Rum - ti - id - di - ty,' are written below the vocal line.

Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Bow, wow, wow.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the phrase 'Bow, wow, wow.' The piano accompaniment also concludes. The lyrics 'Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Rum - ti - id - di - ty, Bow, wow, wow.' are written below the vocal line.

## SONG.—"Merrily a Feast I'll Make."

Mer - ri - ly a feast I'll make! To - day I'll brew, to -

The first system of the musical score for 'Merrily a Feast I'll Make'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time (C) signature. The melody is marked with accents (^) over the first, third, and fifth measures. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a common time (C) signature. The lyrics 'Mer - ri - ly a feast I'll make! To - day I'll brew, to -' are written below the vocal line.

mor - row bake, Mer - ri - ly I'll dance and sing! To -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are 'mor - row bake, Mer - ri - ly I'll dance and sing! To -'.

mor - row will a stran - ger bring. Lit - tle does my

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'mor - row will a stran - ger bring. Lit - tle does my'.

la - dy dream, Rum - ple - stilt - skin is my name.

*ff unis.*

*(Here E. laughs in a fiendish manner, ad lib.)*

The third system includes a dynamic marking of *ff unis.* and a performance instruction: *(Here E. laughs in a fiendish manner, ad lib.)*. The lyrics are 'la - dy dream, Rum - ple - stilt - skin is my name.'

*a tempo. pp* *cres.* *ff*

*(whisper.)*  
Rum - plestiltskin, Rum - plestiltskin, Rum - ple - stilt - skin is my name.

*tempo pp* *cres.*

The fourth system features dynamic markings *a tempo. pp*, *cres.*, and *ff*, along with the instruction *(whisper.)*. The lyrics are 'Rum - plestiltskin, Rum - plestiltskin, Rum - ple - stilt - skin is my name.' The system concludes with *tempo pp* and *cres.*

CHO.—"Little does my Lady dream."

*pp* *f* *unis.*

Lit - tle does my la - dy dream Rum-ple-stilt-skin is his name,

*pp* *cres.*

Rumplestiltskin, Rumple-stiltskin, Rum-ple-stilt-skin is his name.

### FAIRY CHORUS.

112.

1st SOP. *Lightly, and with expression.*

From the banks of woodland brooks, Flow'ry glades and shaded

2d SOP. *p*

From the banks of woodland brooks, Flow'ry glades and shaded

nooks, Haunted groves that night-ly gleam In the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) has a melodic line with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

pale moon's glim - 'ring beam; From the banks of woodland

We come! We

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* (pianissimo) marking.

brooks, Flowery glades and sha - ded nooks, Haunted

come? We come! we come!

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line concludes with a phrase that overlaps into the next line. The piano accompaniment continues with the established rhythmic motif.



groves that nightly gleam In the pale moon's glim'ring

We come! we come!.... We come! we

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

beam; Ghosts and gob - lins dare not meet us, Sleep-ing

come! Ghosts and gob - lins dare not meet us, Sleep-lag

This system contains the next two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

flow'rs rise up to greet us, Bright'ning all the dew-y green,

flow'rs rise up to greet us, Bright'ning all the dew-y green,

This system contains the final two staves of music on the page. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats. The music concludes with a final chord.

*cres. rall. f ad lib. pp tempo.*

Sing-ing, dancing round our Queen....

From the

Singing, dancing, singing, dancing round our Queen.

*cres. colla voce.*

*ped.*

*tempo. pp*

*tempo.*

banks of wood-land brooks, Flowery glades and sha-ded

We come! we

come!

we come! we

brooks,

Sing - ing,

danc - ing,

come!..... Sing - ing, we come! danc - ing, we come!

First system of musical notation. It consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves have lyrics underneath them. The piano part is on the bottom staff.

sing - ing, we come, we come! Sing - ing

sing - ing, we come, we come! Sing - - ing

Second system of musical notation. It consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves have lyrics underneath them. The piano part is on the bottom staff. Performance directions like 'cres.', 'rall.', and 'ad lib.' are placed above the vocal staves, and 'cres. rall.' and 'colla voce.' are placed above the piano staff.

*cres.* *rall.* *ad lib.*

Danc - ing, danc - ing, we come, we come!

Danc - ing, danc - ing, we come, we come!

*cres. rall.* *colla voce.*

# S K I N F L I N T .

A CHARADE, IN THREE ACTS,

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

# SKINFLINT.

—:O:—

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD FANGLE.  
JACK HILTON.  
WALTER DAPPER, (*LORD FANGLE'S Valet.*)  
JACK FLINT, (*Afterwards JONES, the Butler.*)  
BUTTONS, (*A Boy.*)  
MISS LYDIA BLOOM, (*Afterwards LADY FANGLE.*)  
THE DOWAGER LADY FANGLE.  
MISS YARKER, (*Afterwards MRS. HILTON.*)  
PARKER, (*MISS BLOOM'S Maid.*)  
THE HON. MISS CONSTANCE FANGLE.  
*A Female Cook, and Servants.*

## COSTUMES.—MODERN AND FASHIONABLE.

## PROPERTIES.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—Table fitted for a lady's boudoir, R.C. Looking-glass, &c., upon it. Easy chair. Other chairs. Handbell on table.

SCENE II.—Sheet of writing paper. Cigar. Bottle of patent face wash.

SCENE III.—Two sets of curtains to French windows, in flats. Fireplace set complete, R. Glass over the mantel. Fender, fire-irons, &c. Ornaments. Sofa between the two windows, C. at back. Easy chair before the fire, R. Table, with cover, R.C. Letters and books on it. Other chairs, &c. Money for LORD FANGLE. Tea service for four, everything complete. Muffins, &c., on tray, and ready to be brought on from L. door.

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—Small bag of flints.

SCENE II.—Curtains to French window, C. Breakfast table, laid for two, C. Chairs, &c. Handbell on table. Bag of flints that were used by JACK FLINT in Scene I.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Table, with table-cloth covering it, and three chairs discovered R.C. Tray, with cloth, and plates covered with pieces of meat and bread. A small jug. Also, a claret jug.

SCENE II.—Tables, with covers, R. and L. of stage. Sofa, R. Chairs and easy chair. Travelling-bags, shawls, wraps, valises of all descriptions, ready L. Open letter.

## S C E N E S.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Centre Door Chamber, Backed by Interior.

SCENE II.—A Front Room.

SCENE III.—A Drawing-Room, with French windows R.F. and L.F., exterior backing. Door U.E.L. Fireplace set, complete, U.E.R.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Park Scene. Front grooves.

SCENE II.—A Back Parlor. French window in C. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L. Exterior backing to window.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Front Chamber.

SCENE II.—A Centre Door Chamber, at back. Interior backing. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L.

*The First and Second Acts of this Charade represent the syllables of the word, the Third the whole.*

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means first entrance right and right. L., first entrance left and left. S.E.R., second entrance right. S.E.L., second entrance left. T.E.R., third entrance right. T.E.L., third entrance left. F.E.R., fourth entrance right. F.E.L., fourth entrance left. U.E.R., upper entrance right. U.E.L., upper entrance left. R.F., right flat. L.F., left flat. R.C., right of centre. L.C., left of centre. C., centre. C.D., centre doors. C.R., centre towards right. C.L., centre towards left. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# SKINF LINT.

---

Overture....."Clemenza di Tito".....Mozart.

## ACT I.—FIRST SYLLABLE.

### SCENE I.—A Boudoir.

MISS LYDIA BLOOM discovered sitting B.C., at a table, before a glass.  
PARKER, in attendance, c.

*Miss B.* Parker, look here! I do believe my skin  
Is getting freckled—spots, too, on my chin!  
Tis the hot weather causes it, no question:  
It cannot surely come from indigestion!

*Parker.* Good gracious, ma'am! I can't believe it's true!  
Yet I do think I see a spot or two.

*Miss B.* Pity me, Parker! Oh, what shall I do!  
The very thought of freckles makes me ill—  
Would it do any good to take a pill?

*Parker.* I think you'd better not, upon reflection,  
As it might spoil your general complexion.  
I can't abide pills, potions, and emetics—  
I'm all for washes, powders, and cosmetics.

*Miss B.* Some powder then—a little red—and white.  
How horrible if I should look a fright!



*Parker.* Impossible! Nay, freckled though you grew,  
What would spoil others would look well in you.

*Miss B.* You flatter me, you chit!

*Parker.* Flatter? Not I!  
You can't help looking lovely, though you try.

*Miss B.* I think my face will do now.

*Parker.* Oh, it's sweet!  
Just one touch more—the sight is quite a treat.

*Miss B.* My hands keep nice and white.

*Parker.* Oh, they are loves!

*Miss B.* Wash them with milk, and then I'll wear my gloves.

(During the conversation that follows, PARKER sponges MISS  
BLOOM's hands with milk, powders them, and stretches her  
gloves, which she puts on.

*Parker.* To wash such hands with water were a sin—  
Water should never touch a lady's skin!

*Miss B.* What was that story you were telling, Parker,  
About Lord Fangle offering to Miss Yarker?

*Parker.* It's true: and she refused the high connection,  
Because of his cadaverous complexion.

*Miss B.* Poor Fangle!

*Parker.* He's quite desolate—can't rally.  
I had it all straight from his lordship's valet.

And he had given her such lots of rings.

*Miss B.* Absurd coquette! her color's no great things.

*Parker.* Not like yours, ma'am.

*Miss B.* Should visitors appear,  
I am at home, and will receive them here.

(Bell rings. PARKER exits c.)

Re-enter PARKER, immediately, c., ushering in the DOWAGER LADY FAN-  
GLE and MISS FANGLE.

*Miss B.* (Rising.) Dear Lady Fangle! (Shakes hands.

*Lady F.* How d'ye do, my dear?

*Miss B.* Sweet Constance too! (Crosses to her L.) How nice to  
see you here!

*Lady F.* (R.) Ye don't look well—your color's rather high:  
It don't look natural.

*Miss B.* (Aside, c.) Rude hag!

*Miss F.* (L.) But I

Think my dear friend looks very nice: how clear  
Your tint!

*Miss B.* How kind of you to say so, dear!

*Lady F.* Pooh, pooh! But have you heard about my son?

*Miss B.* No, not a single word. What has he done?

*Lady F.* You know Miss Yarker—vulgar—with red hair:  
But the sole daughter of a millionaire.

Well, he proposed to her, and—such a blow!

*Miss B.* What? You don't like the match?

*Lady F.*

The jade said No!

*Miss B.* Oh, astonishing! She ought to have been elate.

*Miss F.* And my poor brother is in such a state:

Can't eat his breakfast—smokes cigars all day,  
Grows paler every hour and wastes away.

*Miss B.* What could her reason be?

*Lady F.*

You won't believe it;

Nobody in their senses could conceive it.

You know he's elegantly pale and thin:

She said she could not bear a pasty skin!

(*MISS BLOOM covers her face and turns aside to hide laughter.*)

You make a jest of it?

*Miss B.*

Oh, ho! He, he!

I cannot help but sob for sympathy.

*Lady F.* What's to be done?

*Miss B.*

Why, can't he paint?

*Miss F.*

Oh no!

He says he's sure that dodge would be no go;

For she'd soon twig 'twas not his own complexion.

*Lady F.* Perhaps you could teach him how t' escape detection.

*Miss B.* I! In such things I'm quite an ignoramus.

*Miss F.* I'm sure you are, dear.

*Lady F.*

That the case mayn't shame us

We must do something. Are there not some lotions,

Cosmetical appliances, or potions,

That give a healthy lustre to the skin?

*Miss B.* I fear such arts may be a sort of sin.

*Lady F.* Pooh!

*Miss B.*

But my maid may know.

*Lady F.*

I'm sure, my dear,

She knows.

(*MISS BLOOM rings the bell.*)

*Enter PARKER, C. door, and comes down R.C.*

*Miss B.* Her ladyship desires to hear

If you're aware of any kind of lotions,

Cosmetical appliances, or potions,

That outwardly applied, or taken in,

Impart a healthy lustre to the skin.

'Tis for Lord Fangle, who, from over-study,

Has grown too pale, and wants to look more ruddy.

*Parker.* I! Oh, dear, no! In such things I'm a child.

*Lady F.* Don't talk such nonsense, or you'll drive me wild.

*Parker.* Well, now I think ou't—sure I have been told

Of a French shop where such-like things are sold;

And if you'll please to send his lordship's man,

I will oblige his lordship, if I can.

*Lady F.* At once I'll send him.

*Parker.* (*Aside, R.*)

Oh, he's such a duck!

*Lady F.* Sweet friend, good-bye!

*Miss B.*

I wish my lord good luck.

(*Recount LADY FANGLE and MISS FANGLE, C. door.*)

*Miss B.* Good riddance! (*Looks off C.*) But what rubbish!

Think! *Miss Yarker!*

What is the stuff you mean to send him, Parker?

*Parker.* I know what I'm about. Just wait; you'll see.

*Miss B.* I think Lord Fangle might have thought of me.

(*Exit C. door.*)

## SCENE II.—A Front Room.

*Enter JACK HILTON, R., reading a paper—He has his hat and gloves on.*

*Hilton.* What, Fangle! not yet up? Oh, I suppose  
He's drowning disappointment in repose.  
Poor beggar! For *Miss Yarker*, too! I think  
His love was less for beauty than for chink.  
What's here? I picked this up on my way;  
Perhaps 't may give us the time o' day!  
Silly fool! He has penned a sonnet  
To *Yarker's* golden locks, depend upon it.

“Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June!”

(*Laughs.*) Ho, ho, ho! How screwed he must have been to write  
such rot!

If he goes on like that, he goes to pot.

*Enter LORD FANGLE, from L., in dressing-gown and slippers, and  
smoking a cigar, looking very woe-begone.*

*Hilton.* Hallo! old boy; how are you? (*They shake hands.*)

*Lord F.* (L.C.)

Oh, so bad!

*Hilton.* (R.C.) Cheer up! there's more fish in the sea, my lad.

*Lord F.* No fish like *Yarker*. Oh, so richly dear!

Beautiful with twelve thousand charms a year!

*Hilton.* As much as that?

*Lord F.*

And three old aunts with tin!

And the sole cause the color of my skin.

*Hilton.* It's a sad case, indeed. But you'll soon rally.

*Lord F.* No, never! Where the dickens is my valet?

*Enter WALTER DAPPER, triumphantly from L., with a bottle.*

*Hilton.* Just in the nick of time he comes.

*Lord F.* You know,

Why did you leave me desolate?

*Dapper.* I crave

Your lordship's pardon; and I'm sure you'll grant it;

I've got the very thing your lordship wanted.

*Hilton.* What is't? Some wash?

*Dapper.* It is the winning trick, sir.

*Lord F. (Reads.)* "Chrome-recuperative-magical elixir."

Not poisonous?

*Dapper.* No; innocently mild,

It makes an old man like a blooming child.

Miss Bloom's maid gave it to me; my friend, Miss Parker.

*Lord F.* How ominous the name! It rhymes to Yarker!

*Hilton.* Miss Bloom's maid ought to understand complexion's.

*Dapper.* She does, and bade me give my lord directions

That the full tint would not develop fast;

The wash works slowly, but is sure at last.

Perhaps, said she, when my lord leaves his room,

His glass will show but slight access of bloom;

But when he's walked a little in the air,

The sweet effect will make beholders stare.

*Lord F.* Come on, come on, I'm dying to begin!

*Hilton. (With mock sympathy.)* May all the graces help to dye  
your skin!

### TRIO.

*Lord F.* Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June!

*Dapper.* My lord, this lotion will disclose

The wish'd-for roses soon.

*Lord F.* I faint, I die, the wash to try—

*Dapper.* Supplied by Mistress Parker.

*Hilton.* Haste, haste to win, with roseate skin,

*All.* The golden charms of Yarker.

*Chorus.* Who is Yarker, what is she,

That all our swains command her?

Richly dowered with charms is she,

Such grace did Plutus lend her,

That she might admired be,

*Hillon.* Gather your roses, ere they fade ;  
 So says the ancient song, sir ;  
 Your lillies with the golden maid  
 Have done you grievous wrong, sir.  
*Lord F.* I faint, I die, the wash to try—  
*Dapper.* Supplied by Mistress Parker.  
*Hillon.* Haste, haste to win, with roseate skin,  
*All.* The golden charms of Yarker.

*Chorus.* Then to Yarker let us sing,  
 That Yarker is excelling :  
 She excels each mortal thing  
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.  
 To her let us Fangle bring !

(*Exeunt, leading FANGLE out, L.*)

SCENE III.—*A Drawing-Room, with French windows R.R. and L.R.  
 Door U.F.L. Fireplace U.R.R.*

*Enter MISS BLOOM, door U.F.L., dressed for going out ; PARKER following her.*

*Miss B.* (R.) Tea for four, please, Parker, at five precisely.

*Parker.* (L.) Yes, ma'am.

*Miss B.* With muffins. Does my train hang nicely ?  
 (*She crosses over to L., looking back at her train.*)

*Parker.* (R.) Yes, ma'am.

*Miss B.* Miss Yarker's coming, and my Lady Fangle.  
 I want to see them meet.

*Parker.* Perhaps they'll wrangle.

*Miss B.* That would be fun. I sha'n't be long away.

(*Exit, door U.F.L.*)

*Parker.* Let's see what letters she has had to-day.

(*Reads the letters on the table, C.*)

Uninteresting all ! One from her mother—  
 Maternal twaddle !—from her aunt—her brother.  
 They're not worth reading—milk and water all !

(*Looks out of the window, R.F.*)

Why, there's Lord Fangle : he is going to call.  
 Delightful ! How my charm has work'd ! The air  
 Has brought the tint out sweetly, I declare,

Of which, poor man, he's not in the least aware.

(PARKER beckons LORD FANGLE in, from window, R.F.)  
Come in, my lord, Miss Bloom will soon appear.

*Enter LORD FANGLE, door U.E.L.*

*Lord F.* They told me I should find Miss Yarker here.

*Parker.* My lord, my mistress does expect Miss Yarker.

*Lord F.* I'll wait. (PARKER is going L. He calls her back.) Ha!  
by the way, is your name Parker?

*Parker.* It is, your lordship.

*Lord F.* I conjectured so.

You are my benefactress! Don't you know (Taking out his purse.  
Dapper, my man?

*Parker.* Oh, yes!

*Lord F.* Gave him a lotion?

(She nods assent. He gives her money.

*Parker.* Thank you!

*Lord F.* I cannot speak without emotion,

So happy you have made me.

*Parker.* Oh, my lord,

I am so charmed to see your tint restored.

You look quite blooming now.

*Lord F.* Indeed, my glass

Told me a flattering tale, my pretty lass.

And Dapper said that walking in the air

Would add fresh charms. Is there a mirror there?

*Parker.* No.

*Lord F.* Yes, there is. (Looks at fireplace, U.E.R.)

*Parker.* Oh, yes, I quite forgot.

But, oh! for goodness' sake, don't look!

*Lord F.* Why not?

*Parker.* It's such a wretched glass! Don't look, I pray!

It won't tell true.

*Lord F.* I will look—get away!

(She tries to keep him from looking, but in vain.

*Parker.* (Aside.) Good lackaday! he'll find out how he's bitten  
Too soon.

*Lord F.* Good heavens! I'm like an ancient Briton

Painted with woad! Death! Fury!

*Parker.* Oh, my lord,

It is the glass; it is, upon my word.

It always makes one look like that.

*Lord F.* The bell!

(Bell rings, L.)

Who's coming in?

*Parker.* (Looking out window L.F.) As far as I can tell,

My lord, it is my mistress and Miss Yarker.

**Lord F.** Where can you hide me? Hide me, hide me, Parker.

*(He rushes to window, &c.)*

**Parker.** There's the big dog below—don't go along there.

**Lord F.** Oh! Up the chimney! Save me! Anywhere!

**Parker.** They're coming up the stairs.

**Lord F.** Oh, dear! oh, dear!

What shall I do? The only place is here. *(Creeps under the sofa.)*

*Enter Miss BLOOM and Miss YARKER, U.E.L.*

**Parker.** *(Aside to Miss Bloom.)* Lord Fangle's in the room—he's hidden.

**Miss B.** Oh, but, pray,

Do tell me what?

**Parker.** What matter? You know what part to play.

*(Exit U.E.L.)*

**Miss B.** *(R.C.)* You were quite right: you could not take a fellow with such a skin: white, with a tinge of yellow.

**Miss Y.** *(L.C.)* And such a nincompoop! A lord he may be; But he's no less an idiotic gaby.

**Lord F.** *(Aside.)* They're paying me fine compliments, I'm thinking.

**Miss Y.** And p'rhaps his awful color comes from drinking.

**Miss B.** You hardly do him justice—he has parts;

Writes poetry and cultivates the arts.

And, after all, the man's beneath the skin.

*Enter PARKER, U.E.L.*

**Parker.** My lady, and Miss Fangle.

**Miss B.**

Show them in.

*(Exit PARKER, U.E.L.)*

Re-enter PARKER, immediately, U.E.L., ushering in LADY FANGLE and MISS FANGLE, then stands by the sofa.

**Lord F.** *(Aside to PARKER, extending his head from under the sofa.)*

Parker!

**Parker.** Hush! hush!

**Lord F.**

Parker, I say!

**Parker.**

Don't bother!

**Lord F.** For goodness' sake, protect me from my mother!

*(PARKER moves away.)*

**Miss B.** Welcome, sweet Lady Fangle. And you, dear!

**Lady F.** *(Sneers.)* I hardly hoped to find Miss Yarker here.

**Miss B.** Quite accident.

**Miss Y.** *(Looks contemptuously.)* I did not seek the honor!

*(Miss YARKER moves away and sits on the sofa. LADY FANGLE eyes her contemptuously through her eyeglass.)*

Enter **BUTTONS**, *U.E.L.*, bringing in tea, &c., on tray, which he places on table, *R.C.*

**Miss F.** (*Aside.*) Oh, pray, mamma, don't be too hard upon her.

She's rather nice, and we may win her still.

(**BUTTONS** remains waiting behind table, *R.C.*)

**Lady F.** I cannot speak to her: she makes me ill.

(**MISS BLOOM** sits *R.*, **LADY FANGLE L.**, of table.)

**Miss F.** Sugar and cream, Miss Yarker?

**Miss Y.** Thank ye, no!

(**MISS FANGLE**, after taking **MISS YARKER**'s cup to her, sits by her on the sofa.)

**Miss F.** Oh, my dear friend, it has been such a blow

To my poor brother.

**Miss Y.** Has it really?

**Miss F.** Yes.

He can't get over his profound distress.

**Miss Y.** Indeed!

**Miss B.** (*Aside* to **LADY FANGLE**.) One can't account for tastes, you see.

**Lady F.** My son's is rather strange, it seems to me.

Now, look at her!

**Miss B.** She's my friend; but, on my word,

Not quite the girl to estimate my lord,

With his fine genius. Well—I must confess it—

She is a little—how shall I express it?

**Lady F.** Purse-proud and vulgar! (**MISS YARKER** sneezes violently.)

**Miss B.** Oh, my dear Miss Yarker,

You feel the draught. Just move the sofa, Parker.

**Lord F.** Don't, Parker, don't!

(*He pinches her.*)

**Parker.** (*Screams.*) Oh! I must, and for that I will!

**Lord F.** Please, don't! Think of my woes!

**Parker.** Nothing to do with me, so here goes!

**Lord F.** Just wait awhile—I'm going to sneeze.

(**PARKER** moves the sofa forward from window. **LORD FANGLE** scrambles with it as it moves, and tries to remain hidden. Is discovered at last.)

**Lady F.** Sure, there's a rat, or else a dog, Miss Bloom.

**Miss F.** Oh! oh! a robber's got into the room.

(**BUTTONS** seizes **LORD FANGLE** by the leg.)

**Buttons.** I've caught him! Out you rascal! Oh, my eye!

Awful! (*Perceiving **LORD FANGLE**'s face.*)

**Lord F.** Off, Buttons!

**Buttons.** Well, you are a guy!

**Lady F.** You here, my son? And in this fearful case?

What in the world has happened to your face?



*Miss Y. (To MISS FANGLE.)* You told me true. He must be in the blues.

*(To LADY FANGLE.)* My lady, this is not the tint I choose.

His white was bad enough ; but blue is worse. *(Flounces to door.)*

Chameleons put no finger in my purse. *(Exit U. E. L.)*

*Lord F. (C.)* So she has gone! I care not—she has no heart!

But, oh, Miss Bloom, I heard you take my part,

When I was cramped up there and likely to choke.

I'm sure you meant the generous things you spoke.

*Parker. (R., aside to Miss Bloom.)* Ma'am, play your part : the color won't endure :

I've got some stuff will work a perfect cure.

*Miss B. (R. C.)* Really?

*Parker.* Yes, really : 'twas not my device

To spoil his beauty : he'll soon look quite nice.

*Miss B.* My lord, I blame my friend—for my poor part :

A change of color does not change the heart.

Your heart is true, we know.

*Lord F.* Do you say so,

Angel? You are not humbugging?

*Miss B.* Oh, no!

*Lord F.* I am appreciated at last! I say,

I love you, love you in a frantic way!

Would you accept me with my azure skin?

I only loved that harpy for her tin.

*Miss B.* Ah me!

*Lord F.* Without love tin's not worth possessing.

*Miss B.* Support me, Lady Fangle.

*Lady F. (L. C.)* Take my blessing.

*(PARKER comes forward, R.)*

*Parker.* Thus I have served my mistress, and had fun.

So our charade's first syllable is done.

### TRIO AND CHORUS.

*Lady F.* Beauty is but skin deep, they say ;

But is the saying true?

For my son's heart is like his shin ;

You'll find it all true blue.

*Chorus.* Oh ! green is forsaken, and yellow's forsworn,

But blue's the best color that ever was worn !

*Parker.* His skin may change ; his heart will keep

Its color fast and true.

*Lord F.* For oh, my heart is like my skin—

You'll find it all true blue.

*Chorus.*—Oh ! green is forsaken, etc.

*Lady F.* My son is beauteous as the sky  
With its cerulean hue.  
*Parker.* Those rosy cheeks are all my eye :  
There's nothing like true blue.  
*Chorus.*—Oh ! green is forsaken, etc.

*PARKER.* *MISS BLOOM.* *LORD F.* *LADY F.* *MISS F.* *BOTTOM.*  
*E.* *R.C.* *C.* *L.C.* *L.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—SECOND SYLLABLE.

SCENE I.—A Park in Wales. Front Grooves.

*Enter PARKER and DAPPER, walking together, from L., fashionably dressed.*

*Parker.* Oh, Mr. Dapper, if I could believe you !

*Dapper.* Miss Parker, do you think I could deceive you ?  
No ! as the magnet's faithful to the pole,  
So to his Parker is true Dapper's soul.

*Parker.* That's poetry. How sweet !

*Dapper.* In rainy weather  
My lord and I talk poetry together.

It's a grand thing—in these days of democracy—  
To be connected with the aristocracy.

*Parker.* So true ! I would not serve those snobs—not I—  
Who keep a list of everything they buy.  
Fine is a real lady, there's no doubt ;  
Fear what I will, she never finds it out.

*Dapper.* That hat, for instance ?

*Parker.* Certainly.

*Dapper.* Those loves  
Of boots ?

*Parker.* Of course. As for these nice new gloves,  
Just once I kindly let my lady wear 'em.

*Dapper.* As for the bonrgawwee, I can't abear 'em;  
My lord's the same. This tie becomes me nicely?

*Parker.* Charming! You chose it for my lord?

*Dapper.* Precisely!  
You matched those turtles well; for, sure as my name's Walter,  
It was yourself, my dear, as brought them to the halter.

*Parker.* What, with my wash? But, Mr. Dapper, pray,  
How do you like this honeymooning way;  
Stopping for weeks (one hardly sees a face)  
At such a desolate, mountainous place?

*Dapper.* Miss Parker, but for love, and you—d'ye see?—  
I'm certain I should die of ennuee.

*Parker.* How does my lord kill time?

*Dapper.* Oh, he's his fad  
About them flints.

*Parker.* Flints? Is he going mad?  
I hate your flints. After a well-paved street  
I cannot tell you how they hurt my feet.

*Dapper.* Poor little feet! she's such a tender skin.

*Parker.* Yes, and my lady's boots are made so thin.

*(Showing her feet)*

What can his lordship want with flints?

*Dapper.* My dear,  
You're ignorant. There was parties once, I hear,  
Poor naked chaps (we digs 'em up from barrows)  
As knew no better than use flints for arrows,  
My lord collects 'em. He's no low vulgarian,  
But what the gentry calls a hantiquarian.

*Parker.* Good sakes! Your gentry are a useful lot,  
But precious sillies, Dapper, are they not?

*Dapper.* My love their folly serves a useful end:  
I know a trink or two. I've got a friend,  
Jack Flint; but here he comes. Well, honest John!

*Enter JACK FLINT, with a bag, from L.*

*Jack.* Your servant, sir.

*(Takes his hat off)*

*Dapper.* Nay, keep your castor on.  
Got a good stock?

*Jack.* Well, sir, a tidy lot.

*Dapper.* And made them all yourself?

*Jack.* Of course; why not?

*Dapper.* He won't twig, think you?

*Jack.* What, my lord? Not he!

*Parker.* Lawk! what a greenhorn must his lordship be!

*Dapper.* What will you ask?

*Jack.* Why, taking 'em all round,  
I think my lord might stand for twenty pound.

*Dapper.* Good! we go halves.

*Jack.* Yes, if you'll be so good  
As keep his lordship in a virtuous mood.

*Dapper.* In my hands virtue's safe, man.

*Jack.* Flints for ever!

*Dapper.* This is an honest fellow, and a clever.

*Parker.* Oh, very honest. Now I see quite well  
What flints were made for: they were made to sell.

### TRIO AND CHORUS.

*Jack.* My lord is a greenhorn; there can be no doubt;  
My own manufactures he never finds out!

*Chorus.* Yes, flints are for selling: yes, selling's the word;  
For in selling our flints we are selling my lord:  
Selling my lord,  
Selling my lord;  
In selling our flints we are selling my lord.

*Parker.* Oh, Jack! you're a scoundrel; indeed, 'tis a sin  
To take such a pleasure in taking him in.

*Chorus.*—Yes, flints are for selling, etc.

*Dapper.* Be easy, my darling; why make such a fuss?  
It pleases his lordship, and benefits us.

*Chorus.*—Yes, flints are for selling, etc.

(*Exit DAPPER and PARKER, R.*)

*Enter LORD and LADY FANGLE (MISS BLOOM), from L.*

*Lord F.* There's Jack? Ho! any specimens to-day?

*Jack.* A most uncommon lot, as I may say:  
Many a weary mile I've walked, my lord,  
To find 'em; but they're beauties, on my word.

*Lord F.* Well, take them to my lodgings; ask for meat  
And beer.

(*Exit JACK, R.*)

*Lady F.* I think that fellow looks a cheat.

*Lord F.* No; Dapper knows him well (that man's a treasure!)  
And says that I may trust him without measure  
But think, my love, of what you heard from Parker  
To-day about Jack Hilton and Miss Yarker!

*Lady F.* Yes! he's known how for gilded fish to angle  
Better than some! Now, aren't you curious, Fangle?

*Lord F.* My angel, taunt me not with my inanity,  
When I was a victim to that brief insanity.

No! golden cheeks and ruby locks for boobies!

*Lady F.* Still, there are charms, you know, in gold and rubies.  
Rubies are nice, and pearls. I won't give hints;  
But—money *might* be spent on other things than flints.  
But I've more news: I'm told they're coming soon  
To this same place to spend their honeymoon.

*Lord F.* Dear me! dear me! Can it be as you say?  
I never seen her since that dreadful day!

*Lady F.* Dreadful?

*Lord F.* No, blissful—blissful without end!  
The day I found one sympathetic friend!

*Lady F.* Don't be absurd. Look at those sunset tints!

*Lord F.* Come home, my love; I long to see my flints.

(*Exeunt*.)

SCENE II.—A Breakfast-Room at HILTON'S. French window, c.—*exterior* backing. Doors S.E.R. and S.E.L.

MISS YARKER (now MRS. HILTON) discovered seated at the breakfast table, c.

*Mrs. H.* (*Seated* S.C.) He need not think to keep me waiting so;  
Breakfast was ready half an hour ago.  
This is the last time, Jack, I give you warning,  
You go out bathing early in the morning.  
You cannot have your own way now, as soon you'll understand;  
Though married, I took care to keep the purse-strings in my hand.

*Enter* JACK HILTON, from door S.E.L.

*Hilton.* Ah! charming! Breakfast ready! Thank you, pet!  
My bath has given my appetite a whet.  
Bless us! the things are cold!—that's not so well;  
I'll have a fresh chop hot. (*Takes up the hand-bell.*)

*Mrs. H.* (*Sternly.*) Don't ring the bell!

*Hilton.* Why not?

*Mrs. H.* Be punctual, if you'd have things hot;  
I can't allow you, Jack, to say, "Why not?"

*Hilton.* A pretty go! In my own house I'm told  
I must submit to eat my breakfast cold!

*Mrs. H.* Your house! Pray, sir, perceive your true condition:  
Who holds the purse commands the whole position.

*Hillon.* Well, well. (*Sits down to breakfast, L.C. After a pause.*)

Then you have breakfasted, dear wife?

*Mrs. H.* I would not eat cold chops to save my life.

(*Aside.*) I'll tame him.

*Hillon.* What d'you think I've heard, my dear?

(*Rises from the table.*)

*Mrs. H.* What?

*Hillon.* That the Fangles are in lodgings here.

*Mrs. H.* And which skin wears my lord? The white or blue?

*Hillon.* Nay, Dapper, whom I met, declares his hue  
Has grown quite blooming.

*Mrs. H.* Some new paint, of course.

*Hillon.* I do not think so.

*Mrs. H.* Then it's worse and worse!

I wish I'd bagged him; for, upon my word,  
You're very well, Jack; but you're not a lord.

*Hillon.* You're complimentary. But is not love  
Better than runk?

*Mrs. H.* Oh, certainly, my dove!

*Hillon.* I'm told, too, that my lord to kill his days,  
Has taken up an antiquarian craze;  
Goes in for flints, spears, axes, heads of arrows,  
And digs up mouldering Britons out of barrows.

*Mrs. H.* Then it's as well that I refused the flat,  
For you're not quite so great a fool as that.

*Hillon.* Aye, flat, I fear, he is. I got a hint  
Of a consummate rascal here called Flint;  
Who baits his hooks with flints, and casts his angle  
All summer for confounded fools like Fangle.

*Mrs. H.* If I were Lydia, I'd soon cure such twaddle;  
I'd knock his flints about his ass' noddle.

*Hillon.* Your language verges on the strong, my chuck.

*Mrs. H.* You'll find my measures are the same, my duck.

*Enter LORD and LADY FANGLE, R.E.L.*

*Hillon.* Ha! Fangle! I'm delighted! What a queer  
Coincidence that we should both be here!  
My Lady Fangle, 'tis a real boon  
To find us out and visit us so soon.

*Lady F.* I could not wait a moment for my life,  
So much I longed to see your charming wife.

(*To Mrs. HILLON.*) Let me congratulate you.

(*LADY and LORD FANGLE sit L.C. and L.*)

*Mrs. H.* (*Sternly.*)

How d'ye do?

*Lady F.* Here's your old friend; he often talks of you.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, does he?

*Lady F.* Fangle!

*Mrs. H.* He looks sad and blighted.

*Lady F.* (To LORD FANGLER.) Don't stand like a stuck sheep!

*Lord F.* Ah! I'm delighted,

I'm sure.

*Mrs. H.* You hardly look so.

*Lady F.* Why, the fact is,

My lord has lately got quite out of practice

For conversation. He spends all wit on

Investigation of the ancient Briton.

*Mrs. H.* I'm glad his little wit is so well spent.

*Lady F.* It keeps him happy, so I'm quite content.

*Hilton.* Yes, I've heard, Fangle, you are all for stones,  
Spear-heads and things, and graves, and dead men's bones.

*Mrs. H.* Poor man! he's done for!

*Hilton.* I'll be bound you've got

Some treasures there.

*Lord F.* Oh, Hilton, have I not?

You'd like to see them?

(Opens his bag.

*Lady F.* They're no uses! Do look!

*Mrs. H.* Rubbish!

*Lady F.* He will explain things like a book.

*Lord F.* Now this I call the gem of all the lot:

Boudicca's axe!

*Lady F.* Sweet! is it not?

*Lord F.* You see these streaks of red; they are the stains  
Left when it dashed out some old Roman's brains.

*Hilton.* Thrilling!

*Mrs. H.* Be silent, Jack! I think, my lord—

*Hilton.* But, dearest—

*Mrs. H.* Did you hear me? Not a word!

I say, my lord, that, granting this were true,

What is the earthly use to me or you

To dig such ugly things up, and parade them?

Because some horrid savages once made them?

You say they've long been buried—hence their worth

Such trash is far best buried in the earth.

*Lady F.* (Aside.) That's sense, although her rudeness makes me  
frantic.

(Aloud.) Dear friend, have you no sense of the romantic?

*Mrs. H.* Romantic fiddlestick! Depend upon it,  
That thing is no more ancient than your bonnet!

*Lord F.* Not ancient? Mercy! Am I not believed?

As if a practiced eye could be deceived!

I got it from the local antiquarian—

'Twas found among the bones of a barbarian:

And Dapper too—a virtuoso quite—

Has not the slightest doubt that all is right.

*Hilton.* (Looking out of the window, &c.) Is that the antiquary in the garden?

*Mrs. H.* (Aside.) I did not bid you speak.

*Hilton.* (Aside.) I beg your pardon.

*Lord F.* Oh, yes, with Dapper.

*Lady F.* And, of course, my maid:

She'll leave me soon for Dapper, I'm afraid.

*Mrs. H.* Disgusting! Irritating those above her!

I don't permit my maid to have a lover.

*Lady F.* Then it's most likely she at least has three.

*Lord F.* Ha, ha! 'Tis sure I should if I were she.

Call them all up. (*Hilton looks inquiringly at his wife. She nods permission. He goes out, &c.*) Now, my proof is trim: Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she for him.

*Enter HILTON, &c., followed by DAPPER, PARKER, and JACK FLINT.*

Mrs. H. LADY F. HILTON. LORD F. PARKER. DAPPER. JACK FLINT.  
E. E. G. C. L. C. E.

# SONG AND CHORUS.

*Lord F.* Now, sir, you'll say where you procur'd  
This interesting flint;

And Dapper, you, I'm well assur'd  
Will vouch for Mr. Flint.

*Dapper.* And Parker here will vouch for me,  
Whose tongue is like a clapper.

*Jack.* Yes, you for me.  
*Parker.* And I for thee;

I always vouch for Dapper.

*Chorus.* Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she  
Will vouch for Mr. Dapper.

*Jack.* I found it on the mountains lone,  
Among the mouldering dead, sir;  
If truth I am not telling, you  
May knock me on the head, sir.

*Lord F.* The thing is proved; it must be true:  
'Twas found among the dead, sir.

*Hilton.* It is not true, I say, so you  
May knock him on the head, sir.



**Chorus.** If it's not true, he say's that you  
May knock him on the head, sir.

**Lord F.** You vouch for him.

**Dapper.** And she for me;  
Her tongue is like a clapper.

**Jack.** And I for her.

**Lord F.** And I for all :  
For Parker, Flint, and Dapper.  
Who can resist the witness true  
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper ?

**Hilton.** I can resist the witness true  
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper.

**Chorus.** The wit—wit—wit—wit—witness true  
Of Parker, Flint, and Dapper.

**Lord F.** You all must yield to this convincing proof.

**Mrs. H.** Not I, indeed !

**Hilton.** (To Mrs. HILTON.) I must not stand aloof  
To see poor Fangle swindled in this fashion.

**Mrs. H.** Jack, silence !

**Hilton.** Wife, you put me a passion !  
I will !

**Mrs. H.** Take care how you provoke your wife !

**Hilton.** If I yield now, she'll muzzle me for life.

**Dear Fangle, don't be angry, I entreat :**

**I know this fellow for a practiced cheat.**

**Jack.** The sland'rous world ! I'm known as Honest Jack, sir.

**Hilton.** Wait till I put the bobbies on your track, sir.

**Dapper.** (Aside to FLINT.) You'd better hook it. This here gent's  
a Tartar.

**Jack.** My lord and ladies, I'm a hinjur'd martyr.

(Skulking towards the door, L.

**Mrs. H.** You rogue, you villain, off ! D'ye hear, I say ?

(Pointing to door, R.L.

**And take your injur'd martyr's face away !**

(Exit JACK FLINT, precipitately, door R.L.

**And trash shall follow trash.**

(Takes bag of flints from table and throws them after him.

**Lord F.** Hold, hold !

**Mrs. H.** You muff,

**My room shall not be litter'd with such stuff !**

**Lord F.** I'm in despair ! My flints !

**Lady F.** (Crosses to him.) Oh, never mind it !

**A flint is but a flint, where'er you find it.**

**I'll get you plenty quite as good as those.**

**Lord F.** (L.C.) You cannot ! Misery !

*Lady F.* (R.C. to PARKER.)

Parker, I suppose,

That you some explanation can afford  
Of this apparent trick upon my lord.

*Parker.* (Hesitatingly.) My lady, I'll—explain things—if I can—  
This Mr. Dapper's such a joky man.

(*Aside.*) Dapper, speak you!

*Dapper.*

My lady, do you see?

Miss Parker's such a party for a spree.

*Parker.* (*Aside.*) Mean man! You'll not blame me! Indeed  
you shouldn't!

*Dapper.* (*Aside.*) No, dear! You look so charming, that I  
couldn't.

I'll be a hero (*Aloud.*) In these parts, my lady,

(*Crosses over to L.C.*)

The sources of excitement are but shady.

In flints and skulls my lord finds recreation;

Such the pursuits as suits his lofty station.

'Twas my excitement (sure, a harmless spree!)

To help my lord to banish eunywee.

I trust your ladyship's sublime conception

Approves this slight benevolent deception?

*Lady F.* You are pardoned.

*Lord F.*

Oh, but. Dapper, I am sure

That flint was genuine!

*Lady F.*

Nay, he's past all cure.

*Mrs. H.* This is a stupid hole. I mean to go

To-morrow.

*Lady F.* So do we, I think.

*Hilton.*

If so,

Perhaps, my dear, our friends will be content

To come to see us at our house in Kent.

*Mrs. H.* Our house! (*Aside to HILTON.*) Oh, Jack, you'll rue  
before you've done!

You'll catch it! But their visit may be fun.

I'll do the civil. (*Aloud to LORD and LADY FANGLE.*) In my coun-  
try home

I shall be glad to see you.

*Lord and Lady F.*

Thanks, we'll come.

*Dapper.* (*Coming forward.*) There we shall meet; and hope that,  
after our removal.

The whole of our Charade may meet with your approval.

LADY F. LORD F.

HILTON.

C.

DAPPER.

L.C.

PARKER.

MRS. H.

R.C.

R.

END OF ACT II.

L.

## ACT III.—WHOLE.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall at Mrs. HILTON's Place in Kent. Front grooves. Table, with table cloth on it, and three chairs, &c.*

DAPPER and JACK FLINT—the latter dressed as a Butler, with false hair, whiskers, &c.—discovered seated at table, &c.

Dapper. (R.C.) Yes, Mr. Jones, (such being your name at present,) It's a surprise remarkable and pleasant  
To meet you in our social spear. Don't try  
Again to dodge from Dapper's piercing eye.

Jack. (L.C.) Well, you have twigged me; but the gents upstairs  
Are babes.

Dapper. I won't pry into your affairs;  
But could you tell me how it came about?

Jack. Why, Hilton—he's my master now, no doubt—  
Having in Wales, you know, behaved quite odious,  
The place became no longer quite commodious.  
After new spheres of usefulness I panted;  
So, seeing in the paper, "Butler wanted,"  
I came, I saw, I conquered, just like Cæsar:  
'There may be scope for genius here, you see, sir.

Dapper. No roguery, Mr. Jones, or I'll tell tales!

Jack. But, sir, you weren't so very strict in Wales.

Dapper. Why, youth must have its frolics when it can, sir;  
But I'm about to be a married man, sir!

Jack. The mistress is a regular skinflint, sir.

Dapper. Some wholesome treatment may be good for her;  
But not too far. Miss Parker, sir, and me  
Are virtue's paragons. Ah! here she be.

*Enter PARKER, R. Men rise as she enters.*

Dapper. My dear, our friend here (Mr. Jones, you know)  
Desires henceforth in virtue's paths to go;  
But he is dark: don't view quite as we view 'em  
The nice distinctions between meum and tuum.  
Take him in hand. Sir, you may build upon her  
For sound distinction in our code of honor.

Jack. Miss, I'm all ears. Sure such a handsome cratur  
Won't be too hard upon poor human natur!

Parker. Well, never steal or cheat—remember this.

Jack. But to all rules there's some exceptions, miss?

Parker. Of course.

*Jack.* For instance—stealing clothes ain't right;

But wearing 'em, I guess, is diff'rent quite.

*Parker.* That only moulds them into shape, and airs them.

*Dapper.* They fit my lady better when *she* wears 'em.

(Points to PARKER.)

*Jack.* Then, say, my lady has things she won't miss;  
More than's good for her?

*Parker.* In a case like this

One may appropriate what suits one's taste.

*Jack.* And save her from the guilt of wilful waste.

Now, as for money?

*Parker.* Never think of taking it!

*Jack.* Yet surely there's some virtuous ways of making it.

*Dapper.* Yes; take a case. My lord hands me, perhaps,

Five bob to give to some poor worthless chap;

They'd only drink it—so I gives 'em one.

*Jack.* Most wisely, sir, and charitably done!

For, if my lord wants wisdom, the right course is

To save him from misusing his resources.

To eatables and drinkables, I guess

The eighth commandment don't apply?

*Parker.* Oh yes!

To steal and sell your master's goods is cheating.

*Dapper.* But not, of course, to eat what's made for eating.

*Jack.* And let your friends partake?

*Dapper.* Why, they must dine.

*Jack.* How about drinkables? That's more my line.

*Parker.* You must not rob the cellar: never think it.

*Dapper.* But wine, once tapp'd, belongs to those that drink it.

*Jack.* Your code is not amiss. It gives the mind

A genius scope, though rather too refined.

But in this house here, she is such an awful

kinflint—the mistress—anything is lawful.

*Parker.* I'm half inclined to think so, for my part;

pity Mr. Hilton from my heart.

*Jack.* Our supper's coming. Doubtless, recollecting

The j'int's we served the gents with, you're expecting

Some appetizing bits?

*Dapper.* Indeed I do, man.

*Jack.* How vain, alas! are aspirations human!

*Enter COOK, L., carrying a tray with plates, on which are small pieces of cold meat and bread—followed by other Servants. BUTTONS carries a small jug, which he puts fiercely on the table.*

*Cook.* Serve out the rations, John.

*Jack.* (Rising from head of table, c.) Ladies and gents—

Now that's our guests—I see there's discontent

Upon your faces; this is no great feast;

But cook and me can't help it in the least.  
 For missus is such a penurious party,  
 Though rich!—my eye!—and as to 'ealth quite hearty;  
 That—why, she thinks our greedy mouths wants muzzling;  
 Under her rule there's little chance of guzzling.  
 She weighs our rations out; so much for each,  
 And locks all other wittles out of reach.

(Sits down.)

Omnes. (Together.) Shameful! Disgraceful! Horrid mean!  
 (Noise—Bell rings loudly, L.)

Oh, ho!

Jack. (Savagely crosses to L.)  
 They want more claret. It will prove no go.

(Exit L.)

Dapper. (R.C., to PARKER, R.) 'This is a dolorous situation, miss!  
 Think of poor Hilton having come to this!

Cook. (Weeping, c.) Ladies and gents, it's not my fault at all!

Parker. I vote we call this mansion "Skinflint Hall."

Cook. And well you may, miss! Though I say't—as which  
 That shouldn't—but ladies should behave as sich.

Dapper. Hear! hear!

Cook. We're tret as if we was barbarians;  
 We might as well be Turks or Bulgararians!  
 No parquisites—not even dripping!—nuffin!  
 'Think of dry bread to tea instead of muffin!

Dapper. Hear, hear, again!

Cook. I says to Mr. Jones,  
 Says I, she's wearing me to skin and bones.

Re-enter JACK FLINT, with a jug of claret. L.

Omnes. Ah, ah!

Jack. Well—such a scene! The master says, says he,  
 "More claret!"—with an anxious look at me.  
 "There's none," I whispers, "I'll bring coffee in."  
 "Do so," says he. Oh, how the gents did grin!  
 The missus *did* leave one more bottle out;  
 But meant for our poor perquisite, no doubt.

(Puts the jug on the table and sits down.)

(To DAPPER.) I look towards you.

Dapper.

Sir, I has your eye.

Jack. Genuine Lafitt! Miss Parker, don't be shy.

(They drink the claret—Bell rings violently.)

For coffee! They can wait a little longer.  
 Let's have a song to stay the pangs of hunger.

(Song—"Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen."—J. L.  
 HATTON. Bell rings again very violently.)

Jack. Well, I must take the coffee—(Crosses to L.)—what a bore!  
 Come along, Buttons! Ladies, an revwor!

(Exits L., bowing to female servants, who curtsy to him and  
 exeunt R.—DAPPER attentive to PARKER—A servant, COOK, and  
 BUTTONS take table and chairs off.)

SCENE II.—A Centre Door Chamber at back. Doors S.E.B. and S.E.L.

HILTON discovered walking about distractedly.

SONG.

Once I lov'd a maiden fair,  
But she prov'd a Tartar :  
She with Plutus might compare :  
Now I'm made a martyr.  
Gold she seem'd,  
And I deem'd  
Her of maids the sweetest :  
Now I say,  
Well-a-day !  
Brightest hopes are fleetest.

I the wedding-license got ;  
She the feast provided.  
Now I'm going fast to pot,  
By my friends derided.  
I did think  
To get the chink,  
When her vows she plighted.  
She keeps hold  
Of all the gold,  
And my hopes are blighted.

*Enter MRS. HILTON, c. door.*

*Hilton.* (R.C.) Nay but, my love !

*Mrs. H.* (L.C.) Nay what, my dove ?

*Hilton.* Upon my word, I think  
You might have let us have last night a little more to drink.  
We wanted claret—brandy—soda—none was to be had.  
'o shame us so before old Fangle really was too bad !

*Mrs. H.* Is that all, Mr. Hilton ? (*Laughs.*) P'rhaps you've  
more complaints to make.

Let's have the whole lot out at once, for precious goodness' sake.

*Hilton.* Yes : no fire in the smoking-room—and but one candle  
end—

burnt out at once—smoked in the dark—nice way to treat a friend !  
Dropping upstairs, poor Fangle cracked his nose against the wall :  
and such complaints (I'm told by Jones) made in the servants' hall !

They call you "Skinflint," curse the place—the maids grow quite uproarious.

For stinginess, if this goes on, our house will be notorious. Our wealth is known: can it be right to stint things in this fashion?

*Mrs. H.* If you say "Our wealth," Mr. H., you'll put me in a passion!

For a penniless adventurer to talk so is quite comical.

And mind, if I am wealthy, I am strictly economical.

*Hilton.* But, for love's sake, my precious wife!

*Mrs. H.* Ha, ha! Don't try, sir, to be funny. You know as well as I do that you married me for money.

(Steps and voices heard outside at back)

They're walking in the corridor: I'll listen what they say.

*Hilton.* Nay, wife, don't listen: it's so mean.

*Mrs. H.* You hold your tongue, I pray!

(She listens at door S.E.L. He walks about distractedly, &c.)

*Hilton.* Dear, dear! she's getting worse and worse! Unmanageable dame!

I only hope she'll hear some things to make her blush for shame!

*Dowager Lady F.* (Within, S.E.L.) Constance, I say she is the most intolerable screw!

If Hilton can endure such ways, it's more than I can do.

*Miss F.* But she has her good points, mamma. I used to like her rather.

*Dowag. L. F.* Love, she's a flint to the backbone—worse than her stingy father.

*Hilton.* Did you hear that?

*Mrs. H.* I did. And do you think I care a pin? What tantrum that proud harridan, old Mother Fangle's in?

I know she had the shivers, and desired a fire last night

In her own room—such wasteful ways would ruin me outright!

She wanted coffee, too—just think!—before she came downstairs.

I'll humble her. What right has she to give herself such airs?

*Lord F.* (Within, S.E.L.) Indeed, I pity Hilton. How his venture has miscarried!

With such a skinflint of a wife he'll curse the day he married.

*Lady F.* How can he be so hen-pecked?

*Lord F.*

It's not generally known

But he has not a single son that he can call his own.

Whatever he had is all hers now—she got it so arranged

In settlements—I know not how.

*Lady F.*

No wonder he's so changed.

Why, when she puts her fierce look on, he hardly dares to speak.

*Lord F.* 'Tis said she gives him pocket-money—half-a-crown a week.

*Hilton.* Did you hear that?

*Mrs. H.*

I did, and don't care that—(Snaps her

fingers)—but pray

Keep quiet, Jack. I want to hear what more these creatures say.

*Dowag, L. F. (Within.)* Well met, my son, and Lydia, too!  
Here I'll no longer stay.

*Lord F.* Nor I. My horses only get one feed of corn a day.

*Lady F.* I'm starved to death—no fire—no lights!

*Dowag, L. F.* Any such a mean menu!

*Lady F.* Dry bread for breakfast!

*Dowag, L. F.* Cheese for lunch!

*Lord F.* She is an awful screw.

*Lady F.* The only plan's to leave the house.

*Dowag, L. F.* Yes, yes, let Parker pack

Our things at once.

*Lord F.* And dash my wig if ever I come back!

*Hilton.* Did you hear that?

*Mrs. H.* Yes, I heard that! What now, you precious ninny?

D'you think I care?

*Hilton.* But, please, do care. Think of the ignominy.

I'll run away! I'll cut my throat!

*Mrs. H.* Do: it's the same to me.

*Hilton.* I'll drink myself to death.

*Mrs. H.* You can't: I keep the cellar key.

(*Upstart of Servants heard within, s.s.s. Sounds of singing,*  
"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," etc.)

*Mrs. H.* What mean's that noise? (*She crosses to R.*) The servants! They are going mad, I think.

Run, Jack, and see directly. (*Exit HILTON, s.s.s.*) Why, they must have had some drink.

But where can they have got it? Can they have broken into the cellar?

*Re-enter HILTON, s.s.s., dragging in JACK FLINT.*

*Hilton.* I've got him.

*Mrs. H.* What means this, you rogue!

*Jack.* (*Sings.*) "For he's a jolly good fellow."

*Enter COOK, BUTTORS, DAPPER, and other Servants, tumultuously, s.s.s.*  
*They sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," etc.*

*Mrs. H.* They must be tipsy all of them. Cook, what means all this pother?

*Cook.* Why, ma'am, you keeps the cellar key; but Jones he keeps another.

Crush'd worms will turn at last, you know, so we resolved this morning

To have one spree before we left: and now we give you warning.



*Omnes. (Sing.)—*

Now what d'ye think? We've tapp'd your drink! we're good companions a-all!

We've had our spree! and now say we, farewell to Skinflint Ha-all!

*(Music: "There's no Luck About the House." They range themselves, defiantly, on the R. MRS. HILTON eyes them furiously, R.C. HILTON stands aghast, L.C.)*

*Mrs. H.* In my own house!

*Hilton.* We're robb'd!

*Mrs. H.* Defied! Was ever case to match it!  
You little dirty rogue, but you, at any rate, shall catch it!

*(She pounces on BUTTONS, and boxes his ears.)*  
*Buttons.* Oh, please, mum, please—it wasn't me—it all was Mr. Jones, sir!

*Hilton.* Nay, spare the boy—he's not to blame.

*Mrs. H.* I'll break his little bones, sir.

*While this is going on, Enter the FANGLES, dressed for traveling, S.E.L., followed by PARKER, carrying bag, shawls, etc. They come down L.*

*Hilton.* What, friends! prepared to start at once? You surely will not leave us

Abruptly thus!

*Lord F.* Indeed, dear Jack, however it may grieve us,  
We feel we're only in the way—your house in such a mess is!

*Dowag. L. F.* A mutiny, Mrs. Hilton!

*Miss F.* How I feel for your distresses!

*Dowag. L. F.* You see, you've spoilt your servants by your foolish liberality.

*Lady F.* Farewell, dear friend, and thank you for your princely hospitality.

*Hilton.* Do, wife, say something civil. Oh, my friends, I am so sorry—

*Cook.* Our wages, madam, if you please. To go we're in a hurry.

*(The Servants all hold out their hands together.)*

*Mrs. H.* Wages, you robbing rascals you! Why, what a set of geese!

*Cook.* Yes, a year's wages, due last May—twelve month's a piece!

*Mrs. H.* What impudence! Jack, Jack, run for the police!

*Hilton.* Oh, yes, I'll go; but, wife—

*Mrs. H.* Be off! Run till you're out of breath.  
*(Exit HILTON, C.)*

*Cook. (R.)* We'll sue you for our wages, then.

*Buttons.* And for starving us to death.

*Lord F. (L.)* We'd better leave this painful scene.

*Lady F.* Yes, Dapper, bring the carriage.

*Dowag. L. F.* We'll interrupt the bliss no more of this most happy marriage.

*Re-enter HILTON, c., with an opened letter.*

*Hilton. (c.)* Good friends—and wife—I've just received some news that will surprise you.

*Mrs. H. (a.c.)* Give me that letter, Jack!

*Hilton.* I won't!

*Mrs. H.* You won't? Sir, I'll advise you—

*Hilton.* Hold, Mrs. Hilton, hold your hand. I tell you you had better—

You'll find the tables turned, I think, when you have heard this letter. My lawyer writes to tell me that our settlements of marriage contained a flaw—are void in fact: hence a complete miscarriage of all your plan for ruling things.

*Mrs. H.* How so? I fain would learn.

*Hilton.* Why, as your husband, I, my dear, possess the whole concern!

*Mrs. H.* I don't believe it! (*Snatches the letter.*) Can it be? Oh, misery and despair!

(*Throws herself on a sofa, and weeps violently.*)

*Miss F. (Approaching her.)* Dear Mrs. Hilton, he's so nice, I'm sure you need not care.

(*She still weeps violently. MISS FANGLE tries to comfort her.*)

*Jack.* Sir, Mr. Hilton, having turned a card up such as this is—

*Cook.* We can put up with master—it was all along of missis.

*Jack.* In fact, we'll stay, sir, for we know our wages will be paid, and trust you will look over this our little escapade.

*Cook.* You see, we was drove to it, sir: the missis was so strict.

*Hilton.* Speak of your mistress, if you please, with suitable respect. Well, I forgive you—all but one.

*Jack.* And who may that one be, sir?

*Buttons, I guess.*

(*Seizes BUTTONS.*)

*Hilton.* No—one Jack Flint! You thought I did not see, sir, through your disguise: I've twigged you long. Out of the house, and pack,

or you may find once more, you rogue, the bobbies on your track.

*Buttons.* It's Buttons, is it, Mr. Jones! Oh, what a jolly sell!

Oh, ho! Oh, ho!

*Jack.* You little brute! (*Trying to hit him in vain.*)

*Buttons.* Oh, don't he look a swell!

*Jack.* Jerr'd at by boys, maligned by men—a martyr'd wretch, I go

but you will not forsake me, cook?

*Cook.* Oh, Mr. Jones—no! no!

(*Falls on his neck and blubbers.*)

to think that it should come to this!

*Jack.* Though fortune's blows be rude,  
Love and our conscious worth defy base man's ingratitude.

*Hilton.* Off with you both!

*Jack.* Let's make, my dear, a dignified retreat.  
(*Exit* JACK FLINT and COOK, S.E.B.)

*Douglas, L. F.* A worthy bride indeed, I think, for such an arrant cheat.

*Hilton.* (*Going up to Mrs. Hinton.*) Surely, dear wife, time change of things need breed no alteration:

Let us forget the past, and start on an improv'd relation.

*Mrs. H.* Oh, Jack, I've had a lesson! I confess I've been to blame,

And this strange scene before our friends has covered me with shame.

Take all I have, and welcome now! My meanness and my folly

Forgive, dear Jack.

*Hilton.* All right, my girl.

*Lord F.* Now all's made up and jolly.

*Miss F.* Oh! this is so delightful!

*Lady F.* You'll be happier now, my friend.

*Douglas, L. F.* You've been a precious fool, my dear; but it's not too late to mend.

*Dapper.* My lady, if it be allowed for persons in our station  
To taste our share of bliss upon this happy consummation,  
Miss Parker here—your ladyship will give her leave, I trust—

*Lady F.* To marry?—so I thought. (*To PARKER.*) What say you?

*Parker.* I suppose I must.

*Hilton.* (*To Mrs. Hinton.*) Then, love, perhaps you won't object  
to have the wedding here,

And ask our friends to stay awhile.

*Mrs. H.* Yes, certainly, my dear.

Pray do, good friends, we'll make amends for all that's been amiss.

*All.* Oh, yes, we'll stay.

*Dapper.* Hurrah! hurrah! A happy day is this.

### SONG AND CHORUS.

*Chorus.*

Begone, dull care!

I prythee begone from me.

Begone, dull care!

Thou and I shall never agree.

Long time thou hast been tarrying here,

And fain thou would'st me kill;

But i'faith, dull care,

Thou never shalt have thy will.

*Hilton.*

Wife, my hair

Was nearly turned grey by you.

**Lord F.** And wife, dull care  
Once turned me decidedly blue.

**Chorus.** But now your wash has restored his skin ;  
( *All point to PARKER.*  
And his flints have had their day ; ( *All point to LORD F.*  
And he has the tin, ( *all point to HILTON* ) 'tis the wisest  
thing  
To drive dull care away.

**Lord K.** So now, kind friends,  
Who kindly have heard our play,  
Our charade thus ends,  
So guess it as well you may.

**Chorus.** Though all the year may you laugh and sing,  
As we have done to-day ;  
And find it ever the wisest thing,  
To drive dull care away !

*Disposition of Characters.*

*ALL THE SERVANTS.*  
R.

Mrs. H.      HILTON.  
C.

*ALL THE VENTURES.*  
L.

CHORUS.

$\text{♩} = 168.$   
FANGLE.

## SONG—"Oh, for the Bloom!"

Oh, for the bloom of a red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in

DAPPER.

June! My lord, this lo-tion will dis-close The

FANGLE.

wished for ro-ses soon. I faint, I die, the

DAPPER.

HILTON.

wash to try, sup-plied by Mis-tress Par-ker. Haste

ALL.

haste to win with rose - ate skin, The golden charms of Yarker.

# SONG AND CHO.—"Beauty's but Skin Deep."

♩ = 176.

LADY FANGLE.

Beau-ty's but skin deep, they say, but is the say - ing

true? For my son's heart is like his skin, You'll

find it all true blue; For my son's heart is

## SKINFLINT.

*rall. ad lib.*

CHORUS.

like his skin, You'll find it all true blue. Oh,

*rall. colla voce.*

green is for - sa - ken, and yel - low's for -

sworn; But blue's the best col - or that

*rall.* FINE. PARKER.

ev - er was worn. 2. His

FINE.

Parker. Miss Bloom. Lord Fangle. Lady Fangle. Miss Fangle. Buttons.  
R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

ACT DROP.

## SONG AND CHO.—"My Lord is a Greenhorn."

$\text{♩} = 84.$   
FLINT.

My lord is a greenhorn, there can be no doubt; My

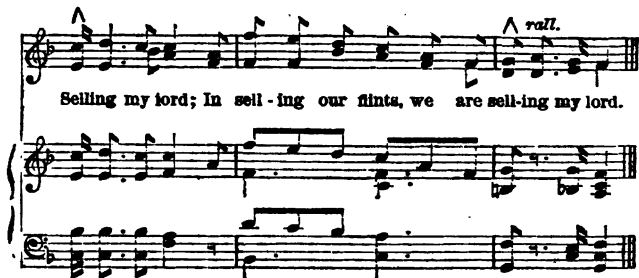
1ST & 2D TREBLE.  
CHORUS.

own man - u - fac - ture he nev - er finds out! Yes,

flints are for sell - ing: yes, sell - ing's the word; For in

sell - ing our flints, we are sell - ing my lord: selling my lord.



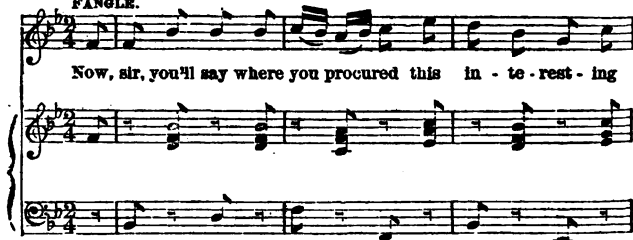


Selling my lord; In sell-ing our flints, we are sell-ing my lord.

### SONG AND CHO.—"Now, Sir, You'll Say."

$\text{♩} = 176.$   
FANGLE.

*Air: "The Loss of Richmond Hill," adapted.*



Now, sir, you'll say where you procured this in-te-rest-ing



flint; And Dap-per, you, I'm well as-sured will vouch for Mister

## DAPPER.

Flint. And Park-er here will vouch for me, Whose tongue is like a

## FLINT.

## PARKER.

clapper, Yes, you ask for me, And I for thee, I always vouch for Dapper.

## CHORUS.

Yes, Dapper will vouch for Flint, and she will vouch for Mister Dapper.



# DICK'S RECITATIONS AND READINGS

---

A carefully compiled Series of Volumes, uniform in size and style, which will include everything that is fresh and popular, introducing, also, the older Gems of the English Language that are always in demand: embracing

CHARACTER SKETCHES, DIALECT PIECES,  
HUMOROUS, SENTIMENTAL,  
PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC,  
ELOQUENT, AND SERIOUS.

Recitations and Readings in Poetry and Prose, excluding every thing that is not eminently appropriate, either for Declamation or Public Reading.

---

Each Number contains about 180 Pages of Reading Matter, printed on fine paper, from clear type, and handsomely bound in Illuminated Paper Cover..... 30 cts.  
Or Full Cloth. .... 50 cts.

Sixteen Numbers of the above Series are now ready.

---

\* *The Publishers, upon receipt of price, will send any of the following books by mail, POSTAGE FREE, to any part of the United States. In ordering books, the full name, post-office, county and State should be plainly written.*

---

We publish a complete Descriptive Catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,  
Box 3975. NEW YORK.

**Burton's Amateur Actor.** A Complete Guide to Private Theatricals; giving plain directions for arranging, decorating and lighting the Stage and its appurtenances, with rules and suggestions for mounting, rehearsing and performing all kinds of Plays, Parlor Pantomimes and Shadow Pantomimes. Illustrated with numerous engravings, and including a selection of original Plays, with Prologues, Epilogues, etc. By C. E. Burton.

**CONTENTS.**

How to form an Amateur Company.	On the Selection of Plays.
Duties of the Manager and Prompter.	A Family Fix. Comedy for Three
Theatrical Music.	Males and three Females.
Rules for an Amateur Company.	The Philopena. Comedy for two
How to Arrange a Stage.	Males and one Female.
How to Make a Curtain.	Directions for Performing Parlor
How to Light the Stage.	Pantomimes.
Colored and Calcium Light Effects.	Love's Obstacles; or, Jack's Tri-
How to Make and Paint the Scenes.	umph. An Original Parlor Panto-
How to Imitate Moonlight, Sunrise,	mime.
Thunder, Rain, Wind and various	Complete Directions for Performing
other effects.	Shadow Pantomimes.
How to make all kinds of "Properties."	Detailed Instructions for producing
How to make up Dresses, Wigs,	all Shadow Illusions.
Beards, etc.	The Feejee Islanders at Home. An
How to "make up" the Face to imi-	Original and unequalled Shadow
tate Old Men and other characters.	Pantomime.
General Directions for Acting.	A list of Farces, Comedies, etc.,
Stage Business, Entrances and Exits.	specially adapted to Parlor Per-
Four Appropriate Prologues; Three	formances, with the Characters of
Epilogues.	Each Enumerated and Described.

16mo, illuminated paper covers. Price.....30 cts.  
 Bound in Boards.....50 cts.

**Howard's Book of Drawing-Room Theatricals.** A collection of short and amusing plays in one act and one scene, especially adapted for private performances; with practical directions for their preparation and management. Some of the plays are adapted for performers of one sex only.

CONTENTS	Males.	Females.	CONTENTS.	Males.	Females.
Explanations of stage direc-			His First Brief.....	3	2
tions.			A Sudden Arrival ..	5	
Hints to Amateurs.			A Medical Man.....	2	1
The Student's Frolic.....	3	2	A Terrible Secret .....	2	2
A Household Fairy.....	1	1	Poisoned.....	4	
A Kiss in the Dark.....	2	3	An Eligible Situation.....	2	6
Mrs. Willis' Will.....		5	"Wanted a Young Lady".....	2	1
Jack of all Trades .....	6				

Paper Covers. Price.....30 cts.  
 Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**Popular Books Sent Free of Postage at the Prices Annexed.**

**Frost's Dramatic Proverbs and Charades.** Containing a collection of Original Proverbs and Charades, some of which are for Dramatic Performance, and others arranged for Tableaux Vivants. By S. A. Frost. Consisting of the following :

**DRAMATIC CHARADES.**

	Act	Recess		Act	Recess
Masterpiece.....	2	2	Refinement.....	2	2
Stratagem.....	2	2	Love-Sick.....	2	2
Antidote.....	2	3	Wayward.....	2	2
Dramatic.....	3	2	Manager.....	5	9

**DRAMATIC PROVERBS.**

Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.....	2	1	When Poverty Comes in at the Door, Love flies out at the Window.....	2	2
There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.....	3	2	All that Glitters is not Gold...	3	2

**CHARADES IN TABLEUX VIVANTS.**

Falsehood.....	3 Tableaux.	Washington....	3 Tableaux.
Penitent.....	3 Tableaux.	Mischief.....	3 Tableaux.
Mendicant.....	3 Tableaux.	Knighthood.....	3 Tableaux.
Novice.....	3 Tableaux.		

**PROVERBS IN TABLEUX.**

When the Cat's Away the Mice will Play.	Listeners Hear no Good of Themselves.
There's no Rose Without a Thorn.	Do not Trifle with Edged Tools.
Killing Two Birds with One Stone.	Charity Begins at Home.
It is no use to Cry over Spilt Milk.	

This book comprises a selection of Acting Proverbs and ingenious Charades, taken from "The Parlor Stage," a larger work by the same author.

16mo, illuminated paper cover.....	30 cts.
Bound in Boards.....	50 cts.

**Frost's Parlor Acting Charades.** Intended solely for Performance in the Drawing-Room, and requiring no expensive Scenery or Properties to render them effective. By S. A. Frost. This work contains the following

**DRAMATIC CHARADES.**

	Act	Recess		Act	Recess
Matrimony.....	3	4	Domestic.....	1	2
Misfortune.....	2	3	Purse-Proud.....	1	4
Stage-Struck.....	2	2	Bridegroom.....	4	2
Marplot.....	1	4	Mistake.....	2	2
Mad-Cap.....	3	2	Manage.....	2	2
Inconstant.....	4	2	Masquerade.....	2	3

These excellent and original Charades are full of brilliant repartee and amusing situations. They are selected from "The Parlor Stage," by the same author.

16mo, illuminated paper cover.....	30 cts.
16mo, illuminated boards.....	50 cts.

**Regular Books Sent Free of Postage at the Prices Announced**

**Nugent's Burlesque and Musical Acting Charades.** By Edmund C. Nugent. Containing ten Charades, all in different styles, two of which are easy and effective Comic Parlor Operas, with Music and Piano forte Accompaniments. To each Charade will be found an introductory note, containing directions and hints for its successful performance.

CONTENTS.	Makes	Performs	CONTENTS.	Makes	Performs
High Life, Operatic Style.....	2	3	Monsieur Pierre, Pathetic Style.....	2	3
Dark Deeds, Sensational Style.....	3	2	Virtue Victorious, old standard Comedy Style.....	4	1
Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure, Bombastic Style.....	3	3	Love, Domestic Style.....	3	3
Wearing of the Green, Boudicantian Irish Style.....	3	3	Afloat and Ashore, Maritime Style.....	3	3
The Result of a Nap, Farcical Style.....	3	2	Tragedy Transmogrified, Bowery Style.....	3	2
Blue Beard, Burlesque Style.....	2	2	Fairy Freaks, Fantastic Style.....	3	5
Paper covers. Price .....					30 cts.
Bound in boards, cloth back.....					50 cts.

**Hudson's Private Theatricals for Home Performance.** A collection of fourteen humorous plays, suitable for an amateur entertainment.

CONTENTS.	Makes	Performs	CONTENTS.	Makes	Performs
Explanation of Stage Directions.			The Dutchman's Ghost.....	5	2
How to Carry Out a Performance Successfully.			Money Makes the Man.....	4	3
A Spanking Legacy.....	5		A Silent Protector.....	3	2
A Slight Mistake.....		5	The Stage-Struck Clerk.....	3	3
Two Gentlemen at Mivart's....	2		The Duchess of Mansfield.....		7
Furnished Apartments.....	5		A Pair of Pigeons.....	1	1
Fireside Diplomacy.....	2	2	A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion.....		2
Slighted Treasures.....		4	Fairly Taken In.....	1	1
180 pages. Paper covers. Price.....					30 cts.
Bound in boards, with cloth back.....					50 cts.

**Frost's Book of Tableaux and Shadow Pantomimes.** Containing a choice collection of Tableaux or Living Pictures, embracing:

Moving Tableaux, Mother Goose Tableaux, Fairy-Tale Tableaux, Charade Tableaux, Proverb Tableaux, etc., etc.	full directions for performing them.
Shadow Acts and Pantomimes, with	How to Arrange a Stage for Tableaux.
With complete stage instructions. 180 pages.	How to Costume the Characters.
	How to Form Appropriate Groups

Paper covers. Price ..... 30 cts.  
 Bound in boards..... 50 cts.

## Popular Book-Giant Fair of Festivals at the Prices Announced

**Parlor Theatricals; or, Winter Evenings' Entertainment.**  
 Abridged from "The Sociable." Containing Acting Proverbs, Dramatic Charades, Drawing-Room Pantomimes, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux Vivants, etc.; with instructions for Amateurs, how to construct a Stage and Curtain, how to get up Costumes and properties, on the "making-up" of Characters, Exits and Entrances, etc. Illustrated with engravings Containing:

### ACTING PROVERBS.

	<div>1</div>	<div>2</div>		<div>3</div>	<div>4</div>
"When the Cat's Away, then the Mice will Play".....	7	5	"'Tis an ill wind that Blows Nobody Good".....	4	1
"It Never Rains but it Pours".....	5	1	"There is no Rose without Thorns".....	2	2
"Honor among Thieves".....	4	2			
"All is fair in Love or War".....	3	2			

### DRAMATIC CHARADES.

Phantom.....	3	2	Antidote.....	2	3
Contest.....	2	3	Friendship.....	8	3
Dramatic.....	4	2	Bandage.....	4	2

### ACTING CHARADES; OR, DRAWING-ROOM PANTOMIMES.

Sweepstakes.....	3 Acts.	Pastil.....	3 Acts.
Pigtail.....	3 Acts.	Backgammon.....	3 Acts.
Neighbor.....	3 Acts.	A Little Misunderstanding.....	4 Acts.

### MUSICAL BURLESQUE.

Orpheus and Eurydice; or, The Wandering Minstrel... 4 Males and 2 Females.

### DRAWING-ROOM FARCE.

Irresistibly Impudent.....	4 Males and 1 Female.
Paper covers. Price.....	30 cts.
Bound in boards, cloth back.....	50 cts.

**Amateur Theatricals and Fairy-Tale Dramas.** A Collection of original plays, expressly designed for drawing-room performances. By Miss S. A. Frost.

#### CONTENTS.

	<div>1</div>	<div>2</div>
Mr. John Smith.....	19	7
The Young Amazon.....	2	2
Wooring Under Difficulties....	4	3
Bolts and Bars.....	3	3
All's Well that Ends Well....	3	2

#### CONTENTS.

	<div>1</div>	<div>2</div>
Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper.....	4	6
Beauty and the Beast.....	5	4
Blue Beard.....	3	3

These plays were all written for the express purpose of being performed in a private parlor. They are short, amusing, and all new and original. 16mo, 180 pages.

Paper covers. Price.....	30 cts.
Bound in boards, with cloth back.....	50 cts.



**Popular Books Sent Free of Postage at the Prices Annexed.**

**Steele's Exhibition Dialogues.** A Collection of Dramatic Dialogues and Easy Plays, adapted for Amateurs, with instructions relative to management and other details necessary to render them effective. It contains the following pieces :

CONTENTS.	Males.	Females.	CONTENTS.	Males.	Females.
The Stage-Struck Clerk.....	6	3	The Hypochondriac.....	4	1
The Tailor of Tipperary.....	7	4	Two Families in One Room...	4	2
Opera Mad.....	7	1	The Country Cousin.....	4	2
The Painter's Studio.....	2		The Carpenter and Apprentice	8	
The Well of Death.....	2		The Yankee Tar's Return.....	5	1
Blanche of Devon.....	3	1	The Lawyer, Doctor, Soldier,		
The Youth Who Never Saw a			and Actor.....	3	
Woman.....	3	1	The Children in the Wood.....	5	4
The Masked Ball.....	3	2	The Wizard's Warning.....	2	
Paper covers. Price.....					
Bound in boards.....				30 cts.	
				50 cts.	

**Barmby's Plays for Young People.** With songs and choruses suitable for private performance by young people. The six Operettas contained in this work are all in verse, with the necessary music, and very entertaining.

CONTENTS.	Males.	Females.	CONTENTS.	Males.	Females.
Beauty and the Beast.....	3	5	The Princess.....	6	1
Cinderella.....	3	6	Rumpelstiltskin.....	5	3
The Sleeping Beauty.....	6	11	Skinflint.....	5	5
Paper covers. Price.....					
Bound in boards.....				30 cts.	
				50 cts.	

**Alice in Wonderland, and other Fairy Plays.** Containing four ludicrous Fairy Plays for children, with songs and music complete.

CONTENTS.	Boys.	Girls.	CONTENTS.	Boys.	Girls.
Alice in Wonderland, arranged			The Bear Prince.....	4	5
for performance.....	15	4	Jack and the Princess who		
Snow Drop.....	9	1	never laughed.....	9	7
Paper covers. Price.....					
Bound in boards.....				30 cts.	
				50 cts.	

**Dick's Parlor Exhibitions.** Containing a large and varied collection of elegant Home Amusements; including Tableaux-Vivants, Living Portraits, Living Statuary, Dame History's Peep-Show, Illustrated Ballads, Dramatic and Pantomimic Charades, The Secret of Second Sight, Parlor Pantomimes, The Art Exhibition, Literary Enigmas, Shadow Pantomimes and Tricks, and Punch and Judy, with detailed directions for rendering them effective and successful.

Paper covers. Price.....	30 cts.
Bound in boards.....	50 cts.

## Dick's Dutch, French and Yankee Dialect Recitations.

An unsurpassed Collection of Droll Dutch Blunders, Frenchmen's Funny Mistakes, and Ludicrous and Extravagant Yankee Yarns, each Recitation being in its own dialect.

### DUTCH DIALECT.

Der Mule Shtood on der  
Steamboat Deck.  
Go Vay, Becky Miller.  
Der Drummer.  
Mygel Snyder's Barty.  
Snyder's Nose.  
Dyin' Vords of Isaac.  
Fritz und I.  
Betsey und I Hafe Rust Ub.  
Schneider sees Leah.  
Dot Funny Leetle Baby.  
Schnitzer's Philosopode.  
Der Dog und der Lobster.  
Schlosser's Ride.  
Mine Katrine.  
Maud Muller.  
Ein Deutsches Lied.  
Hans and Fritz.  
Schneider's Tomatoes.  
Deutsche Advertisement.  
Vas Bender Henshepecked.  
Life, Liberty and Lager.  
Der Goot Lookin' Shnow.  
Mr. Schmidt's Mistake.  
Home Again.  
Dot Surprise Party.  
Der Wreck of der Hezberus.  
Isaac Rosenthal on the  
Chinese Question.  
Hans Breittmann's Party.  
Shoo Files.  
A Dutchman's Answer.  
How Jake Schneider Went  
Blind.  
I Vash so Glad I Vash Here.  
The Dutchman and the  
Yankee.  
How the Dutchman Killed  
the Woodchuck.

Der Nighd Behind Grisd-  
mas.  
The Dutchman's Snake.  
Yoppy's Varder und Hees  
Drubbles.  
Dhree Shkadara.  
Katrina Likes Me Poody  
Vell.  
Hans in a Fix.  
Leedle Yawcob Strauss.  
How a Dutchman was Done.  
Dot Lambs vot Mary Haf  
Got.  
The Yankee and the Dutch-  
man's Dog.  
Zwei Lager.  
Schneider's Ride.  
The Dutchman and the  
Small-pox.  
Tiamonds on der Prain.  
A Dutchman's Testimony  
in a Steamboat Case.  
Hans Breittmann and the  
Turners.

### FRENCH DIALECT.

The Frenchman's Dilemma;  
or, Number Five Collect  
Street.  
The Frenchman's Revenge.  
Noozell and the Organ  
Grinder.  
How a Frenchman Enter-  
tained John Bull.  
Mr. Rogers and Monsieur  
Denise.  
The Frenchman and the  
Landlord.  
The Frenchman and the  
Sheep's Trotters.

A Frenchman's Account of  
the Fall.  
I Vant to Fly.  
The Generous Frenchman.  
The Frenchman and the  
Flea Powder.  
The Frenchman and the  
Rats.  
Monsieur Tonson.  
Vat You Please.  
The Frenchman and the  
Mosquitoes.  
The Frenchman's Patent  
Screw.  
The Frenchman's Mistake.  
Monsieur Mocquard Be-  
tween Two Fires.

### YANKEE DIALECT.

Mrs. Bean's Courtship.  
Hex and the Landlord.  
Squire Billings' Pickarel.  
Deacon Thrush in Meeting.  
The Yankee Fireside.  
Peter Sorghum in Love.  
Mrs. Smart Learns how to  
Skate.  
Capt. Hurricane Jones on  
the Miracles.  
The Dutchman and the  
Yankee.  
The Yankee Landlord.  
The Bewitched Clock.  
The Yankee and the Dutch-  
man's Dog.  
Aunt Hetty on Matrimony.  
The Courtin'.  
Ebenezer on a Bust.  
Sut Lovingood's Shirt.

This Collection contains all the best dialect pieces that are incidentally scattered through a large number of volumes of "Recitations and Readings," besides new and excellent sketches never before published. 170 pages, paper cover.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

## Dick's Irish Dialect Recitations. A carefully compiled Collec- tion of Rare Irish Stories, Comic, Poetical and Prose Recitations, Humorous Letters and Funny Recitals, all told with the irresistible Humor of the Irish dialect. Containing

Biddy's Troubles.  
Birth of St. Patrick, The.  
Bridget O'Hoolegoin's Let-  
ter.  
Connor.  
Dermot O'Dowd.  
Dick Macnamara's Matri-  
monial Adventures.  
D'ing Confession of Paddy  
McCabe.  
Father Molloy.  
Father Phil Blake's Collec-  
tion.  
Father Roach.  
Fight of Hell-Kettle, The.  
Handy Andy's Little Mis-  
takes.  
How Dennis Took the  
Pledge.  
How Pat Saved his Bacon.  
Irish Astronomy.

Irish Coquetry.  
Irish Drummer, The.  
Irish Letter, An.  
Irish Philosopher, The.  
Irish Traveler, The.  
Irishman's Panorama, The.  
Jimmy McBride's Letter.  
Jimmy Butler and the Owl.  
King O'Toole and St. Kevin.  
Kitty Malone.  
Love in the Kitchen.  
Micky Free and the Priest.  
Miss Malony on the Chinese  
Question.  
Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake.  
Paddy Blake's Echo.  
Paddy Fagan's Pedigree.  
Paddy McGrath and the  
Bear.  
Paddy O'Raffther.  
Paddy the Piper.

Paddy's Dream.  
Pat and the Fox.  
Pat and the Gridiron.  
Pat and his Musket.  
Pat and the Oysters.  
Pat's Criticism.  
Pat's Letter.  
Pat O'Flanigan's Colt.  
Patrick O'Rourke and the  
Frogs.  
Paudeen O'Rafferty's Say  
Voyage.  
Peter Mulrooney and the  
Black Filly.  
Phaidrig O'Bohore.  
Pory O'More's Present to  
the Priest.  
St. Kevin.  
Teddy O'Toole's Six Bulls.  
Wake of Tim O'Hara, The.  
Widow Cummiskey, The.

This Collection contains, in addition to new and original pieces, all the very best  
Recitations in the Irish dialect that can be gathered from a whole library of "Recita-  
tion" books. It is full of sparkling witticisms and it furnishes also a fund of entertain-  
ing matter for perusal in leisure moments. 170 pages, paper cover.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

## Tambo's End-Men's Minstrel Gags. Containing some of the

best Jokes and Repartees of the most celebrated "burnt cork" performers of our day. Tambo and Bones in all sorts and manner of scrapes. This Book is full of Burnt-Cork Drolleries, Funny Stories, Colored Conundrums, Gags and Witty Repartees, all the newest side-splitting conversations between Tambo, Bones, and the interlocutor, and will be found useful alike to the professional and amateur performer. Contents:

<p>A Bird that can't be Plucked Annihilating Time At Last Bashful Bet, The Big Fortune, A Blackberrying Black Swan, The Bones and his little Game Bones and the Monkey Tricks Bones as a Fortune Teller Bones as a Legitimate Actor Bones as a Pilot Bones as a Prize Fighter Bones as a "Stugent" Bones as a Traveler Bones as a Victim to the Pen Bones as a Walkist Bones assists at the Performance of a New Piece Bones attends a Seance Bones finds Himself Famous Bones gets Dunned Bones gets Stuck Bones has a Small Game with the Parson Bones' Horse Race Bones in an Affair of Honor Bones in Love Bones keeps a Boarding House Bones on the War Path Bones on George Washington Bones on the Light Fantastic</p>	<p>Bones Opens a Spout Shop Bones Plays O'Fella Bones sees a Ghost Bones Slopes with Sukey Sly Bones tells a "Fly" Story Brother will come home to-night Bones as a Carpet Bagger Bones as an Inkslinger Bones in a New Character Bones in Clover Bones' Love Scrapes "Cullud" Ball, The Conundrums Curious Boy Dancing Mad Dat's What I'd Like to Know Definitions De Mudder of Invention Difference, The Don't Kiss every Puppy "Far Away in Alabama" First White Man, The Fishy Argument Four-Eleven-Forty-Four Four Meetings, The From the Folks Girl at the Sewing Machine Hard Times Hard to take a Hint Heavy Spell, A Highfalutin' Horrible! How Bones became a Minstrel How Tambo took his Bitters How to do it</p>	<p>Impulsive Oration Inquisitive Jeallusest of her Seet Legal Problem, A Liberal Discount for Cash Manager in a Fix, The Mathematics Merry Life, A Momentous Question Mosquitoes Music Notes Ob Course Our Shap Girls Pomp and Ephy Green Presidency on de Brain Proposed Increase of Taxes Railroad Catastrophe Reality versus Romance Rough on Tambo Sassy Sam and Susie Long School's In Shakespeare with a Vengeance Simple Sum in Arithmetic Sleighing in the Park Sliding Down the Hill Style Sublime Swearing by Proxy Tambo's Travelling Agent That Dear Old Home "The Pervisions, Joslar" Thieves Tonsorial Toast, A Uncle Eph's Lament Waiting to See Him Off You Bet And 40 popular songs and dances.</p>
---	--	--

Everything new and rich. Paper covers . . . . . 20cts.  
Bound in boards, with cloth back . . . . . 50cts.

## McBride's Comic Speeches and Recitations. Designed for

Schools, Literary and Social Circles. By H. Elliott McBride, Author of "McBride's Humorous Dialogues," etc., etc. This is one of the very best series of original speeches, in Yankee, Darkey, Spread-Eagle and village styles, with a number of diverting addresses and recitations, and funny stories, forming an excellent volume of selections for supplying the humorous element of an exhibition. Contents:

<p>A Burst of Indignation Disce'ro by a Colored Man A Trumpet Sermon Sermon on Skilletvillers Nancy Matilda Jones Hezekiah's Proposal About the Bilkinkines Betsy and I are Out Once More A Stump Speech About Katharine Deborah Doolittle's Speech on Women's Rights A Salutatory A Mournful Story</p>	<p>An Address to Schoolboys Zachariah Popp's Courtship and Marriage A Sad Story How to Make Hasty Pudding My Matilda Jane Courtship, Marriage, Separation and Reunion Lecture by a rankee A Colored Man's Disco'se on Different Subjects A Girl's Address to Boys McSwinger's Fate</p>	<p>Peter Peabody's Stump Speech Mr. Styx Rejoices on Account of a New Well Spring Victuals and Drink Speech by Billy Higgins on the Destruction of His Rambo Apple Tree A Boy's Address to Young Ladies An Old Man's Address to Young Wives Salu-ta-tat-u-a-ry Valedictory.</p>
---	--	---

Paper covers, illuminated . . . . . 20cts.  
Board covers, illuminated . . . . . 50cts.

# Beecher's Recitations and Readings. Humorous, Serious,

\*Dramatic. Designed for Public and Private Exhibitions.

Miss Maloney at the Dentist's  
Lost and Found  
Mygel Snyder's Barty  
Magdalena  
Jim Wolfe and the Cats  
The Woolen Doll  
The Charity Dinner  
Go-Morrow; or, Lots Wife  
The Wind and the Moon  
Dyin' Words of Isaac  
Maude Muller in Dutch  
Moses the Sassy  
Yarn of the "Nancy Bell"  
Paddy the Piper  
Schneider sees "Leah"  
Caldwell of Springfield  
Artemus Ward's Panorama  
Tale of a Servant Girl  
How a Frenchman Entertained John Bull  
Tiamonds on der Frain  
King Robert of Sicily  
Gloverson the Mormon  
De Pint wid Ole Pete  
Pat and the Pig  
The Widow Bedott's Letter  
Paper covers. Price  
Bound in boards, cloth back

The Cry of the Children  
The Dutchman and the Small-pox  
Sculpin  
Papa—Descriptive Recitation  
A Reader Introduces Himself to an Audience  
A Dutchman's Dolly Varden  
"Rock of Ages"  
Feeding the Black Fillies  
The Hornet  
The Glove and the Lions  
I Want to Fly  
That Dog of Jim Smiley's  
The Faithful Soul  
"My New Pittayates"  
Mary Ann's Wedding  
An Inquiring Yankee  
The Three Bells  
Love in a Balloon  
Mrs. Brown on the Streets  
Shoe Files  
Discourse by the Rev. Mr. Bosan  
Without the Children

Contents:

Signor Billamethi's Dancing Academy  
Der Goot Lookin Shnow  
The Jumping Frog  
The Lost Chord  
The Tale of a Leg  
That West-side Dog  
How Dennis Took the Pledge  
The Fisherman's Summons  
Badger's Debut as Hamlet  
Hezekiah Stole the Spoons  
Paddy's Dream  
Victuals and Drink  
How Jake Schneider Went Blind  
Aurelia's Young Man  
Mrs. Brown on Modern Houses  
Farm Yard Song  
Murphy's Pork Barrel  
The Prayer Seeker  
An Extraordinary Phenomenon  
The Case of Young Bangs  
A Mule Ride in Florida  
Dhree Shkadors

20 Cts.  
50 Cts.

# Dick's Ethiopian Scenes, Variety Sketches and Stump

Speeches. Containing the following Rich Collection of Negro Dialogues, Scenes, Farces, End-Men's Jokes, Gags, Rollicking Stories, Excruciating Conundrums, Questions and Answers for Bones, Tambo and Interlocutor, etc. Contents:

I's Gwine to Jine de Massons  
Jes' Nail dat Mink to de Stable Do—Oration  
But the Villain still Pursued Her—A Thrilling Tale  
Bones at a Free-and-Easy  
Buncombe Speech  
Shakespeare Improved  
End Gag—Bones and Tambo  
A Man of Nerve—Comic Sketch  
End Gag—Bones and Tambo  
Uncle Pete—Darkey Sketch  
The Rival Darkeys  
The Stage-Struck Darkey  
Add Ryman's Fourth of July Oration  
Absent-Mindedness—Bones and Tambo  
Don't Call a Man a Liar  
The Mysterious Darkey  
Rev. Uncle Jim's Sermon  
The 'Possum-Run Debating Society  
Tim Murphy's Irish Stew  
Brudder Bones in Love—Interlocutor and Bones  
'Lixey; or, The Old Gum Game—Negro Scene  
Brudder Bones' Duel  
Brudder Bones' Sweetheart  
Brudder Bones in Hard Luck  
Two Left—Bones and Tambo

Speech on Bolls  
How Bones Cured a Smoky Chimney  
Sermon on Keards, Hosses, Fiddlers, etc.  
Huggin' Lamp-Posts  
Not Opposed to Matrimony  
How Pat Sold a Dutchman  
The Coopers—one Act Farce  
Questions Easily Answered—Bones and Tambo  
Examination in Natural History—Minstrel Dialogue  
O'Quirk's Sinecure  
The Widower's Speech  
Bones at a Raffle  
Uncle Pete's Sermon  
Bones at a Solree—Interlocutor and Bones  
Speech on Woman's Rights  
Bones' Discovery  
Mark Twain Introduces Himself—Characteristic Speech  
Speech on Happiness  
Burnt Corkers—Minstrel Dialogue  
The Nervous Woman  
The Five Senses—Minstrel Dialogue  
The Dutchman's Experience  
Essay on the Wheelbarrow  
Bones at a Pic-Nic  
The Virginia Mummy—Negro Farce

Brudder Bones in Clover  
Artemus Ward's Advice to Husbands  
Where the Lion Roareth, and the Wang-Doodle Mourneth  
Romeo and Juliet in 1880  
Artemus Ward's Panorama  
Brudder Bones as a Carpet-Bagger—Interlocutor and Bones  
Major Jones' Fourth of July Oration  
Curiosities for a Museum—Minstrel Dialogue  
Burlesque Oration on Matrimony  
Brudder Bones on the Ragging Canawl  
The Snackin'-Turtle Man—Ethiopian Sketch  
Bones' Dream—Ethiopian Sketch  
Come and Hug Me  
Widow O'Brien's Toast  
Scenes at the Police Court—Musical Minstrel Dialogue  
Brudder Bones as a Log-Roller  
De Pint Wid Old Pete—Negro Dialect Recitation  
A Touching Appeal—Dutch Dialect Recitation  
Wounded in the Corners  
Darkey Dialogue  
End Gag—Interlocutor and Bones

20 Cts.  
50 Cts.

172 pages, paper covers  
Bound in board, cloth back

**Kavanaugh's New Speeches and Dialogues for Young Children.** Containing easy pieces in plain language, readily understood by little children, and expressly adapted for School Exhibitions and Christmas and other juvenile celebrations. By Mrs. Russell Kavanaugh. This is an entirely new series of Recitations and Dialogues by this author, and full of pieces, in her well-known style of familiar simplicity, admirably calculated to give the little ones additional opportunities to distinguish themselves before an audience. It contains the following:

	Girls.	Boys.		Girls.	Boys.
Introduction.....			Four Little Rose Buds .....		
Opening Speech.....	1	1	A Bouquet.....	12	
Speech for a School Exhibition	1	1	Tal! Tal!.....		1
The Parcs (The Fates).....	3		Speech for a Very Little Girl..	1	1
Which Would You Rather Be?	6		Speech for a Very Little Boy..		1
Speech for a Tiny Girl.....	1		Blood Will Tell.....		1
An Old Story, for a Child.....			A Warning .....		1
Speech for a Boy.....	1		A Race for Life .....		1
A Sudden Revulsion.....			"He is a Brick".....		1
Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus. A			Speech for a Small Boy.....		1
Novel Christmas Festival...	2		Watching .....	1	
May Celebration.....	8	3	Gold.....		1
Speech of Crowner.....	1		A Touching Incident.....		1
Speech of Sceptre-Bearer. ...	1		Buy a Broom, for several Girls		
Speech of Fun.....	1		Confusion Worse Confounded.		1
Speech of Frolic.....	1		A Relentless Tyrant, for a Child		
Speech of Vanity.....	1		My Brother Jean.....	1	
Speech of Modesty.....	1		The Gratitude of the World....		
Speech of Beauty.....	1		At the Skating Rink.....		1
Speech of Jollity.....	1	1	Dimes! Oh, Dimes!.....		1
Speech of Boot-Black.....	1	1	A Fatal Bait, for a Child.....		
Speech of News-Boy.....	1	1	The Decorated Donkey, for a		
Speech of May Queen.....	1		Child.....		
The Tables Turned, for a Child			Tight Times.....		1
Speech for a Boy.....	1	1	The Reason Why.....		
Speech for a Small Boy.....	1	1	A Modern Flirtation.....		
Speech for a Very Little Boy..	1	1	Country Meeting Talk.....		1
The Farmer Boy and the City			Speech.....		1
Dude.....		2	Deeds of Kindness.....		
The Small Boy.....	1		The Boy's Complaint.....		1
Transposed.....	1		What Not to Do.....		
The Sun and His Satellites....	7		Temperance Address.....		1
Speech of the Sun.....	1		The Quarrelsome Boy.....		1
Speech of the Moon.....	1		An Awful Fly, for a Little One		
Speech of Mercury.....	1		Content.....	1	
Speech of Mars.....	1		The Winds of the Prairie.....		
Speech of Jupiter.....	1		Santa Claus' Christmas Tree		
Speech of Saturn.....	1		Speech.....		1
Speech of Venus.....	1		The Creator.....		
True Happiness.....	1	1	Where Did They Go.....	1	
Genius and Application.....	2		The Parting Lovers.....	1	1
Five Versus Twenty-five.....	1	1	Do Your Best.....		
Saved from Suicide.....	1	1	Cherish Kindly Feelings.....		
Speech for a Very Small Child			Advice to Boys.....	1	
Three Enigmas.....	3		I Wish I Was a Grown-up....		1
Tickle his Hand with a Ten		1	No Time Like the Present....		
Dollar Bill.....	1	1	The Boys We Need.....		1
Speech for a Small Boy.....	1	1	Summer Vacation.....	1	
Beautiful Belles, for several					
Girls.....			MUSIC.		
Beautiful Dudes, for several			Three Bright Stars.....		
Boys.....			Beautiful Belles.....		
			Buy a Broom.....		

o., Illuminated Paper Cover.....30 cts. Boards.....50 cts.

**Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.**

## **HOWARD'S RECITATIONS.**

**Comic, Serious and Pathetic.** Being a carefully selected collection of fresh Recitations in Prose and Poetry, suitable for Anniversaries, Exhibitions, Social Gatherings, and Evening Parties; affording, also, an abundance of excellent material for practice and declamation. Edited by Clarence J. Howard.

### **C O N T E N T S.**

**Miss Malony on the Chinese Question.**

**Kit Carson's Ride.** A fine descriptive poetical recitation.

**Buck Fanshaw's Funeral.**

**Knocked About.** Monologue.

**The Puzzled Dutchman.** Dialect

**Shamus O'Brien.** Popular recitation

**The Naughty Little Girl.** Humorous.

**The Bells of Shandon.** Serious poem.

**No Sect in Heaven.** A dream.

**Rory O'More's Present to the Priest.**

**"Mother's Fool."** A Recitation.

**Queen Elizabeth.** A comic oration.

**The Starling.** A recitation.

**Lord Dundreary's Riddle.**

**The Stuttering Lass.** Amusing recital.

**The Irish Traveler.** Humorous piece.

**The Remedy as Bad as the Disease.**

**A Subject for Dissection.**

**The Heathen Chinese.**

**Mona's Waters.** Pathetic recitation.

**A Showman on the Woodchuck.**

**How Happy I'll Be.** Moral recitation.

**A Frenchman's Account of the Fall.**

**Isabel's Grave.** Pathetic recitation.

**The Parson and the Spaniel.**

**An Irishman's Letter.**

**An Affectionate Letter.** Irish style.

**The Halibut in Love.**

**The Merry Soap-Boiler.**

**The Unbeliever.** A solemn recitation

**The Voices at the Throne.**

**Lord Dundreary Proposing.** A very comic recitation.

**The Fireman.** Descriptive piece.

**Paul Revere's Ride.**

**Annie and Willie's Prayer.** Pathetic

**A Frenchman on Macbeth.**

**The New Church Organ.**

**Katrina Likes Me Poody Vell.** Humorous Ditty in Dutch dialect.

**How to Save a Thousand Pounds.**

**How I Got Invited to Dinner.**

**Patient Joe.** A serious recitation.

**Jimmy Butler and the Owl.**

**The Menagerie.** A wild beast show, Old Quizzle.

**The Infidel and Quaker.** Recitation.

**The Lawyer and the Chimney-Sweeper.**

**Bill Mason's Bride.** A railroad yarn.

**Judging by Appearances.**

**The Death's Head; or, Honesty the best Policy.**

**Betsey and I are Out.**

**Betsey Destroys the Paper.**

**Father Blake's Collection.**

**Blank Verse in Rhyme.**

**Roguery Taught by Confession.**

**Banty Tim.**

**Antony and Cleopatra.**

**Deacon H Ezekiah.** Description of a Sanctimonious Hypocrite.

**The Frenchman and the Landlord.**

**The Family Quarrel.** A dialogue on the Sixteenth Amendment.

**The Guess.** Old English Recitation.

**The Atheist and Acorn.**

**Brother Watkins.** Farewell of a Southern Minister.

**Haus in a Fix.** A Dutchman's dream of Matrimony.

**To-Morrow.** Poetical recitation.

**The Highgate Butcher.**

**The Lucky Call.** The Lost Spectacles.

**Challenging the Foreman.**

**The Country Schoolmaster.**

**The Matrimonial Bugs and the Travelers.**

**Peter Sorghum in Love.** Yankee story.

**Tim Tuff.** A sharp bargain.

**The Romance of Nick Van Stann.**

**The Debating Society.** Recitation.

**Deacon Stokes.**

**A Tribute to our Honored Dead.**

**The Dying Soldier.** Pathetic poetry.

**The Yankee Fireside.** Yankee sketches of character.

**The Suicidal Cat.** An affecting tale

**The Son's Wish.** A dying father's bequest.

16mo. 180 pages. Paper covers. Price.....30 cts.

Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

## MARTINE'S DROLL DIALOGUES

AND

## LAUGHABLE RECITATIONS.

By Arthur Martine, author of "Martine's Letter-Writer," etc., etc. A collection of Humorous Dialogues, Comic Recitations, Brilliant Burlesque, Spirited Stump Speeches and Ludicrous Farces, adapted for School and other Celebrations and for Home Amusement.

### CONTENTS.

- Hints to Amateur Performers in Parlor Theatricals.  
Explanation of Stage Directions, with Diagram.  
Prelude to an Evening's Recitations. Humorous Poetical Address.  
The Bell and the Gong. Original Humorous Recitation.  
Mrs. Dove's Boarding House. Original Amusing Recitation.  
The Wilkins Family. A Recitation full of Puns and Jokes.  
The Lawyer's Stratagem. How he tricked the Squire.  
Eulogy on Laughing. A well-known popular Recitation.  
Drawing a Long Bow. Dramatic Dialogue for 3 males and 1 female.  
Woman. The Origin of Woman's Ascendency over Man.  
Verny Raynor's Bear Story. A thrilling characteristic narration.  
The Game of Life. The Moral Application of a game at Euchre.  
The Fortune Hunter. Laughable Dialogue for 2 males and 3 females.  
The Parson and the Widow. A short, Poetical Recitation.  
Hezekiah Stubbins' Fourth of July Oration. A Yankee Stump Speech.  
Make your Wills. Ludicrous Farce for 7 male characters.  
Mr. Rogers and Monsieur Denise. A celebrated Comic Recitation.  
The Darkey Debating Society. Ethiopian Dialogue for 2 males.  
The Scandal Monger. Dramatic Dialogue for 2 males and 2 females.  
Poor Richard's Sayings. With Annotations by Lord Dundreary.  
Prologue to "The Apprentice."  
Address in the character of "Hope."  
A Prologue for an Entertainment.  
Parody on the Declaration of Independence.  
Bombastes Farioso. A Burlesque for 7 males.  
Characteristic Address. The wall of a Printer's Devil.  
Examining de Bumpa. Ethiopian Dialogue for 2 males.  
Election Stump Speech. Addressed to the Electors of Wethersfield.  
A Matrimonial Tiff. Characteristic Dialogue for 1 male and 2 females.  
The Frenchman and the Sheep's Trotters. Comic Recitation.  
The Poor Relation; or, Love Me, Love my Dog. Comic Drama for 7 males.  
Vat you Please. Experiences of two Frenchmen in England.  
The Babes in the Wood. Burlesque for 3 males and 4 females.  
My Aunt. Poetical Recitation.  
Handy Andy's Little Mistakes. Laughable Irish Story.  
The Cat Eater. Comic Recitation.  
A Shocking Mistake. Dialogue for 3 males and 2 females.  
Wanted a Governess. A satirically comic Recitation.  
The Rival Broom Makers. Comic Recitation.  
Pandeen O'Rafferty's Say-Voyage. Laughable Irish Recitation.  
Mr. Candle's Wedding Dinner. A Curtain Lecture.  
Our Cousins. Negro Dialogue for 2 male characters.  
Mr. Caudle has been made a Mason. Curtain Lecture.  
Address of Sergeant Buzfuz at the Trial of Pickwick.  
The Wonderful Whalers. A very surprising narrative.  
Sam Weller's Valentine. Character Dialogue for 2 males.  
Job Trotter's Secret. Amusing Dialogue, for 3 males.

186 pages. Paper covers. Price.....80 cts  
Bound in boards, cloth back... ..50 cts

Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.

## WILSON'S BOOK OF RECITATIONS

AND

### DIALOGUES.

With instructions in Elocution and Declamation. Containing a choice selection of Poetical and Prose Recitations. Designed as an Assistant to Teachers and Students in preparing Exhibitions. By Floyd B. Wilson, Professor of Elocution.

#### CONTENTS.

##### INSTRUCTION IN ELOCUTION AND DECLAMATION.

Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.  
Sheridan's Ride.  
There's but one Pair of Stockings.  
Modulation.  
The Drummer Boy's Burial.  
John Maynard, the Pilot.  
The Boys.  
The Duel.  
Lochiel's Warning.  
Socrates Snooks.  
Mosaic Poetry.  
Burial of the Champion of his Class  
at Yale College.  
Scott and the Veteran.  
Barbara Frietchie.  
I Wouldn't—Would You?  
The Professor Puzzled.  
Thanatopsis.  
The Two Roads.  
The Pawnbroker's Shop.  
The Sophomore's Soliloquy.  
The Nation's Hymn.  
Address to a Skeleton.  
A Glass of Cold Water.  
Little Gretchen; or, New Year's Eve.  
Good News from Ghent.  
The Sea Captain's Story.  
Our Heroes.  
The Closing Year.  
Burial of Little Nell.  
The Picket Guard.  
The Poor Man and the Fiend.  
Our Country's Call.  
The Conquered Banner.  
The High Tide; or, The Brides of  
Enderby.  
Death of Gaudentia.  
Don Garzia.  
Past Meridian.  
The Founding of Gettysburg Monu-  
ment.  
Spartacus to the Gladiators.  
Soliloquy of the Dying Alchemist.  
The Country Justice.  
Unjust National Acquisition.

Dimes and Dollars.  
The Dead Drummer Boy.  
Home.  
Responsibility of American Citizens.  
The Jester's Sermon.  
Left on the Battle Field.  
The American Flag.  
Oh! Why should the Spirit of Mortal  
be Proud?  
Parrhasius.  
The Vagabonds.  
A Bridal Wine Cup.  
Blanche of Devan's Last Words.  
Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffles.  
A Psalm of the Union.  
Charge of a Dutch Magistrate.  
Stars in my Country's Sky.  
Bingen on the Rhine.  
Religious Character of President Lin-  
coln.  
The Raven.  
The Loyal Legion.  
Agnes and the Years.  
Cataline's Defiance.  
Our Folks.  
The Beautiful Snow.  
The Ambitious Youth.  
The Flag of Washington.  
The Abbot of Waltham.  
Ode to an Infant Son.  
The Scholar's Mission.  
Claude Melnotte's Apology.  
The Forging of the Anchor.  
The Wreck of the Hesperus.  
The Man of Ross.  
No Work the Hardest Work.  
What is Time?  
Brutus's Oration over the Body of  
Lucretia.  
What is That, Mother?  
A Colloquy with Myself.  
St. Philip Neri and the Youth.  
The Chameleon.  
Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on  
Sleep.  
On Procrastination.  
APPENDIX.

Paper covers. Price.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.



# BRUDDER BONES' BOOK OF STUMP SPEECHES AND BURLESQUE ORATIONS.

Also containing Humorous Lectures, Ethiopian Dialogues, Plantation Scenes, Negro Farces and Burlesques, Laughable interludes and Comic Recitations. Compiled and edited by John F. Scott.

## CONTENTS.

If I may so Speak. Burlesque Oration.  
Dr. Pillsbury's Lecture on Politics.  
Vegetable Poetry. Dialogue for 2 males.  
Teco Brag's Lecture on Astronomy.  
We saw Her but a Moment.  
Stocks Up, Stocks Down. Darkey dialogue for 2 males.  
Brudder Bones' Love Scrapes.  
Stump Speech; or, "Any other Man."  
War's your Hoss. Dialogue Recital.  
Geology. Dialogue for 2 males.  
Tin-pan-o-ni-on. Pantomime for Leader and Orchestra.  
Dr. Puff Stuff's Lecture on Patent Medicines.  
Sailing. Dialogue for 2 males.  
Challenge Dance. Ethiopian Act for 3 males.  
Lecture on Bad Boys. An amusing Recitation.  
Tony Pastor's Great Union Speech.  
A Tough Boarding House. Conversation between 2 Darkeys.  
Sleeping Child. Dialogue for 2 males.  
Ain't I Right, Eh? Speech.  
Wonderful Egg. Darkey Dialogue for 2 males.  
A Boothlack's Soliloquy. Darkey.  
Lecture to a Fire Company.  
Julius' Peaches. Dialogue for 2 Darkeys.  
De Trouble Begins at Nine.  
The Arkansas Traveler. Dialogue for 2 Violin players.  
Slap Jack. Dialogue for 2 Darkeys.  
Demi-Semi-Centennial Turkey-town Celebration. An Oration.  
Uncle Steve's Stump Speech.  
A Midnight Murder. Thrilling.  
Dat's What's de Matter.  
The Freezing Bed Feller. Recitation.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins.  
Paddy Fagan's Pedigree.  
The Rival Darkeys. Act for 2 males.  
Hans Sourcroust on Signs and Omens.  
Hun-ki-do-ris Fourth of July Oration.

Josh Billings on Mosquitoes.  
Romantic History of Cap. John Smith.  
A Speech on Women. Humorous.  
An Impulsive Peroration.  
The Bet. Dialogue for 2 Darkeys.  
Old Times gone By. Dialogue with songs for 2 Darkeys.  
The Echo. Act for 2 Negroes.  
Sol Slocum's Bugle. Dialect.  
Western Stump Speech. Highfalutin'.  
In the Show Business. Short Dialogue for 2 males.  
"We are." Favorite Stump Oration.  
An Original Burlesque Oration.  
Waiting to see Him off. For 2 males.  
Patriotic Stump Speech.  
De Railroad Accident. Dialogue for 2 Darkeys.  
The Dutchman's Lecture on the War.  
Professor Unworth's Atlantic Cable Lecture.  
The Three old Ladies. Recitation.  
Josh Billings' Lecture onto Musick.  
The Misfortunes of Brudder Bones' Lady-Love. Dialogue for 2 males.  
Deaf—In a Horn. Act for 2 males.  
Or any oder Man's Dog. A Speech.  
Happy Uncle Tom. Plantation Scene.  
Stiek a Pin dere, Brudder Horace.  
Burlesque Lecture on Woman's Rights.  
Dat's wot de "Ledger" says. Dialogue for two Darkeys.  
Goose Hollow Stump Speech.  
De Milk in de Cocoa Nut.  
A Dutchman's Answer.  
Lecture on Cats. Humorous.  
The Patent Screw; or, How to be Revenged.  
The Auctioneer. Characteristic.  
Hints on Courtship. To Young Men.  
A Dutch Recruiting Officer.  
Spirit Rappings. Roaring Darkey Dialogue for 2 males.  
Dar's de Money. From "Othello."  
Let Her Rip. Burlesque Lecture.  
The Stranger. Ethiopian Scene for 1 male and 1 female.

16 mo. 188 pages. Paper covers. Price ..... 30 cts  
Bound in boards, illuminated. .... 50 cts

**Tambo's End-Men's Minstrel Gags.** Containing some of the best jokes and repartees of the most celebrated "burnt cork" performers of our day. Tambo and Bones in all sorts and manner of scrapes. Also containing a rich collection of Ballads, humorous and pathetic, Darky Dialogues, Sketches, Plantation Scenes, Eccentric Doings, Humorous Lectures, Laughable Interludes, Huge Africanisms, Burlesque Stump Speeches, Mirth-provoking Witticisms, Conundrums, Yarns, Plantation Songs and Dances, etc., etc. In short, a complete Hand-Book of Burnt Cork Drollery, which will be found alike useful to the professional and amateur. Everything new and rich. Paper covers.....30 cts  
Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts

**Tony Denier's Parlor Tableaux, or Living Pictures.** Containing about eighty popular subjects, with plain and explicit directions for arranging the stage, dressing-rooms, lights, full description of costumes, duties of stage manager, properties and scenery required, and all the necessary directions for getting them up. Among the contents there are nine tableaux for *male* and an equal number for *female* characters only. A great number of them introduce groups of boys, and many more groups of girls only; others again introducing both; and still more in which entire classes can take part. Everything is stated in a plain, simple manner, so that it will be easily understood; everything like style or unnecessary show has been avoided. For public or private entertainment, there is nothing which is so interesting as the tableau. Price....25 cts

**Tony Denier's Secret of Performing Shadow Pantomimes.** Showing how to get them up and how to act in them; with full and concise instructions and numerous illustrations. Also full and complete descriptions of properties and costumes.

#### CONTENTS.

Introduction; Shadow Bluff, or, Who's Who? Tooth Drawing Extraordinary; Amputation like Winking; The Haunted House; We Won't Go Home till Morning; Jocko, or the Mischievous Monkey; The Madcap Barber; Cribbage, or, The Devil among the Cards; The Lover's Stratagem; The Game of Base Ball; Regu-

lar Hash, or, The Boarding-House Conspiracy; The Mechanical Statue; The African Serenaders; The Model Prize Fight; The Magic Oak, or, The Industrious and Idle Apprentice; The Tragical Duel, or, The Comical Rivals; Old Dame Trot and her Comical Cat.

Price.....25 cts

**Brudder Bones' Book of Stump Speeches and Burlesque Orations.** Also containing Humorous Lectures, Dialogues, Plantation Scenes, Negro Farces and Burlesques, Laughable Interludes and Comic Recitations, interspersed with Dutch, Irish, French and Yankee Stories. Compiled and edited by John F. Scott.

This book contains some of the best hits of the leading negro delineators of the present time, as well as mirth-provoking jokes and repartees of the most celebrated End-Men of the day, and specially designed for the introduction of fun in an evening's entertainment. Price.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards.....50 cts.

**Burton's Amateur Actor.** A complete guide to Private Theatricals; giving plain directions for arranging, decorating and lighting the Stage; with rules and suggestions for mounting, rehearsing and performing all kinds of Plays, Parlor Pantomimes and Shadow Pantomimes. Illustrated with numerous engravings, and including a selection of original Plays, with Prologues, Epilogues, etc. 16mo, illuminated paper cover.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

# RECITATIONS AND DIALOGUES.

---

Dick's Series of Recitations and Readings. Nos. 1 to 16.  
Dick's Dutch, French and Yankee Recitations.  
Dick's Irish Recitations.  
Dick's Dialogues and Monologues.  
Dick's Comic Dialogues.  
McBride's Comic Dialogues.  
McBride's All Kinds of Dialogues.  
McBride's New Dialogues.  
McBride's Humorous Dialogues.  
McBride's Temperance Dialogues.  
McBride's Comic Speeches and Recitations.  
Frost's Dialogues for Young Folks.  
Frost's Humorous and Exhibition Dialogues.  
Frost's New Dialogues.  
Kavanaugh's Humorous Dramas.  
Kavanaugh's Juvenile Speaker, for Very Little Children.  
Kavanaugh's Exhibition Reciter, for Very Little Children.  
Kavanaugh's New Speeches and Dialogues.  
Holmes' Very Little Dialogues for Very Little Folks.  
Graham's School Dialogues for Young People.  
Steele's Exhibition Dialogues.  
Martine's Droll Dialogues and Laughable Recitations.  
Beecher's Recitations and Readings.  
Howard's Recitations; Comic, Serious and Pathetic.  
Wilson's Recitations for School Declamation.  
Spencer's Comic Speeches and Recitations.  
Barton's Comic Recitations and Dialogues.

The price of each of the above books in paper covers is 30 cents; or bound in boards, with cloth back, 50 cents; sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of the price.

Send for catalogue, mailed free, giving full contents of each book, and the number and sex of the characters required for the dialogues.

**DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,**  
**P. O. Box 2975. 15 ANN ST., NEW YORK.**

# THEATRICALS, TABLEUX, ETC.

---

**Amateur Theatricals and Fairy-Tale Dramas.** Containing Original Plays for the Drawing-Room.

**Alice in Wonderland and other Fairy Plays.** Four Juvenile Dramas, with Songs and Music, complete.

**Barmby's Plays for Young People.** Original Plays with Songs, Choruses and Music for Parlor Performance.

**Howard's Drawing-Room Theatricals.** Containing Short Plays in One Act and One Scene, for the Parlor.

**Hudson's Private Theatricals for Home Performance.** Short Plays Expressly for Amateur Performance.

**Parlor Theatricals; or Winter Evenings' Entertainment.** Dramatic Amusements and Comic Plays, Illustrated.

**Kavanaugh's Humorous Dramas.** Comedies and Farces appropriate for Parlor Performance.

**Burton's Amateur Actor.** A Complete Guide to Private Theatricals, with Full Directions for Rehearsing.

**Frost's Tableaux and Shadow Pantomimes.** A Collection of Tableaux, and Instructions for Shadow Pantomimes.

**Frost's Dramatic Proverbs and Charades.** Expressly for Dramatic Performance, and Illustrated by Tableaux.

**Frost's Parlor Acting Charades.** Arranged as Short Comedies and Farces adapted for Parlor Performance.

**Nugent's Burlesque and Musical Acting Charades.** Arranged as Comedies and Parlor Operas with Music.

**Brudder Bones' Stump Speeches and Burlesque Orations.** Darkey Dialogues, Lectures and Plantation Scenes.

**Dick's Ethiopian Scenes, Variety Sketches and Speeches.** Negro Farces, Jokes, Lectures, Sermons and Gags.

**Tambo's End-Men's Minstrel Gags.** Darkey Oddities, Ethiopian Dialogues, Plantation Acts, and Minstrel Jokes.

**Dick's Parlor Exhibitions.** Containing Living Statuary, Trick-Pantomimes, and many other Amusing Parlor Performances.

Price of each, 30 cts. in paper covers, or 50 cts. in boards, mailed on receipt of price. Send for descriptive Catalogue free.

**DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,**

**P. O. Box 2975.**

**18 ANN ST., NEW YORK.**

Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.

**Dick's Letter Writer for Ladies.** Consisting of over Five Hundred entirely original Letters and Notes, with various replies, on every subject and occasion that a Lady in good society could possibly require. They are all new and written expressly for this work.

THE CONTENTS EMBRACE THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS:

*Hints on Letter Writing*  
*Letters of Introduction*  
*Answers to Letters of Introduction*  
*Letters and Notes of Invitation*  
*Forms of Cards*  
*Notes of Postponement*  
*Letters and Notes Accepting and Declining Invitations*  
*Letters of Apology*  
*Letters of Announcement*  
*Notes and Letters Accompanying Gifts*  
*Notes and Letters of Acknowledgment*  
*Notes and Letters Soliciting Favors*  
*Notes and Letters Offering, Granting or Declining Favors*

*Notes Soliciting Donations*  
*Notes and Letters Granting or Refusing Donations*  
*Letters of Congratulation*  
*Letters of Condolence*  
*Answers to Letters of Condolence*  
*Household Letters and Notes*  
*Forms of Household Orders*  
*Answers to Household Letters*  
*Business Letters and Notes*  
*Shopping by Mail*  
*Forms of Orders*  
*Miscellaneous Business Letters*  
*Family Letters*  
*Miscellaneous Notes and Letters*

These letters, &c., are excellent models of ease and elegant style, facility in method of expression, and correct form; they furnish, therefore, valuable aid to Ladies who, however otherwise accomplished, are deficient in the necessary acquirement of the graceful and properly-worded correspondence which their social position demands.

268 pages, large 16 mo., bound in Boards.....50 cts.

**Dick's Comic Dialogues.** A collection of Easy and Effective Dramatic Dialogues specially adapted for performance by Young People, and containing the following attractive pieces:

*My Next Door Neighbor*  
*Completely Sold*  
*The Quick Doctor*  
*Barking Up the Wrong Tree*  
*Pat's Dilemma*  
*A Family Flurry*  
*Never Mind de Why en Wharfo'*  
*The Musical Bore*  
*An Army of Applicants*

*Satisfied All Round*  
*A Budget of Blunders*  
*My Wife's Mother*  
*An Unwelcome Intrusion*  
*A Splendid Beau*  
*The Billet Doux*  
*An Editor's Trials*  
*Won by Strategy*

Eight of the Dialogues are for males only, requiring from two to six characters; the remaining pieces are for both sexes. They are all bright, witty, very entertaining, and full of droll and effective "situations" and have been selected to fulfill the special conditions of the best dramatic effect and the least possible difficulties of costumes and scenery.

184 pages, 16 mo., paper covers.....30 cts.

Bound in boards.....50 cts.

**The Art of Attack and Defence.** A practical Manual of Fencing, Sword Exercise, Bayonet Practice and Boxing, affording thorough instructions in the modern method of Fencing, the mode of attack with sword against sword or bayonet, and with bayonet against sword or bayonet, with the latest developments in the pugilistic art. By Major W. J. ELLIOTT. This work is not only an excellent book of Instruction for beginners, but affords also advanced lessons for those who desire to become eminently proficient in any branch of the Art. Profusely illustrated.....25 cts.

Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.

## Dick's Original Album Verses and Acrostics.

Containing Original Verses

*For Autograph Albums;  
To Accompany Bouquets;  
For Birthday Anniversaries;  
For Wooden, Tin, Crystal, Silver and  
Golden Weddings;*

*For Album Dedications;  
To Accompany Philopena Forfeits;  
For Congratulation;  
For Valentines in General, and all  
Trades and Professions.*

It contains also Two Hundred and Eighteen Original Acrostic Verses, the initial letters of each verse forming a different Lady's Christian name, the meaning and derivation of the name being appended to each. The primary object of this book is to furnish entirely fresh and unbackneyed matter for all who may be called upon to fill and adorn a page in a Lady's Album; but it contains also new and appropriate verses to suit Birthday, Wedding, and all other Anniversaries and Occasions to which verses of Compliment or Congratulation are applicable. Paper covers. Price..50 cts. Bound in full cloth..... " ..75 cts.

## The Debater, Chairman's Assistant, and Rules of Order. A manual for Instruction and Reference in all matters pertaining to the Management of Public Meetings according to Parliamentary usages. It comprises:

*How to Form and Conduct all kinds of Associations and Clubs;  
How to Organize and Arrange Public Meetings, Celebrations, Dinners, Picnics and Conventions;  
Forms for Constitutions of Lyceums or Institutes, Literary and other Societies;  
The Powers and Duties of Officers, with Forms for Treasurers', Secretaries', and other Official Reports;  
The Formation and Duties of Committees;*

*Rules of Order, and Order of Business, with Mode of Procedure in all Cases.  
How to draft Resolutions and other Written Business;  
A Model Debate, introducing the greatest possible variety of points of order, with correct Decisions by the Chairman;  
The Rules of Order, in Tabular Form, for instant reference in all Cases of Doubt that may arise, enabling a Chairman to decide on all points at a glance.*

The Work is divided into different Sections, for the purpose of Consecutive Instruction as well as Ready Reference, and includes all Decisions and Rulings up to the present day. Paper covers.....30 cts. Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

## Dick's Ethiopian Scenes, Variety Sketches and Stump Speeches. Containing End-Men's Jokes,

*Negro Interludes and Farces;  
Fresh Dialogues for Interlocutor and Banjo;  
New Stump Speeches;  
Humorous Lectures;*

*Dialect Sketches and Eccentricities;  
Dialogues and Repartee for Interlocutor and Bones;  
Quaint Burlesque Sermons;  
Jokes, Quips and Gags.*

It includes a number of Amusing Scenes and Negro Acts, and is full of the side-splitting vagaries of the best Minstrel Troupes in existence, besides a number of Original Recitations and Sketches in the Negro Dialect. 178 pages, paper covers..30 cts. Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Dick's Dutch, French and Yankee Dialect Recitations.** An unsurpassed Collection of Droll Dutch Blunders, Frenchmen's Funny Mistakes, and Ludicrous and Extravagant Yankee Yarns, each Recitation being in its own peculiar dialect. To those who make Dialect Recitations a speciality, this Collection will be of particular service, as it contains all the best pieces that are incidentally scattered through a large number of volumes of "Recitations and Readings," besides several new and excellent sketches never before published.

170 pages, paper cover.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Dick's Irish Dialect Recitations.** A carefully compiled Collection of Rare Irish Stories, Comic, Poetical and Prose Recitations, Humorous Letters and Funny Recitals, all told with the irresistible Humor of the Irish Dialect. This Collection contains, in addition to new and original pieces, all the very best Recitations in the Irish Dialect that can be gathered from a whole library of "Recitation" books.

It is full of the sparkling witticisms and queer conceits of the wittiest nation on earth, and apart from its special object, it furnishes a fund of the most entertaining matter for perusal in leisure moments.

170 pages, paper cover.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Worcester's Letter-Writer and Book of Business Forms for Ladies and Gentlemen.** Containing Accurate Directions for Conducting Epistolary Correspondence, with 270 Specimen Letters, adapted to every Age and Situation in Life, and to Business Pursuits in General; with an Appendix comprising Forms for Wills, Petitions, Bills, Receipts, Drafts, Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Executors' and Administrators' Accounts, etc., etc. The Orthography of the entire work is based on Worcester's method, which is coming more and more into general use.

This work is divided into two parts, the portion applicable to Ladies being kept distinct from the rest of the book, in order to provide better facilities for ready reference.

216 pages. Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Dick's Hand-Book of Cribbage.** Containing full directions for playing all the Varieties of the Game, and the Laws which govern them. This work is ENTIRELY NEW, and gives the correct method of playing the Six-Card, Five-Card, Two-Handed, Three-Handed, and Four-Handed Varieties of the Game, with instructive examples, showing clearly all the combinations of Hand, Crib, and Play, with a thorough investigation of long sequences in play, and the value of Hands. The Laws of the game have been carefully revised in accordance with the recognized usages of the present time, and constitute a reliable authority on all points of the Game. 18 mo. Cloth, Flexible.....50 cts.

**Dick's Art of Gymnastics.** Containing practical and progressive exercises applicable to all the principal apparatus of a well-appointed Gymnasium. Profusely illustrated. This work conveys plain and thorough instruction in the exercises and evolutions taught by the leading Professors of Gymnastics; so that proficiency may be attained, even without the aid of a Teacher. It also offers to Teachers a ready-arranged systematic course for their guidance.

Artistically bound in cloth, 4to.....\$1 00

**Dick's Dialogues and Monologues.** Containing entirely original Dialogues, Monologues, Farces, etc., etc., expressly designed for parlor performance, full of humor and telling "situations," and requiring the least possible preparation of Costumes and Scenery to make them thoroughly effective.

180 pages. 16 mo., paper cover.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Dr. Valentine's Comic Lectures; or, Morsels of Mirth for the Melancholy.** A certain cure for the "blues" and all other serious complaints. Containing Comic Lectures on Heads, Faces, Noses and Mouths; Comic Lectures on Animal Magnetism; Humorous Specimens of Stump Eloquence; Burlesque Specimens of Eloquence; Transactions of Learned Societies; Comical Delineation of Eccentric Characters; Amusing Colloquies and Monologues; Laughable Duologues and Characteristic Drolleries. Illustrated with twelve portraits of Dr. Valentine in his most celebrated characters. 192 pages. Paper cover. Price..30 cts.

**Mrs. Partington's Carpet-Bag of Fun.** Containing the Queer Sayings of Mrs. Partington, and the Funny Doings of her remarkable Son Isaac. Also the most amusing collection extant of Playful Puns, Phunny Poems, Pleasing Prose, Popular Parodies, and Political Pasquinades; Rhymes Without Reason and Reason Without Rhymes, Anecdotes, Conundrums, Anagrams, and, in fact, all other kinds of Grams. Illustrated with 100 most amusing engravings, prepared expressly for this work from designs by the most eminent Comic Artists. Ornamented paper cover.....30 cts.

**The Comical Doings of a Funny Man.** Being the Scrapes and Adventures of a Practical Joker. Illustrated with Laughable Engravings. Octavo. Price.....10 cts.

**Chips from Uncle Sam's Jack-Knife.** Illustrated with over 100 Comical Engravings, and comprising a collection of over 500 Laughable Stories, Funny Adventures, Comic Poetry, Queer Conundrums, Terrific Puns and Sentimental Sentences. Large octavo.....25 cts.

**Fox's Ethiopian Comicalities.** Containing Strange Sayings, Eccentric Doings, Burlesque Speeches, Laughable Drolleries and Funny Stories, as recited by the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian.....10 cts.

**Ned Turner's Circus Joke Book.** A collection of the best Jokes, Bon Mots, Repartees, Gems of Wit and Funny Sayings and Doings of the celebrated Equestrian Clown and Ethiopian Comedian, Ned Turner.10 cts.

**Ned Turner's Black Jokes.** A collection of Funny Stories, Jokes and Conundrums, interspersed with Witty Sayings and Humorous Dialogues, as given by Ned Turner, the celebrated Ethiopian Delineator.....10 cts.

**Ned Turner's Clown Joke Book.** Containing the best Jokes and Gems of Wit, composed and delivered by the favorite Equestrian Clown, Ned Turner. Selected and arranged by G. E. G.....10 cts.

**Charley White's Joke Book.** Containing a full exposé of all the most Laughable Jokes, Witticisms, etc., as told by the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian, Charles White.....10 cts.

**Black Wit and Darksy Conversations.** By Charles White. Containing a large collection of laughable Anecdotes, Jokes, Stories, Witticisms and Darksy Conversations.....10 cts.

**Yale College Scrapes; or, How the Boys Go it at New Haven.** This is a book of 114 pages, containing accounts of all the famous "Scrapes" and "Sprees" of which Students of Old Yale have been guilty for the last quarter of a century.....25 cts.



**How to Conduct a Debate.** A Series of Complete Debates, Outlines of Debates and Questions for Discussion. In the complete debates, the questions for discussion are defined, the debate formally opened, an array of brilliant arguments adduced on either side, and the debate closed according to parliamentary usages. The second part consists of questions for debate, with heads of arguments, for and against, given in a condensed form, for the speakers to enlarge upon to suit their own fancy. In addition to these are a large collection of debatable questions. The authorities to be referred to for information being given at the close of every debate throughout the work. By F. Rowton. 232 pages. Paper covers.....50 cts  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....75 cts

**The Amateur Trapper and Trap-Maker's Guide.** A complete and carefully prepared treatise on the art of Trapping, Snaring and Netting. This comprehensive work is embellished with fifty engraved illustrations; and these, together with the clear explanations which accompany them, will enable anybody of moderate comprehension to make and set any of the traps described. It also gives the baits usually employed by the most successful Hunters and Trappers, and exposes their secret methods of attracting and catching animals, birds, etc., with scarcely a possibility of failure. Large 16mo, paper covers.....50 cts  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....75 cts

**How to Write a Composition.** The use of this excellent handbook will save the student the many hours of labor too often wasted in trying to write a plain composition. It affords a perfect skeleton of one hundred and seventeen different subjects, with their headings or divisions clearly defined, and each heading filled in with the ideas which the subject suggests; so that all the writer has to do, in order to produce a good composition, is to enlarge on them to suit his taste and inclination. 178 pages, paper covers.....30 cts  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts

**Duncan's Masonic Ritual and Monitor; or, Guide to the Three Symbolic Degrees of the Ancient York Rite, Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason.** And to the Degrees of Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and the Royal Arch. By Malcom C. Duncan. Explained and Interpreted by copious Notes and numerous Engravings. This is a valuable book for the Fraternity, containing, as it does, the Modern "Work" of the order. No Mason should be without it. Bound in cloth.....\$2 50  
Leather tucks (pocket-book style), with gilt edges.....3 00

**The Laws of Athletics.** How to Preserve and Improve Health, Strength, and Beauty; and to Correct Personal Defects caused by Want of Physical Exercise. How to Train for Walking, Running, Rowing, etc. with the Systems of the Champion Athletes of the World. Including the Latest Laws of all Athletic Games and How to Play Them. By William Wood, Professor of Gymnastics. Paper cover.....25 cts.  
Flexible cloth cover.....50 cts.

**The Bartender's Guide; or, How to Mix all Kinds of Fancy Drinks.** Containing clear and reliable directions for mixing all the beverages used in the United States. Embracing Punches, Juleps, Cobblers, Cocktails, etc., etc., in endless variety. By Jerry Thomas. An entirely new edition. Paper covers.....50 cts.  
Bound in full cloth.....75 cts.

**Spayth's Draughts or Checkers for Beginners.** This treatise was written by Henry Spayth, the celebrated player, and is by far the most complete and instructive elementary work on Draughts ever published. Cloth, gilt side.....75 cts.

Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.

**McBride's New Dialogues.** Especially designed for School and Literary Amateur Entertainments; containing entirely New and Original Dialogues, introducing Irish, Yankee, and other eccentric characters. By H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.

# CONTENTS.

*A Happy Woman.*  
*The Sunnambul st.*  
*Those Thompsons.*  
*Playing School.*  
*Tom and Sally.*  
*Assisting Ezekiah.*  
*A Visit to the Oil Regions.*  
*Breaking up the Exhibition.*  
*Turning Around.*  
*A Little Boy's Debate.*  
*The Silver Lining.*  
*Restraining Jotham.*  
*A Shoemaker's Troubles.*

*An Uncomfortable Predicament.*  
*The Opening Speech.*  
*The Cucumber Hill Debating Club.*  
*Married by the New Justice.*  
*Bread on the Waters.*  
*An Unsuccessful Advance.*  
*When Women Have Their Rights.*  
*Only Another Footprint.*  
*Rosabella's Lovers.*  
*A Smart Boy.*  
*A Heavy Shower.*  
*Master of the Situation.*

The marked favor with which the four preceding volumes have been received suggested the necessity for an increased variety of new eccentric and characteristic pieces, to form an addition to the repertoire contained in "McBride's Comic Dialogues," "McBride's All Kinds of Dialogues," "McBride's Humorous Dialogues," and "McBride's Temperance Dialogues." They are all written with a view to develop dramatic talent, and abound in quaint humor, Dialect Drolleries, and telling stage "situations." 16mo, 178 pages, illuminated paper cover.....30 cts.  
 Bound in boards.....50 cts.

**Dick's Book of Toasts, Speeches and Responses.** Containing Toasts and Sentiments for Public and Social Occasions, and specimen Speeches with appropriate replies suitable for the following occasions:

*Public Dinners,*  
*Social Dinners,*  
*Convivial Gatherings,*  
*Art and Professional Banquets,*  
*Manufacturers' Meetings,*  
*Agricultural and Commercial Festivals,*  
*Special Toasts for Ladies,*  
*Christmas, Thanksgiving and other Festivals,*

*Friendly Meetings,*  
*Weddings and their Anniversaries,*  
*Army and Navy Banquets,*  
*Patriotic and Political Occasions,*  
*Trades' Unions and Dinners,*  
*Benedicts' and Bachelors' Banquets,*  
*Masonic Celebrations,*  
*Sporting Coleries,*  
*All Kinds of Occasions.*

This work includes an instructive dissertation on the Art of making amusing After-dinner Speeches, giving hints and directions by the aid of which persons with only ordinary intelligence can make an entertaining and telling speech. Also, Correct Rules and Advice for Presiding at Table. The use of this work will render a poor and diffident speaker fluent and witty—and a good speaker better and wittier, besides affording an immense fund of anecdotes, wit and wisdom, and other serviceable matter to draw upon at will. Paper covers. Price.....30 cts.

**Dinner Napkins, and How to Fold Them.** Containing plain and systematic directions for arranging and folding Napkins or Serviettes for the Dinner Table, from the simplest forms to the most elaborate and artistic designs. By Georgiana C. Clark.

This little work embraces all the favorite designs in general use for transforming a plain Napkin into one of the most attractive and ornamental appendages to an elegantly arranged Dinner-Table. Some of the patterns being expressly intended for combining artistic display with floral decoration, appropriately symbolic of Bridal and other special occasions. Profusely illustrated.....25 cts.

## Dick's Games of Patience; or Solitaire with Cards. New and

Revised Edition. Containing Sixty-four Games. Illustrated with Fifty explanatory full-page Tableaux. This treatise on Solitaire, a pastime which is steadily gaining in popularity, embraces a number of new and original Games, and all the Games of Patience at present in favor with the most experienced players. This comprehensive work contains the following Games:

<i>Auld Lang Syne.</i>	<i>The Beleaguered Castle.</i>	<i>The Fourteens.</i>
<i>Tam O'Shanter.</i>	<i>The Citadel.</i>	<i>Napoleon's Favorite.</i>
<i>The Four Seasons.</i>	<i>The Exiled Kings.</i>	<i>The Fifteen Puzzle.</i>
<i>Simplicity.</i>	<i>Penelope's Web.</i>	<i>The Contra-Dance.</i>
<i>The Gathering of the Clans.</i>	<i>Napoleon's Square.</i>	<i>The Betrothal.</i>
<i>Napoleon at St. Helena.</i>	<i>The Court Yard.</i>	<i>The Reinforcements.</i>
<i>The Calculation.</i>	<i>The Windmill.</i>	<i>The Reserve.</i>
<i>The Surprise Party.</i>	<i>Leon's Own.</i>	<i>The Frog.</i>
<i>The Four Kings.</i>	<i>La Nivernaise.</i>	<i>The Pyramid.</i>
<i>The Clock.</i>	<i>The Four Corners.</i>	<i>The Quadrille.</i>
<i>The Garden.</i>	<i>The Baker's Dozen.</i>	<i>The Chatelaine.</i>
<i>The Queen's Audience.</i>	<i>The Salic Law.</i>	<i>The Order of Precedence.</i>
<i>The Phalanx.</i>	<i>The Sultan of Turkey.</i>	<i>The Congress.</i>
<i>The Idle Year.</i>	<i>The Fortress.</i>	<i>Thirteen Down.</i>
<i>The Chameleon.</i>	<i>The Hemispheres.</i>	<i>The Octagon.</i>
<i>La Belle Lucie.</i>	<i>The Elevens.</i>	<i>Light and Shade.</i>
<i>The Shamrocks.</i>	<i>The Chester Game.</i>	<i>St. Louis.</i>
<i>The House in the Wood.</i>	<i>The Shah of Persia.</i>	<i>Rouge et Noir.</i>
<i>The House on the Hill.</i>	<i>The Empress of India.</i>	<i>The Blondes and Brunettes.</i>
<i>The Grand Duchess.</i>	<i>The Zodiac.</i>	<i>The Royal Cotillion.</i>
<i>The Constitution.</i>	<i>The Blockade.</i>	<i>Nestor.</i>
	<i>The Besieged City.</i>	

Each game is carefully and lucidly described, with the distinctive rules to be observed and hints as to the best means of success in play. The Tableaux furnish efficient aid in rendering the disposition of the cards necessary to each game plain and easily comprehensible. The difficulty usually attending descriptions of intricate games is reduced, as far as possible, by precision in method and terseness of expression in the text, and the illustrations serve to dispel any possible ambiguity that might be unavoidable without their aid. The work is attractive in style and elegant in execution, and will prove an interesting companion for many a solitary hour. Quarto. 143 pages. Board cover ..... 75 cts. Cloth ..... \$1 00.

## Dick's Parlor Exhibitions, and How to Make them Successful.

Containing complete and detailed directions for preparing and arranging Parlor Exhibitions and Amateur Performances. It includes:

<i>Tableaux Vivants.</i>	<i>Popular Ballads illustrated by appropriate action.</i>
<i>Living Portraits.</i>	<i>Charades of all kinds.</i>
<i>Living Statuary.</i>	<i>Parlor Pantomimes.</i>
<i>Dame History's Peep Show.</i>	<i>Punch and Judy.</i>
<i>Shadow Pantomimes.</i>	

### AND FIFTY OTHER DIVERTING PARLOR PASTIMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

It contains also a full Catalogue of the celebrated "ART EXHIBITION," and a practical treatise on the wonderful SCIENCE OF SECOND-SIGHT, by the aid of which all the startling effects and achievements of second-sight may be performed by any one possessing a tolerable retentive memory.

This work is thoroughly practical and gives the fullest instructions for preparing and lighting the stage, the construction of the FRAMES FOR LIVING PORTRAITS, and shows how each performance can be presented with complete success. It is illustrated with numerous engravings explaining the text. 150 pages, paper cover ..... 30 cts. Bound in boards, cloth back ..... 50 cts.

**Dick's Commercial Letter Writer, and Book of Business**

**Forms.** Containing entirely original Models of Letters on all business subjects, with appropriate replies; also, several specimens of Continuous Correspondence, exhibiting by a series of Letters, the commencement, progress, and completion of Mercantile Transactions. By WILLIAM B. DICK. This work includes correct forms for Business Notices and Cards, and Partnership Announcements; for Applications for Employment and neatly-worded Answers to Inquiries and Advertisements; for occasional Circulars, properly displayed, and for drawing up Business Documents. Notes, Checks, Receipts, Mortgages, Assignments, Wills, Power of Attorney, Letters of Credit, Account-Sales, Accounts Current, Invoices, Bills of Lading, &c., and the correct method of adjusting General and Particular Averages. It contains, in addition, a Glossary of Technical Terms used in Commerce; a rapid and simple method of computing Interest; a Table showing the value of Foreign Coins in United States' Currency; and other useful, practical and interesting information.

200 pages, 16mo., Bound in Boards.....50 cts.

**Dick's Society Letter Writer for Ladies.** Containing

**MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED** entirely Original Letters and Notes, with appropriate answers, on all subjects and occasions incident to life in good Society; including specific instructions in all the details of a well-written letter, and General Hints for Conducting Polite Correspondence. Edited by Wm. B. DICK.

These new and Original Letters furnish excellent models which fulfill all the social, formal and business conditions that occur in the Correspondence of Ladies who move in refined society. There are many otherwise highly accomplished ladies who experience considerable difficulty in inditing a good letter, and frequently find themselves embarrassed from a want of facility in method or expression and proper form; to them this work is especially adapted, and will afford them valuable aid in rendering the task of correspondence easy and light. 12mo., Cloth, Price.....\$1.25

**Dick's Mysteries of the Hand; or, Palmistry made Easy.**

Translated, Abridged and Arranged from the French Works of Desbarrolles, D'Arpentigny and De Para d'Hermes. This book is a concise summary of the elaborate works of the above-named authorities on Palmistry.

The various lines and mounts on the palm of the hand, and the typical formation of the hand and fingers are all clearly explained and illustrated by diagrams. The meaning to be deduced from the greater or less development of these mounts and lines (each of which has its own signification), also from the length, thickness and shape of the thumb and fingers, and from the mutual bearing they exercise on each other, is all distinctly explained.

Complete facility for instant reference is insured by means of marginal notes by which any point of detail may be found and consulted at a glance.

By means of this book the hitherto occult mystery of Palmistry is made simple and easy, and the whole Art may be acquired without difficulty or delay. It is emphatically Palmistry in a nutshell, and by its use, character and disposition can be discerned and probable future destiny foretold with surprising accuracy. Illuminated paper cover.....50 cts.

**Dick's Hand-Book of Whist.** Containing Pole's and Clay's

Rules for playing the modern scientific game; the Club Rules of Whist, and two interesting Double Dummy Problems. This is a thorough treatise on the game of Whist, taken from "The American Hoyle" which is the standard authority. It covers all the points and intricacies which arise in the game; including the acknowledged code of etiquette observed by the players, with Drayson's remarks on Trumps, their use and abuse, and all the modern methods of signalling between partners. Price.....25 cts.

**The Amateur Printer ; or, Type-Setting at Home.** A thorough and complete instructor for the amateur in all the details of the Printer's Art, giving practical information in regard to type, ink, paper and all the implements requisite, with illustrated directions for using them in a proper manner. It teaches how to set type in the stick, transfer the matter to the galley and make it up in forms ; also how to take proofs and correct them, showing all the signs used by practical proof-readers in correcting proofs ; it illustrates the plan of the type-case, showing the relative positions of the compartments allotted to the type of each letter, etc., and the correct manner of replacing or distributing type in the case. The practical instructions given in this work are complete and so plainly described that any amateur can become a good printer by studying and applying the information it contains. Paper covers. Price.....25 cts.

**Talk of Uncle George to his Nephew About Draw Poker.** Containing valuable suggestions in connection with this Great American Game ; also instructions and directions to Clubs and Social Card Parties, whose members play only for recreation and pastime, with timely warnings to young players. Illustrated. In which Uncle George narrates to his nephew the experience he has gathered in the course of his travels West and East ; showing him, in a chatty and familiar style, the devices, tricks, appliances, and advantages by which gentlemanly gamblers fleece the unsophisticated and unwary in the popular game of Draw Poker, and offering him plain and fatherly advice as to the best means for frustrating their efforts and avoiding their traps. Every one who takes a hand at "Draw" will be a gainer by perusing what Uncle George says about it, and become a wiser as well as a richer man..Quarto. Paper. Price..£5 cts.

**Proctor on Draw-Poker.** A Critical Dissertation on "Poker Principles and Chance Laws." By Prof. RICHARD A. PROCTOR. An interesting Treatise on the Laws and Usages which govern the Game of Draw-Poker, with Practical Remarks upon the Chances and Probabilities of the Game, and a Critical Analysis of the Theories and Statistics advanced by Blackbridge and other writers on the subject, and especially in regard to their doctrines relating to cumulative recurrences. Small quarto.....15 cts.

**Lander's Revised Work of Odd-Fellowship.** Containing all the Lectures, complete, with Regulations for Opening, Conducting, and Closing a Lodge ; together with Forms of Initiation, Charges of the Various Officers, etc., with the Complete work in the following Degrees : Initiation ; First, or Pink Degree ; Second, or Royal Blue Degree ; Third, or Scarlet Degree. By EDWIN F. LANDER. This hand-book of the Revised Work of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellowship has been prepared in conformity with the amendments and alterations adopted by the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Canada in September, 1880. 16mo, paper cover, £5 cts.

**The Jolly Joker ; or, a Laugh all Round.** An Immense Collection of the Funniest Jokes, Drollest Anecdotes and most Side-Splitting Oddities in existence, profusely illustrated from beginning to end, in the most mirth-provoking style. The illustrations alone are sufficient for a constant and long-sustained series of good, square laughs for all time. 12mo, 144 pages, illustrated cover.....25 cts.

**Somo Comicalities.** A Whole Volume of Jolly Jokes, Quaint Anecdotes, Funny Stories, Brilliant Witticisms, and Crushing Conundrums, with as many droll illustrations to the page—and every page at that—as can be squeezed into it. 144 pages. Illustrated cover.....25 cts.

**Popular Books sent Free or Postage at the Prices annexed.**

**Barber's American Book of Ready-Made Speeches.** Containing 159 original examples of Humorous and Serious Speeches, suitable for every possible occasion where a speech may be called for, together with appropriate replies to each. Including:

*Presentation Speeches.*  
*Convivial Speeches.*  
*Festival Speeches.*  
*Addresses of Congratulation.*  
*Addresses of Welcome.*  
*Addresses of Compliment.*  
*Political Speeches.*  
*Dinner and Supper Speeches for Clubs,*  
*etc.*

*Off-Hand Speeches on a Variety of Subjects.*  
*Miscellaneous Speeches.*  
*Toasts and Sentiments for Public and Private Entertainments.*  
*Preambles and Resolutions of Congratulation, Compliment and Condolence.*

With this book any person may prepare himself to make a neat little speech, or reply to one when called upon to do so. They are all short, appropriate and witty, and even ready speakers may profit by them. Paper....50 cts.  
 Bound in boards, cloth back.....75 cts.

**Day's American Ready-Reckoner.** By B. H. Day. This Ready-Reckoner is composed of Original Tables, which are positively correct, having been revised in the most careful manner. It is a book of 192 pages, and embraces more matter than 500 pages of any other Reckoner. It contains: Tables for Rapid Calculations of Aggregate Values, Wages, Salaries, Board, Interest Money, etc.; Tables of Timber and Plank Measurement; Tables of Board and Log Measurement, and a great variety of Tables and useful calculations which it would be impossible to enumerate in an advertisement of this limited space. All the information in this valuable book is given in a simple manner, and is made so plain, that any person can use it at once without any previous study or loss of time.  
 Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.  
 Bound in cloth, gilt back.....75 cts.

**The Art and Etiquette of Making Love.** A Manual of Love, Courtship and Matrimony. It tells

*How to cure bashfulness,*  
*How to commence a courtship,*  
*How to please a sweetheart or lover,*  
*How to write a love-letter,*  
*How to "pop the question,"*  
*How to act before and after a proposal,*  
*How to accept or reject a proposal,*

*How to break off an engagement,*  
*How to act after an engagement,*  
*How to act as bridesmaid or groomsman,*  
*How the etiquette of a wedding and the after reception should be observed,*

And, in fact, how to fulfill every duty and meet every contingency connected with courtship and matrimony. 176 pages. Paper covers ....30 cts.  
 Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**'Frank Converse's Complete Banjo Instructor Without a Master.** Containing a choice collection of Banjo Solos and Hornpipes, Walk Arounds, Reels and Jigs, Songs and Banjo Stories, progressively arranged and plainly explained, enabling the learner to become a proficient banjoist without the aid of a teacher. The necessary explanations accompany each tune, and are placed under the notes on each page, plainly showing the string required, the finger to be used for stopping it, the manner of striking, and the number of times it must be sounded. The Instructor is illustrated with diagrams and explanatory symbols. 100 pages. Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Hard Words Made Easy.** Rules for Pronunciation and Accent; with instructions how to pronounce French, Italian, German, Spanish, and other foreign names.....12 cts.

**Rarey & Knowlson's Complete Horse Tamer and Farrier.**

A New and Improved Edition, containing: Mr. Rarey's Whole Secret of Subduing and Breaking Vicious Horses; His Improved Plan of Managing Young Colts, and Breaking them to the Saddle, to Harness and the Sulky. Rules for Selecting a Good Horse, and for Feeding Horses. Also the Complete Farrier or Horse Doctor; being the result of fifty years' extensive practice of the author, John C. Knowlson, during his life an English Farrier of high popularity; containing the latest discoveries in the cure of Spavin. Illustrated with descriptive engravings. Bound in boards, cloth back. 50 cts.

**How to Amuse an Evening Party.** A Complete collection of Home Recreations. Profusely Illustrated with over Two Hundred fine wood-cuts, containing Round Games and Forfeit Games, Parlor Magic and Curious Puzzles, Comic Diversions and Parlor Tricks, Scientific Recreations and Evening Amusements. A young man with this volume may render himself the *beau ideal* of a delightful companion at every party, and win the hearts of all the ladies, by his powers of entertainment. Bound in ornamental paper covers.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**Frost's Laws and By-Laws of American Society.** A Complete Treatise on Etiquette. Containing plain and Reliable Directions for Deportment in every Situation in Life, by S. A. Frost, author of "Frost's Letter-Writer." etc. This is a book of ready reference on the usages of Society at all times and on all occasions, and also a reliable guide in the details of deportment and polite behavior. Paper covers.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**Frost's Original Letter-Writer.** A complete collection of Original Letters and Notes, upon every imaginable subject of Every-Day Life, with plain directions about everything connected with writing a letter. By S. A. Frost. To which is added a comprehensive Table of Synonyms, alone worth double the price asked for the book. We assure our readers that it is the best collection of letters ever published in this country; they are written in plain and natural language, and elegant in style without being high-flown. Bound in boards, cloth back, with illuminated sides.....50 cts.

**North's Book of Love-Letters.** With directions how to write and when to use them, and 120 Specimen Letters, suitable for Lovers of any age and condition, and under all circumstances. Interspersed with the author's comments thereon. The whole forming a convenient Hand-book of valuable information and counsel for the use of those who need friendly guidance and advice in matters of Love, Courtship and Marriage. By Ingoldsby North. Bound in boards.....50 cts.  
Bound in cloth.....75 cts.

**How to Shine in Society; or, The Science of Conversation.** Containing the principles, laws and general usages of polite society, including easily applied hints and directions for commencing and sustaining an agreeable conversation, and for choosing topics appropriate to the time, place and company, thus affording immense assistance to the bashful and diffident. 16mo. Paper covers.....25 cts.

**The Poet's Companion.** A Dictionary of all Allowable Rhymes in the English Language. This gives the Perfect, the Imperfect and Allowable Rhymes, and will enable you to ascertain to a certainty whether any word can be mated. It is invaluable to any one who desires to court the Muses, and is used by some of the best writers in the country.....25 cts.

**Mind Your Stops.** Punctuation made plain, and Composition simplified for Readers, Writers and Talkers.....12 cts.

**Five Hundred French Phrases.** A book giving all the French words and maxims in general use in writing the English language...12 cts.

Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.

**Steele's Exhibition Dialogues.** A Collection of Dramatic Dialogues and easy Plays, excellently adapted for Amateurs in Parlor and Exhibition Performances; with Hints and instructions relative to management, arrangements and other details necessary to render them successful. By Silas S. Steele.

# CONTENTS.

<i>The Stage-Struck Clerk.</i> For 6 Males and 3 Females.	<i>The Hypochondriac.</i> For 4 Males and 1 Female.
<i>The Tailor of Tipperary.</i> For 7 Males and 4 Females.	<i>Two Families in One Room.</i> For 4 Males and 2 Females.
<i>Opera Mad.</i> For 7 Males and 1 Female.	<i>The Country Cousin.</i> For 4 Males and 2 Females.
<i>The Painter's Studio.</i> Portrait Sketch. For 2 Males.	<i>The Carpenter and his Apprentice.</i> For 8 Males.
<i>The Well of Death.</i> For 2 males.	<i>The Yankee Tar's Return.</i> For 5 Males and 1 Female.
<i>Blanche of Devon.</i> For 3 Males and 1 Female.	<i>The Lawyer, Doctor, Soldier and Actor.</i> For 3 Males.
<i>The Youth Who Never Saw a Woman.</i> For 3 Males and 1 Female.	<i>The Children in the Wood.</i> For 6 Males and 4 Females.
<i>The Masked Ball.</i> For 3 Males and 2 Females.	<i>The Wizard's Warning.</i> For 2 Males.
Paper covers. Price.....	30 cts.
Bound in boards, cloth back.....	50 cts.

**Kavanaugh's Humorous Dramas for School Exhibitions and Private Theatricals.** Consisting of short and easy Dramatic Pieces, suitable for Amateur Exhibitions. By Mrs. Russell Kavanaugh, author of "The Juvenile Speaker."

## CONTENTS.

Boys.  
Girls.

## CONTENTS.

Boys.  
Girls.

<i>Eh! What is it?</i> .....	3	2	<i>A Fair Fight</i> .....	4	4
<i>That Awful Girl</i> .....	5	5	<i>Between Two Stools</i> .....	2	3
<i>The Lady Killer</i> .....	2	1	<i>The Pet of the School</i> .....	8	3
<i>How I Made My Fortune</i> .....	6		<i>Maud May's Lovers</i> .....	8	2
<i>A Cure for Obstinacy</i> .....	3	9	<i>The Heiress' Ruse</i> .....	4	4
<i>Aunt Jerusha's Mistake</i> .....	2	2	<i>The Cardinal's Godson</i> .....	6	1

The foregoing collection of Dramas are all original, and were written expressly for School and Parlor performance.

Bound in boards .....50 cts.  
Paper covers.....30 cts.

**Dick's One Hundred Amusements for Evening Parties, Picnics and Social Gatherings.** This book is full of Original Novelties. It contains:

*New and Attractive Games, clearly illustrated by means of Witty Examples, showing how each may be most successfully played.*  
*Surpassing Tricks, easy of performance.*  
*Musical and other innocent sells.*

*A variety of new and ingenious puzzles. Comical illusions, fully described. These surprising and grotesque illusions are very startling in their effects, and present little or no difficulty in their preparation.*

ALSO AN ENTIRELY NEW VERSION OF THE CELEBRATED "MRS. JARLEY'S WAX WORKS."

The whole being illustrated by sixty fine wood engravings.

Illuminated paper covers..... 30 cts.  
Bound in boards, with cloth back..... 50 cts.



**Madame Le Normand's Fortune Teller.** An entertaining book, said to have been written by Madame Le Normand, the celebrated French Fortune Teller, who was frequently consulted by the Emperor Napoleon. A party of ladies and gentlemen may amuse themselves for hours with this curious book. It tells fortunes by "The Chart of Fate" (a large lithographic chart), and gives 624 answers to questions on every imaginable subject that may happen in the future. It explains a variety of ways for telling fortunes by Cards and Dice; gives a list of 79 curious old superstitions and omens, and 187 weather omens, and winds up with the celebrated *Oraculum* of Napoleon. We will not endorse this book as infallible, but we assure our readers that it is the source of much mirth whenever introduced at a gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Bound in boards. 40 cts

**The Fireside Magician; or, The Art of Natural Magic Made Easy.** Being a scientific explanation of Legerdemain, Physical Amusement, Recreative Chemistry, Diversion with Cards, and of all the mysteries of Mechanical Magic, with feats as performed by Herr Alexander, Robert Heller, Robert Houdin, "The Wizard of the North," and distinguished conjurors—comprising two hundred and fifty interesting mental and physical recreations, with explanatory engravings. 133 pages, paper. 30 cts. Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Howard's Book of Conundrums and Riddles.** Containing over 1,200 of the best Conundrums, Riddles, Enigmas, Ingenious Catches and Amusing Sells ever invented. This splendid collection of curious paradoxes will afford the material for a never-ending feast of fun and amusement. Any person, with the assistance of this book, may take the lead in entertaining a company, and keep them in roars of laughter for hours together. Paper covers.....30 cts. Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**The Parlor Magician; or, One Hundred Tricks for the Drawing-Room.** Containing an extensive and miscellaneous collection of Conjuring and Legerdemain, embracing: Tricks with Dice, Dominoes and Cards; Tricks with Ribbons, Rings and Fruit; Tricks with Coin, Handkerchiefs and Balls, etc. The whole illustrated and clearly explained with 121 engravings. Paper covers.....30 cts. Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**Book of Riddles and 500 Home Amusements.** Containing a curious collection of Riddles, Charades and Enigmas; Rebuses, Anagrams and Transpositions; Conundrums and Amusing Puzzles; Recreations in Arithmetic, and Queer Sleights, and numerous other Entertaining Amusements. Illustrated with 60 engravings. Paper covers.....30 cts. Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**The Book of Fireside Games.** Containing an explanation of a variety of Witty, Rollicking, Entertaining and Innocent Games and Amusing Forfeits, suited to the Family Circle as a Recreation. This book is just the thing for social gatherings, parties and pic-nics. Paper covers .30 cts. Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**The Book of 500 Curious Puzzles.** Containing a large collection of Curious Puzzles, Entertaining Paradoxes, Perplexing Deceptions in Numbers, Amusing Tricks in Geometry; illustrated with a great variety of Engravings. Paper covers.....20 cts. Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**Parlor Tricks with Cards.** Containing explanations of all the Tricks and Deceptions with Playing Cards ever invented. The whole illustrated and made plain and easy with 70 engravings. Paper covers. 30 cts. Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**Day's Book-Keeping Without a Master.** Containing the Rudiments of Book-keeping in Single and Double Entry, together with the proper Forms and Rules for opening and keeping condensed and general Book Accounts. This work is printed in a beautiful script type, and hence combines the advantages of a handsome style of writing with its very simple and easily understood lessons in Book-keeping. The several pages have explanations at the bottom to assist the learner, in small type. As a pattern for opening book accounts it is especially valuable—particularly for those who are not well posted in the art. DAY'S BOOK-KEEPING is the size of a regular quarto Account Book, and is made to lie flat open for convenience in use.....50 cts.

**The Young Reporter; or, how to Write Shorthand.** A Complete Phonographic Teacher, intended as a School-book, to afford thorough instructions to those who have not the assistance of an Oral Teacher. By the aid of this work, and the explanatory examples which are given as practical exercises, any person of the most ordinary intelligence may learn to write Shorthand, and report Speeches and Sermons in a short time. Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**How to Learn the Sense of 3,000 French Words in one Hour.** This ingenious little book actually accomplishes all that its title claims. It is a fact that there are at least three thousand words in the French language, forming a large proportion of those used in ordinary conversation, which are spelled exactly the same as in English, or become the same by very slight and easily understood changes in their termination. 16mo, illuminated paper covers.....25 cts.

**How to Speak in Public; or, The Art of Extempore Oratory.** A valuable manual for those who desire to become ready off-hand speakers; containing clear directions how to arrange ideas logically and quickly, including illustrations, by the analysis of speeches delivered by some of the greatest orators, exemplifying the importance of correct emphasis, clearness of articulation, and appropriate gesture. Paper covers.....25 cts.

**Live and Learn.** A guide for all those who wish to speak and write correctly; particularly intended as a Book of Reference for the solution of difficulties connected with Grammar, Composition, Punctuation, &c., &c., containing examples of 1,000 mistakes of daily occurrence in speaking, writing and pronunciation. Paper, 16mo, 216 pages.....30 cts.

**The Art of Dressing Well.** By Miss S. A. Frost. This book is designed for ladies and gentlemen who desire to make a favorable impression upon society. Paper covers.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Thimm's French Self-Taught.** A new system, on the most simple principles, for Universal Self-Tuition, with English pronunciation of every word. By this system the acquirement of the French Language is rendered less laborious and more thorough than by any of the old methods. By Franz Thimm.....25 cts.

**Thimm's German Self-Taught.** Uniform with "French Self-Taught," and arranged in accordance with the same principles of thoroughness and simplicity. By Franz Thimm.....25 cts.

**Thimm's Spanish Self-Taught.** A book of self-instruction in the Spanish Language, arranged according to the same method as the "French" and "German," by the same author, and uniform with them in size. By Franz Thimm.....25 cts.

**Thimm's Italian Self-Taught.** Uniform in style and size with the three foregoing books. By Franz Thimm.....25 cts.

**Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.**

**Martine's Sensible Letter-Writer.** Being a comprehensive and complete Guide and Assistant for those who desire to carry on Epistolary Correspondence; containing a large collection of model letters on the simplest matters of life, adapted to all ages and conditions—

EMBRACING,

*Business Letters;*  
*Applications for Employment, with*  
*Letters of Recommendation and*  
*Answers to Advertisements;*  
*Letters between Parents and Children;*  
*Letters of Friendly Counsel and Re-*  
*monstrance;*  
*Letters soliciting Advice, Assistance*  
*and Friendly Favors;*

*Letters of Courtesy, Friendship and*  
*Affection;*  
*Letters of Condolence and Sympathy;*  
*A Choice Collection of Love-Letters,*  
*for Every Situation in a Courtship;*  
*Notes of Ceremony, Familiar Invita-*  
*tions, etc., together with Notes of*  
*Acceptance and Regret.*

The whole containing 300 Sensible Letters and Notes. This is an invaluable book for those persons who have not had sufficient practice to enable them to write letters without great effort. It contains such a variety of letters, that models may be found to suit every subject.

207 pages, bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.  
Bound in cloth.....75 cts.

**Martine's Hand-Book of Etiquette and Guide to True**

**Politeness.** A complete Manual for all those who desire to understand good breeding, the customs of good society, and to avoid incorrect and vulgar habits. Containing clear and comprehensive directions for correct manners, conversation, dress, introductions, rules for good behavior at Dinner Parties and the Table, with hints on carving and wine at table, together with the Etiquette of the Ball and Assembly Room, Evening Parties, and the usages to be observed when visiting or receiving calls; Deportment in the street and when traveling. To which is added the Etiquette of Courtship, Marriage, Domestic Duties and fifty-six rules to be observed in general society. By Arthur Martine. Bound in boards...50 cts.  
Bound in cloth, gilt sides.....75 cts.

**Dick's Quadrille Call-Book and Ball-Room Prompter.** Containing clear directions how to call out the figures of every dance, with the quantity of music necessary for each figure, and simple explanations of all the figures which occur in Plain and Fancy Quadrilles. This book gives plain and comprehensive instructions how to dance all the new and popular dances, fully describing

*The Opening March or Polonaise,*  
*Various Plain and Fancy Quadrilles,*  
*Waltz and Glide Quadrilles,*  
*Plain Lancers and Oaledonians,*  
*Glide Lancers and Oaledonians,*  
*Saratoga Lancers,*  
*The Parisian Varieties,*  
*The Prince Imperial Set,*  
*Social and Basket Quadrilles,*  
*Nine-Pin and Star Quadrilles,*  
*Gavotte and Minuet Quadrilles,*

*March and Cheat Quadrilles,*  
*Favorite Jigs and Contra-Dances,*  
*Polka and Polka Redowa,*  
*Redowa and Redowa Waltz,*  
*Polka Mazourka and Old Style Waltz,*  
*Modern Plain Waltz and Glide,*  
*Boston Dip and Hop Waltz,*  
*Five-Step Waltz and Schottische,*  
*Varsoviennne and Zulma L'Orientale,*  
*Galop and Deux Temps,*  
*Esmeralda, Sicilienne, Danish Dance,*

AND OVER ONE HUNDRED FIGURES FOR THE "GERMAN;"

To which is added a Sensible Guide to Etiquette and Proper Deportment in the Ball and Assembly Room, besides seventy pages of dance music for the piano.

Paper covers.....50 cts.  
Bound in boards.....75 cts.

**Popular Books sent Free of Postage at the Prices annexed.**

**Odell's System of Short-Hand.** (Taylor Improved.) By which the method of taking down sermons, lectures, trials, speeches, etc., may be easily acquired, without the aid of a master. With a supplement containing exercises and other useful information for the use of those who wish to perfect themselves in the art of stenography. The instructions given in this book are on the inductive principle; first showing the learner how to get accustomed to the contracted form of spelling words, and then substituting the stenographic characters for the contractions. By this plan the difficulties of mastering this useful art are very much lessened, and the time required to attain proficiency reduced to the least possible limits. Small quarto, paper cover.....25 cts.

**Fontaine's Golden Wheel Dream-Book and Fortune-Teller.** Being the most complete book on Fortune Telling ever printed, containing an alphabetical list of Dreams, with their interpretation and the lucky numbers they signify. It explains how to tell Fortunes with Cards, Dice, Dominoes, Coffee Grounds, etc., and the Golden Wheel, of which a large Colored Lithographic Engraving is folded and bound in with the book. It shows how to foretell future events by the Lines on the Hand, by Moles on the body, by the Face, Finger-nails, Hair and Shape of the Head, gives lucky and unlucky days, and explains the Language of Flowers. Bound in boards.....40 cts.

**The American Housewife and Kitchen Directory.** This valuable book embraces three hundred and seventy-eight recipes for cooking all sorts of American dishes in the most economical manner; it also contains a variety of important secrets for washing, cleaning, scouring and extracting grease, paint, stains and iron-mould from cloth, muslin and linen. Bound in ornamental paper covers.....30 cts.  
Bound in boards, with cloth back.....50 cts.

**The American Card Player.** An entirely new edition, containing all the improvements, latest decisions, and modern methods of playing the games of Whist, Euchre, Cribbage, Bézique, Sixty-six, Penuchle, Cassino, Draw Poker, and All Fours, in exact accordance with the best authorities, with all the accepted varieties of these popular games. 160 pages, bound in boards, cloth back.....50 cts.

**Draiper's Six Hundred Ways to Make Money.** A reliable Compendium of valuable Receipts for making articles in constant demand and of ready sale, carefully selected from private sources and the best established authorities. By Edmund S. Draiper, Professor of Analytical Chemistry, etc. This Collection of Receipts is undoubtedly the most valuable and comprehensive that has ever been offered to the public in so cheap a form. 144 pages, paper cover.....30 cts.

**The Language of Flowers.** A complete dictionary of the Language of Flowers, and the sentiments which they express. Well arranged and comprehensive in every detail. All unnecessary matter has been omitted. This little volume is destined to fill a want long felt for a reliable book at a price within the reach of all. Paper.....15 cts.

**Chilton's One Thousand Secrets and Wrinkles.** A book of hints and helps for every-day emergencies. Containing 1,000 useful hints and receipts. No family should be without this little storehouse of valuable information. Paper covers.....30 cts.

**The Ladies' Love Oracle.** A Complete Fortune Teller of all questions upon Love, Courtship and Matrimony.....30 cts.

## Trumps' American Hoyle; or, Gentleman's Handbook of

**Games.** Containing all the games played in the United States, with rules, descriptions and technicalities, adapted to the American method of playing. By TRUMPS. Thirteenth edition; illustrated with numerous diagrams. This work is designed and acknowledged as an authority on all games as played in America, being a guide to the correct methods of playing and an arbiter on all disputed points. In each of the previous editions the work was subjected to careful revision and correction; but this, the THIRTEENTH EDITION, IS ENTIRELY NEW, and re-written from the latest reliable sources. It includes an exhaustive treatise on Whist, with all the latest essays on the modern game, by Clay, Pole, Drayson, &c., &c. Also a lucid description of all the games now in vogue in America, with the laws that govern them, revised and corrected to conform to present usages, and embraces an elaborate and practical analysis of the Doctrine of Chances. 12mo., cloth, 536 pages. Price.....\$2.00

## Dick's Games of Patience; or, Solitaire with Cards. Contain-

ing Forty-three Games. Illustrated with Thirty-three explanatory full-page Tableaux. This treatise on Solitaire, a pastime which is steadily gaining in popularity, embraces a number of new and original Games, and all the Games of Patience at present in favor with the most experienced players. Each game is carefully and lucidly described, with the distinctive rules to be observed and hints as to the best means of success in play. The Tableaux furnish efficient aid in rendering the disposition of the cards necessary to each game plain and easily comprehensible. The difficulty usually attending descriptions of intricate games is reduced, as far as possible, by precision in method and terseness of expression in the text, and the illustrations serve to dispel any possible ambiguity that might be unavoidable without their aid. The work is attractive in style and will prove an interesting companion for many a solitary hour. Quarto. Illustrated. Paper cover.....75 cts.  
Cloth .....\$1.00

## Blackbridge's Complete Poker Player. A Practical Guide-

book to the American National Game; containing mathematical and experimental analyses of the probabilities of Draw Poker. By JOHN BLACKBRIDGE, Actuary. This, as its title implies, is an exhaustive treatise on Draw Poker, giving minute and detailed information on the various chances, expectations, possibilities and probabilities that can occur in all stages of the game, with directions and advice for successful play, deduced from actual practice and experience, and founded on precise mathematical data. Small quarto, 142 pages, paper.....50 cts.  
Bound in full cloth.....\$1.00

## The Modern Pocket Hoyle. By "Trumps." Containing all

the games of skill and chance, as played in this country at the present time, being an "authority on all disputed points." This valuable manual is all original, or thoroughly revised from the best and latest authorities, and includes the laws and complete directions for playing one hundred and eleven different games. 388 pages, paper covers.....50 cts.  
Bound in boards, with cloth backs.....75 cts.

## Hoyle's Games. A complete Manual of the laws that govern all

games of skill and chance, including Card Games, Chess, Checkers, Dominoes, Backgammon, Dice, Billiards, as played in this country at the present time, and all Field Games. Entirely original, or thoroughly revised from the latest and best American authorities. Paper covers..50 cts.  
Boards.....75 cts.





743433

953

B259

Barnby, J.

Plays for young people

APR

1 2000

743433

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY



# GOOD BOOKS

Sent Free of Postage at the Prices Marked.

Barber's Book of American Ready-Made Speeches.....	50	cts.
Dick's Quadrille Call-Book and Ball-Room Prompter.....	50	"
The American Hoyle; or, Gentleman's Hand-Book of Games. By "Trumps,".....	2 00	"
The Art and Etiquette of Making Love.....	50	"
How to Amuse an Evening Party.....	30	"
Frost's Etiquette of American Society.....	50	"
Frost's Original Letter-Writer.....	50	"
Worth's Book of Love-Letters.....	50	"
How to Shine in Society.....	25	"
Dick's Recitations and Readings.....	30	"
Frost's Humorous Dialogues.....	30	"
The Banjo, and How to Play It.....	50	"
Day's Bookkeeping without a Master.....	50	"
Chimm's French Self-Taught.....	25	"
Chimm's German Self-Taught.....	25	"
Chimm's Spanish Self-Taught.....	25	"
How to Learn the Sense of 3,000 French Words in One Hour.....	25	"
How to Speak in Public.....	25	"
Jack Johnson's Jokes for the Jolly.....	25	"
The Tramp and his Tricks.....	25	"
The Modern Hoyle's Games.....	50	"
How Gamblers Win.....	50	"
McVaugh's Humorous Dramas for Private Theatricals.....	50	"
McC Gamblers' Tricks with Cards.....	30	"
Uncle Josh's Trunk-full of Fun.....	15	"
Payth's American Draught-Player.....	3 00	"
Parasche's Manual of Chess.....	50	"
The Amateur Trapper and Trappmaker's Guide.....	50	"
How to Write a Composition.....	50	"
The Young Debater and Chairman's Assistant.....	50	"
The Young Reporter; or, How to Write Short-Hand.....	50	"
Look to the East," Masonic, (Webb Work).....	2 00	"
The Yankee Cook-Book.....	50	"
How to Mix all Kinds of Fancy Drinks.....	50	"
Parlor Tricks with Cards, 70 Engravings.....	30	"
Book of 500 Puzzles.....	30	"
Book of Fireside Games.....	30	"
How to Conduct a Debate.....	50	"
Howard's Book of 1 000 Conundrums.....	30	"
The Parlor Magician, 121 Engravings.....	30	"
Anderson's Exposure of Odd-Fellowship.....	25	"
Montaine's Dream-Book and Fortune-Teller.....	40	"
Day's Ready-Reckoner.....	50	"
Book of Riddles, and 500 Amusements.....	30	"
How to Make and Keep a Vegetable Garden.....	50	"
Boxing Made Easy.....	15	"
Crutcher Bones' Book of Stump-Speeches.....	30	"

Send Cash Orders to  
P. O. Box 2975.

DICK & FITZGERALD,

Publishers, New York

SHEPARD BOOK COMPANY, 40 W. 3d St., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Digitized by Google